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Fred K. W. Runt

CONGRESSIONAL MEDALIST

THE
DARK DAYS
OF THE CIVIL WAR

1861 TO 1865.

THE WEST VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN OF 1861.
THE ANTIETAM and HARPER'S FERRY CAMPAIGN of 1862.
THE EAST TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN OF 1863.
THE ATLANTA, CAMPAIGN OF 1864.

BY FREDERICK W. FOUT,
LATE FIRST LIEUTENANT FIFTEENTH INDIANA
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THE FIFTEENTH INDIANA BATTERY.
AND THEIR DESCENDANTS.*

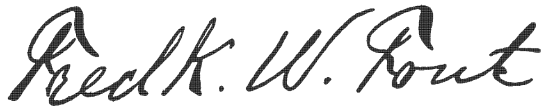
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P R E F A C E.

In writing this narrative, I have freely used my own recollections and memoranda, and have also consulted many volumes by different writers, and the Government records.

It is the duty of every participant to give the future generation the benefit of his personal experience when able to do so, as no official statement can convey an adequate idea of the sufferings and sacrifice endured by the thousands of men, the flower of the American youth, who have gone down to their graves practically unknown, and whose achievements are forgotten. Therefore I offer these personal recollections of the war, feeling that they should be written before the facts have faded from the memory of the living.

In this attempt I have omitted much, and have added nothing to a truthful history.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Fred K. W. Runt". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned centrally below the main body of text.

ST. LOUIS, MO., 1903.

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SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT INDIANAPOLIS.

THE GREATEST IN THE WORLD.

CHAPTER I.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

South Carolina was one of the original thirteen States that formed the American Union in 1776, by declaring their independence from Great Britain, but in 1778 the Legislature deprived the Governor of the veto power and required that the candidate for that office, to be eligible for the high position, should be in possession of at least £10,000 sterling (\$50,000) cash. They also passed other laws in opposition to the spirit of free government. The right to vote was confined to all free men who paid taxes, but to give the slave owners the preference of power, they were permitted to cast additional votes for the slaves they owned. South Carolina refused to ratify the Constitution of the United States until it was agreed that the slave trade should be open and free for a number of years to come. But no sooner had the Federal party succeeded and ratified the Constitution than the Anti-Federalists (Tories) elected a majority of the Representatives to Congress, and in 1790 again called a State convention to formulate a new Constitution, to be still more in sympathy with the ideas and aristocratic notions of the large slave owners. According to this new instrument any one desiring to be elected to the House of Representatives of the State must have been a citizen at least three years and a free holder of five hundred acres of land and ten negro slaves. Those wishing to become Senators were required to have still more realty and slaves. Candidates for Governor must have been citizens of the State for ten years and own real estate to the amount of \$6,666 and have no debts. Ministers of the Gospel could not be elected to the Legislature or to Governor or Lieutenant Governor. During Washington's administration the State supported his policy, but the Republicans (Democrats) were soon in the majority and in opposition to the Federal party, and voted for Jefferson for President. After the war of 1812 the internal improvements and protective tariff were first advocated by them, and South Carolina was in the front rank for both measures, to be carried on by the National Government, but under the strong influence that slavery exerted in the economy

of life they changed their minds and the protective tariff was declared unnecessary and unconstitutional. At the same time a strong stream of emigrants, mostly mechanics, settled in the more Northern States of the Union. This caused the protectionists to retain the majority in Congress.

The State of South Carolina embraces a large sea coast front, a number of sea islands, marshes, river swamps and low, unhealthy alluvial lands, producing much malarial fever and a half tropical vegetation of unsurpassed fertility. This is the region of the great cotton, rice and sugar plantations which have made that State rich and famous. Here the owners counted their slaves by the hundreds and aspired to a life of ease, living in hospitable mansions, surrounded by magnificent live oak and magnolia groves, avenues of stately palms, princely gardens of native and exotic bloom and illimitable hedge lines of Cherokee roses. A swarm of house servants to minister to pampered indolence and dispense a lavish hospitality, a troop of field hands to fill the cotton, rice and sugar houses, made a blending of arcadian simplicity and feudal pretension. Every plantation had its indulgent master, its overseer and its submissive slaves. This, then, is the picture that made South Carolina almost independent within independence; but there was a background of the bloody slave whip, barbarous slave codes, slave auction, yellow fever, cypress swamps, the hunt with the bloodhounds and the ever-present dread of a negro uprising. From such surroundings came the dream of free trade, which should produce a great slave empire before which the intellect, the power and splendor and government of all preceding nations should fade away. About the latter part of the year 1829 their representation in Congress, as also the Legislature of South Carolina in its sovereignty, intended to declare all national laws objectionable to them null and void and the protective policy of the Government to be discontinued, but when the first effort was made by the Legislature the nullifiers did not have a full majority, and it failed. The tariff of 1832 added new fuel to the fire, and on October 24th of that year, by a vote of 20 to 12 in the Senate, and in the House by 99 to 25, they called a State convention, to meet in Columbia in November. The convention, with a great majority, passed the nullification ordinance of the tariff of the 19th of May, 1828, and of the 14th of July, 1832, with instructions to the Legislature to enact laws to carry the nullification ordinance of the objectionable laws into immediate effect.

The convention further prohibited the testing of the legality of the ordinance by the Supreme Court of the United States, requesting the State Judges to see that the ordinance was carried out, urging further that all the State officers should make oath that they would carry out any law passed by the Legislature, and later proclaimed the overbearing acts of Congress prevented South Carolina from remaining in the Union, and that they should at once organize a separate government, and do all other things necessary and required by a sovereign State. The convention adjourned until March, 1833. The Legislature met on November 27th and passed several laws to carry out the nullification ordinance, as proposed by the convention, including authority for the Governor to call into service twelve thousand militia. But President Jackson issued a proclamation on December 11th, in which he denied the right of the nullifiers, and according to the oath of his office notified South Carolina that he would carry all the laws of Congress into effect.

Warships were sent to Charleston Harbor and Gen. Scott was sent there to watch the crisis. The custom house was changed to another place, and other measures taken to prevent a collision. Congress passed two bills, one known as the force bill, authorizing the President to have full power to carry out the laws, and a compromise tariff bill between the protectionists and the free traders of the Cotton States. The nullification ordinance adopted by South Carolina was to go into effect on February 1st, but the convention being still in session decided to postpone the execution of the ordinance to see what the compromise tariff bill would accomplish. The two bills were passed by Congress and signed by Jackson on the 2nd of March, and on the 16th the South Carolina convention withdrew the nullification ordinance. Both parties claimed a victory, but South Carolina from this time on represented the extreme fire-eating idea of the slave owners in the Cotton States.

In 1850 the extremists of South Carolina wanted to call another convention, but the lesson of 1833 had not been lost on the cooler headed ones, for they later claimed that nothing could be effected unless the other slave States co-operated, and the co-operators were in the majority, and no convention was called. But in the next ten years the extreme fire-eaters gained control, so that they were allowed to elect thirteen delegates to the Democratic convention in Charleston, and, as the platform was not to their liking, they left the convention in a body and broke up the gathering. One branch

of the party met in Baltimore and nominated Douglas, of Illinois, and Johnson, of Georgia, and the others met in Frederick, Maryland, and nominated Breckenridge, of Kentucky, and Lane, of Oregon. The Republicans had nominated Lincoln and Hamlin. As the campaign advanced it could almost be seen by a blind man that Lincoln would be the next President. Several States held their State election in October, and these generally indicated the drift of events, and as Governor Gist of South Carolina saw what was coming, he sent, on the 5th of October, a letter by special messenger to each of the Governors of the cotton and slave States, asking them their opinion about secession, as soon as Lincoln's election was assured. "If a single State secedes," he said, "South Carolina will follow her. If no other State will take the lead, South Carolina will secede alone, if she has the assurance that she will soon be followed by another or other States. Otherwise it is doubtful." He advised concerted action.

North Carolina was the first to answer. "The people would not," so wrote the Governor, on October 18th, "consider Lincoln's election sufficient cause for disunion." The Governor of Alabama on October 25th, thought his State would not secede alone, but would secede if two or more States would lead. The Governor of Louisiana answered: "I do not think the people of Louisiana will decide in favor of that course, and I shall not advise it." The Governor of Georgia, under date of October 31st, advised retaliatory measures, and ventured the opinion that the people would wait for an overt act of the Republicans before they would secede. Florida alone responded with enthusiasm. Her Governor said that her people were ready to wheel into line with the gallant "Palmetto" State or any other Cotton State or States, and thought her people would call a convention.

The discouraging tone of the answers established the fact that secession was not in any sense a popular revolution, but a mere insurrection or conspiracy among local office holders and politicians which the people neither desired nor expected, but which they were made to justify and uphold by the usual arts and expedience of the conspiracy. Directly and indirectly the Southern people had controlled the National Government since its whole existence. Excited to ambition by this, they sought to perpetuate that control. The extension of slavery and the creation of new slave States was the necessary step in the scheme and had been the well-defined single issue

in the Presidential election, but in this contest the Southern States for the first time met overwhelming defeat. The choice of Lincoln was the conclusive and final decision in legal form and by constitutional majorities that slavery could not be extended, and the vote of 1860 transferred the balance of power to the free States.

During the Presidential campaign of 1860, as well as in preceding years, the Southern politicians had made free use of two leading arguments, always with telling effect. The first, to intimidate the North was a threat of disunion; the second, to fire the Southern heart, was the alarm cry that the North, if successful, would not merely exclude slavery from Federal territory, but would destroy slavery in slave States. The know-nothing masses of the South accepted both of these arguments as truth, and Southern public opinion, excited and suspicious, became congenial soil in which the intended revolt easily rooted. As we have seen, South Carolina had been the hotbed of treason for over thirty years. Her least republican form of Government made her the center of the conspiracy. Aristocratic and reactionary as she was, made her distrustful of popular participation in Government. She longed for distinction of caste and privileges in society.

Before the replies of the Governors of the Cotton States had been received a consultation of the leaders had been held and the programme of insurrection agreed upon. A special session of the Legislature had been called and at the election during October local fanaticism predominated.

There was no opposition in the State, and under the manipulation of the leaders the question was, who was the most zealous candidate. In opposition to the National Government, Governor Gist, on November 5th, issued a defiant revolutionary message, the first official notice of the insurrection, declaring that our institutions were in danger of the hostile and fixed majority of the North, recommending the call of the State convention and the purchase of arms and the material of war. As there was still some doubt on that day about the result of the election, the Legislature did not select the delegates that were to vote for Breckenridge and Lane, but the morning of November 7th brought positive news that Lincoln and Hamlin had been elected, and they rejoiced and jubilated over the success of the Republicans, which now offered them the long-coveted pretext to break up the Union.

The Legislature immediately ordered a convention, made ap-

propriations and passed military bills. The Federal office holders resigned their offices. Military companies and minute men were organized in the city and rural neighborhoods. Drills, parades, meetings, bonfires, speeches, cockades and palmetto flags, purchase of firearms and powder, singing of the Marseillaise, were diversions to which the people of Charleston devoted their days and nights. As matters progressed there was universal satisfaction, as the leaders believed that their scheme would succeed, and the rabble was happy because they had a continued holiday.

To increase the excitement of this character, these proceedings were daily stimulated by similar ones in other Cotton States. In this way the month of November and the first half of December passed away. During this time the new Governor, Francis W. Pickens, a revolutionist of the most radical type, had been chosen and inaugurated. The members authorized for the convention by the Legislature were chosen at the election held on December 6th. On December 17th the convention met at Columbia, but on account of an epidemic disease adjourned to Charleston.

As they were all of the same political opinion, they needed no time to make up their minds, and on the fourth day of its term it passed unanimously what it called the ordinance of secession. They enumerated a number of causes to give it strength and stability, and sought to deduce one for secession from the Declaration of Independence, asserting the State's supremacy and State rights and reversing the national order of Government existence, considering a State superior to the United States and a part greater than the whole. In their causes of complaint their grievances of past and present were against the Northern States and the remedy was barred by their own theory of State rights, and their complaints against the Union were of danger to come. This would not give them the moral justice for secession. They refused the remedy of future elections to right future wrongs and discarded the entire theory of principle of republican form of Government. Although they complained of unfriendly State laws, the burden of their wail rose at the sentiment of the North, where public opinion had been led into a great error, sanctioned by a wrong religious belief against the institution of slavery.

This false assumption of the slave States cannot be admitted. Although slavery was tolerated in the formation of the Government it could not claim perpetual protection. The Constitution of the

United States makes few features of our system perpetually obligatory. Almost everything is subject to amendment by three-fourths of the States. Our Republic was established for reform, not for blind conservatism; certainly not for despotic action. On one hand Congress had legal power to tolerate the African slave trade; on the other, three-fourths of the States might lawfully abolish slavery, as was done near the close of the Civil War, to effect necessary and salutary political changes needed, by lawful and peaceful election through constitutional majority, as a prudent alternative to the violence and horror of revolution. This is one of the blessings which a republican representative Government confers on an intelligent nation.

Although the Secession Ordinance was passed in secret session, the fact was immediately made public by large placards issued from a printing office as directed by the convention, and celebrated by the firing of guns, ringing of bells and a general jubilee at a meeting held on the same night by the convention. The members signed the ordinance, and soon after the chairman proclaimed South Carolina an independent Republic. Some one of the convention acknowledged that the secession of the State was not the result of Lincoln's election, but had been developing for more than thirty years past, and was therefore without a direct cause.

The request of Governor Gist for co-operative action by the rest of the people of the Cotton States was promptly responded to by Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, but if the truth could have been presented the strong Union sentiment in those States would not have followed South Carolina, although they had been berated by the partisans of Breckenridge as being in sympathy with the black Republicans and Abolitionists, for the time they were true to the Union. But the tyranny of the Southern public opinion made many weak-kneed voters belie their honest convictions when asked "if they would submit to black Republican rule," and they answered "no."

The office holders formed in each State a center, around which the rest of the disgruntled gathered. The power of the Governor had such an influence in the State that if wielded in behalf of secession the insurrection would begin with official prestige and sweep the hesitating and timid with them. In many cases, by nursing deceit, majorities that indorsed secession were obtained. Wherever co-operation was assured the Legislature would be convened and

conventions called, military bills passed and volunteer companies organized.

In Washington the Extremists held nightly meetings. Individual opinion was overawed and all kinds of pretexts were invented to prevent the sending of election returns of voters. Personal judgment was obliterated by proscription and by the doctrine of supreme State allegiance.

As the slave population and Ultra-Secessionists of the Cotton States lived, as a rule, in the southern district, on the border of the Atlantic or the Gulf, the Union element was at home in the thinly-settled and sandy uplands of the northern part of those States where no great slave plantations could flourish, and the poorer white people were therefore in the majority, where they were burdened and bewildered by the social detriments of the slave system, without enjoying any of its delights. But the political power lay in the slave regime, supported by the commercial interests of the southern seaports. It is, therefore, no wonder that secession succeeded, but strange that there was any contest at all in the Cotton States; and yet, if we believe certain reports, there was a great deal of deceit and fraud practiced, and not one of the Cotton States, except Texas, had a direct vote on the Ordinance of Secession.

Georgia was the Empire State of the South, and therefore needed to complete the co-operation movement of secession. Among the leaders in this State were Governor Brown, Cobb, Tooms and Iverson. The Extremists wanted the Legislature to pass the Act of Secession at once, but Stephens and the Conservatives of Northern Georgia opposed this course. He contended that the Legislature was elected as lawmakers and sworn to support the Constitution of the United States, and not sent there to disrupt the Government. He proposed, therefore, to call a convention of the people by a unanimous vote of the Legislature. A convention was called, and a heated campaign for the election of delegates followed, which disclosed the fact that the people of Georgia would demand new guarantee for the protection of slavery, although they were decidedly against disunion. But the leaders were now inventing a new scheme by which to turn the balance in their favor in the following words: "We can make better terms out of the Union than we can in it." Stephens said that two-thirds of those who voted for the Secession Ordinance did so with the view of insuring a reformation of the Union. But the supremacy of State allegiance conquered all

opposition. Stephens himself, in a speech for the Union, is a striking illustration. He said that "the election of Lincoln could do no harm, as House and Senate were against him." He admonished his hearers not to act rashly and not to try the experiment of a change, for liberty once lost might never be restored. In the same speech he declared if Georgia seceded he would bow to the will of the people. And Georgia went to its ruin. The convention passed the Secession Ordinance by 208 to 89.

FORMER EFFORTS TO SETTLE THE SLAVERY QUESTION BY THE
MISSOURI COMPROMISE.

When, in 1820, Missouri asked for admission as a State in the Union, the measure was opposed by those who desired the exclusion of slavery. Just then the free State of Maine was also asking admission, and those who favored slavery in Missouri determined to exclude Maine unless Missouri should also be admitted.

After an angry debate that lasted until the 16th of February, the bill coupling the new States together was actually passed. Then Senator Thomas of Illinois made a motion that hereafter and forever slavery should be excluded from all parts of the Louisiana Cession—Missouri excepted—lying north and parallel to the thirty-sixth degree and thirty minutes. Such was the celebrated Missouri Compromise. By this compromise the slavery agitation was allayed until 1849.

While the Cotton States east of the Mississippi River had clothed the insurrection in the form of law and constitutionality, the State of Texas pursued an altogether bold and unblushing course. Gen. Houston had struggled hard and long to bring Texas into the Union. He therefore resisted the secession movement, but as he was in accord with the Southern proslavery prejudice, and antagonistic to the Republican party, he conceived a scheme to again make Texas an independent Republic, and, with her population, to undertake the conquest of Mexico. But the Secessionists, without the authority of Governor Houston, assembled a State convention and on February 1st passed a Secession Ordinance and provided for a popular vote. Governor Houston, on February 4th, approved the resolution which legalized the convention, but accompanied with his approval he stipulated that it should have no effect except on the question of adherence to the Union. When the vote was taken, February 23rd, ratifying the secession, the ordinance was submitted to him for approval, but he refused to recognize further acts of the

convention, and on March 16th declared his office vacant and empowered the Lieutenant Governor to assume executive authority.

The Insurrectionists lost no time, and at once organized a provisional military force to accept the surrender of the Federal troops and forts in Texas under command of Gen. Twiggs, who was in full sympathy with the secession movement. The various detachments of Federal troops were set in motion by him and vacated the State.

Before this had taken place, and as soon as the Republican administration was inaugurated in Washington, Lincoln sent to Houston, who still claimed to be loyal, and offered him the assistance of a large force, under Col. Waite, to sustain his authority. Houston refused the offer, and, having no one to support him, the Insurrectionists pushed him into obscurity, and the State was transferred to the Confederate military domination.

Thus, by easy stages, the insurrection was accomplished, unmolested and unopposed. South Carolina seceded December 20, 1860; Mississippi, January 10; Alabama, January 11; Georgia, January 19; Louisiana, January 26, and Texas, February 1. All these States now claimed to be independent Republics, but the pretension was only short-lived, as it was designed to be by its promoters. But the assumption of independence through elections and conventions did not make it so.

They hoped to avoid civil war, but there was no escape from it, if the North would fight, and as they were fairly well assured of this they took possession of arms and military posts within their borders. Among these was the navy yard at Pensacola and fifteen harbor ports along the Atlantic and Gulf Coast, with about a thousand guns, valued at five million dollars; a half dozen arsenals, with 150,000 small arms, sent there by Floyd a year previous, as he claimed, for protection against slave insurrection; three mints, four large custom houses, three revenue cutters on duty in the seaports, and a variety of other property, exclusive of the other property surrendered by Gen. Twiggs in Texas, which contained eighteen military posts and stations, with arms and stores of great value, purchased with money from the Federal Government. The land on which the forts and buildings were located had in some instances been donated by formal legislation and deeded from the States themselves. But by State supremacy and State Secession Ordinance they claimed the restoration of this property and the right to them of eminent domain, that

they had always retained it, and that under the law of nations had a right to take possession and hold it, intending to settle the damages by money consideration through negotiation.

As the National Government, in time of peace, opposed the maintenance of a large army, the whole force at the time amounted to only seventeen thousand men, mostly occupied on the Western frontier against hostile Indians, leaving only three Southern forts to be garrisoned, and these with one company each. An equal number were stationed at the arsenals of Augusta, Ga. ; Mount Vernon, Ala., and Baton Rouge, La. The provisional military companies of the Insurrectionists took forcible possession of these forts, arsenals, navy yards and custom houses, and in some cases before the Secession Ordinance was passed. This was levying actual war against the United States, that had not yet caused any bloodshed. They usually appeared with a superior force and demanded the surrender in the name of the State. The officer in command would comply under protest, salute the flag and vacate, unmolested, proceeding to his home. Several exceptions were made to this. First, no attempt was made at Fort Taylor, Fort Jefferson and Pickens, in Florida, as they were too far to be reached ; second, the troops in Texas were not permitted transportation, and, third, the fort in Charleston Harbor was not so easily taken.

CHAPTER II.

FORT SUMTER, CHARLESTON HARBOR.

The spirit of revolution and insurrection was not confined to the Cotton States. It had formed a place in the inner circle of the national administration. Among the members of the Cabinet Cobb, Floyd and Thompson were ardent Disunionists, and with a number of subordinate office holders formed the central insurrectionists at the National Capital and worked, in violation of their official oaths, to disrupt the Union. At the assembling of Congress the first Tuesday in December the Southern Senators and Representatives arrived in Washington and promptly aided and assisted the insurrectionary organization by using their influence with the President and subjecting him by personal pressure to indecision. No disloyal purpose or thought was in President Buchanan's mind, but he appears to have fallen in a remarkable degree under the controlling influence of his counselors. Advanced in years, and want of vigor, added to his feeble will and irresolution, with limited capabilities, he had, by the sweeping success of the Republicans suffered a rebuke and humiliation, and with his proud party a hopeless wreck and no hope to recover from defeat, he mistrusted popular judgment and the decision of the ballot box. He saw through Southern eyes and dwelt on the fancied wrongs of the South, and by impulse would embarrass the incoming administration, as he could during the remainder of his official life, and the members of his Cabinet who were devoted Democrats shared the same feeling. As reports of the Southern insurrection thickened and the Federal officials in South Carolina, with much ostentation, had resigned, the loyal members of his Cabinet expressed themselves that the rebellion must be put down; but as the President, during the political campaign just ended, had encouraged the Southern people in their complaint of oppression, he could not become an accuser of his late friends when disaster had overtaken them; but his disloyal members of the Cabinet had no such scruples. They were ready to desert the President as soon as

they had used him. In his message to Congress on December 3rd he made the most childish and useless suggestion, claiming that the Southern people were irritated with the question of slavery by the Northern interference, when the crisis was really caused by slave owners when they wanted to invade the free territory of the North. He claimed the State had no right to secede, but the Government had no right to prevent secession; but the constitution gave him a right, according to his oath of office, to suppress insurrection and punish individuals for the violations of United States laws. To do this he argued it must be done by a writ in the hands of a United States marshal, but as the judges and marshals had resigned the execution became impossible. He ignored the fact that he could appoint new judges and marshals, with the whole army, navy and militia of the nation as a posse; but a month later he nominated a new collector for the port of Charleston. He concluded his reasoning by urging a constitutional amendment which would give the slave owners every concession asked for, and which the Northern people had rejected by the election of Mr. Lincoln. This message tied the hands of the administration and left the pathway of the insurrectionist free of danger.

The first object of the South Carolinians was to get possession of the forts in Charleston Harbor. They had organized their State into a miniature Republic, but their claim of independence and sovereignty would be ridiculous if they could not control their own seaports that would give them the highway to the world, by which they could negotiate treaties and secure powerful alliance. "We must have the forts," was the shibboleth that echoed from every street corner in Charleston. The harbor of Charleston is defended by three forts. The first and smallest is Castle Pinckney, capable of holding 100 men, armed with twenty-two guns; the second was Fort Moultrie, capable of mounting fifty-five guns and holding a garrison of 300 men; the third, and most important, was Fort Sumter, situated in the middle of the harbor entrance and half a mile from its mouth, with five sides about 350 feet square, the casemates to contain 140 guns and able to hold a war garrison of 650 men. There were also the Charleston custom house and United States arsenal, containing nearly 25,000 stands of arms and accoutrements. As a guard the arsenal contained a military storekeeper and fourteen men. Castle Pinckney was occupied by an ordnance sergeant and his family; Fort Sumter by two engineer officers and 110 working-

men. Fort Moultrie also contained an engineer officer and fifty workingmen, and in addition to these, sixty-nine soldiers and nine officers under Major Anderson, the senior officer in command of all the troops in the harbor. In the city companies were organized for an expedition to capture the forts. The newspapers, as also the public, believed they could have the forts whenever they wanted them. The higher class of Insurrectionists would invite Major Anderson and dine and wine him, expecting that he as a Southerner would turn the forts over to them without resistance. So far everything had gone their way, and the biggest feather in their cap was Buchanan's policy of non-coercion, which would prevent re-enforcements being sent to the forts in Charleston Harbor. They also relied on Floyd, then Secretary of War, who still claimed to be for the Union, that he would favor the Insurrectionists by an easy surrender of the forts.

As a result of the fatal doctrine of non-coercion by the President, the Representatives of the other Cotton States made boasts and threats in Congress, where South Carolina and secession were the topics of the hour; but the Senators and Representatives of the loyal States, the Governors and newspaper press, brought their influence on the President to re-enforce the forts in Charleston Harbor. At the same time the Insurrectionists then in Washington were very active, and secured a promise of Buchanan that he would not re-enforce Moultrie unless the fort was attacked, and induced Floyd to give Anderson confidential instruction not to take offence, as they might assault and overwhelm him. The conflicting efforts from both sides caused Gen. Cass, influenced by the Union sentiment of the Northwest, to insist on re-enforcements being sent to Charleston.

Buchanan's own sluggish blood had been brought to circulation by the high-handed, unchecked insurrection, and he called on Floyd who dallied, evaded and pooh-poohed the danger with chivalric bombast, claiming the South Carolinians were honorable gentlemen and ought not to be irritated. Floyd advised the President to consult Gen. Scott. As Scott was a Virginian, it was believed by Floyd that the former would join the secession movement and advise the surrender of the forts. Gen. Scott reached Washington on December 12, and for the first time during Buchanan's administration was consulted in War Department affairs. As soon as he understood the situation he heartily joined Gen. Cass in recommending that re-enforcements be sent to Charleston Harbor. As this was not in line

with Floyd's plan, he rejected the advice of Scott and opposed that of Cass, claiming all that was needed in the forts was an ordnance sergeant to represent the sovereignty and rights of the United States.

Buchanan now saw the treachery and continued to plead with his secretary that the proprietary rights were no longer complete if once lost, and warning Floyd that if the forts were lost his name would be covered with infamy for all time to come. Floyd was in despair. "Send troops to Charleston," he said, "and the South Carolinians will not leave one brick of Moultrie upon another." He also gave the alarm to every prominent Southerner in Washington. These flocked around the President, promising in turn good behavior and revolutionary violence, and Buchanan became reluctant in complying with Cass and Scott's advice, and at the Cabinet meeting on December 13 told Secretary Cass that he could not order reinforcements to Charleston.

Gen. Cass at once tendered his resignation and retired from the Cabinet, and Attorney General Black was made Secretary of State. Cobb of Georgia had resigned a few days before, and Thomas, of Maryland, was made Secretary of the Treasury and Edwin M. Stanton was appointed Attorney General. Mr. Buchanan believed these concessions to Floyd and Davis would stop the tide of disunion in the South, but was quickly undeceived. Encouraged as the Insurrectionists were, they at once circulated a paper for signatures through the two houses of Congress containing the first proclamation for the formation of a Southern Confederacy. The document was brief, and contained the signatures of about one-half of the Senators and Representatives of North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Florida, Texas and Arkansas, which was the beginning of the Confederate States. After South Carolina passed the Secession Ordinance, they resolved to have the forts in Charleston Harbor necessary for their sovereignty and independence, and prepared diplomatic negotiations for the property between the two governments. The convention appointed three commissioners to proceed to Washington to arrange for the delivery of the forts and other property, also an apportionment of the public debt, and negotiate about other matters necessary.

The commissioners reached Washington December 26th. President Buchanan did not consider the proceedings as a miserable farce but as a real piece of Government affair, and as soon as the commissioners made their presence known he appointed the next day, at

1 o'clock for an interview with them. But before the time of meeting occurred it was announced that Major Anderson had during the night transferred his command from Fort Moultrie to Sumter, as he believed from daily observation that Moultrie could be assaulted. He had despaired of receiving the often-called-for reinforcements, and, as Sumter was the real key to the harbor, Capt. Forster, with his engineer force, could soon prepare it for defense. Sumter's guns also commanded Moultrie, and there was no approach except by boats, and, therefore, beyond the reach of the Charleston mob and its scaling ladders. Anderson had been invited out on Christmas night and learned of the resolve of the Charlestonians during the holiday, and when he returned decided to abandon Moultrie and take up his position at Sumter. He only permitted two officers to know of his intention, it being necessary to hire boats and send away the baggage and the families in the afternoon. The usual parade was held and the men instructed to be on watch for an assault. When the officers' supper was ready Capt. Doubleday received the first notice to have his men ready in twenty minutes to march to the beach. Everything moved like clockwork, and the South Carolina guardboat rested in full security, and failed to take any notice or make any discovery, and before tattoo was due at Moultrie the transfer was accomplished, and the officers' supper that had been prepared at Moultrie was eaten in Sumter. The guns in Moultrie were spiked, the carriages burned and supplies removed during the night. By daylight next morning the detail for this work rejoined the garrison in Sumter.

The patriotic act of Anderson filled the Union people of the nation with exultation and will bring Anderson's name in grateful recollection so long as history will be read. The news of this movement was at once sent to the South Carolina commissioners at Washington and they committed the same to Mr. Buchanan, which caused the commissioners' interview to be postponed.

The President called a Cabinet meeting. Floyd declared the movement in violation of orders, and the President was inclined to order Anderson back to Moultrie, but preferred to hear from him, as he had become suspicious of Floyd, and believed that Anderson's movements might be technically justified.

On December 28 the President granted the interview and told the commissioners that he could only receive them as private citizens; that if they held any grievance they must apply to Congress,

but was willing to communicate their proposition to that body. His recognition of the claim for the independence of South Carolina was a misdemeanor which could have been punished by impeachment, but the commissioners were too stupid to take notice of the advantage; for the President now appeared in the attitude of their advocate that would have restrained him from any hostile action against South Carolina during the proceedings of Congress, as he had proposed. This would have made Washington the center of the insurrection; but the blindness of the commissioners lost them the possible chance of success.

They were, however, very angry at Anderson. They demanded an explanation, and if it was not satisfactory they would suspend negotiations. The threat was equally stupid.

For being a patriot Anderson narrowly escaped dismissal and disgrace by the President, for the Insurrectionists had complete control of Mr. Buchanan.

In the Cabinet meetings there was considerable struggle between the disloyal counselors of the South and the loyal ones of the North over the possession and control of the President, but when the loyal members determined to resign the President decided against the Insurrectionists. To aid him in this decision was the influence brought about by outsiders on account of the bad reputation of Floyd and Thompson because of a transaction where a million dollars of Indiana Trust money had disappeared from the safe of the Interior Department and replaced by Floyd, which gave it the appearance of official theft. This was brought to the attention of the courts and disturbed the mind of the President.

Floyd had on the 29th tendered his resignation, which was accepted on the 31st. The President now sent his final communication, to the South Carolina Commissioners, telling them that whatever might have been his original inclination the Governor of South Carolina had, since Anderson's movement, taken forcible possession of Fort Moultrie, Castle Pinckney, Charleston Arsenal, Custom House and Post Office and covered them with the palmetto flag, and he would not withdraw the Federal troops from Fort Sumter.

The newly-elected Governor Pickens was the most daring revolutionist in South Carolina, and acted the dictator within a few days after the seizure of the forts. He selected points on the islands on which to erect batteries to command the inlet and ship channel to prevent re-enforcements.

Moultrie was soon restored. Castle Pinckney was undamaged, and a volunteer force, with slaves, was erecting battery after battery without being molested by Anderson, for nearly three months. During this time the enemy repeatedly used the new batteries, firing at Sumter as a target, and yet the people from South Carolina, from the Governor down to the street rabble, insisted that the Government was waging war upon their State.

With Floyd out of the Cabinet, the administration changed the attitude of the Government toward the Insurrectionists. Holt, of Kentucky, became Secretary of War. Black also changed his mind and advocated re-enforcement of Sumter, and all the rest of the Cabinet joined to vindicate the national authority. Gen. Scott was placed in command of military control and various precautionary measures were taken. Among these was the effort to re-enforce Sumter. A swift merchant steamer, "*Star of the West*," was chartered in New York and loaded with supplies and 250 recruits. She steamed out on the night of the 5th of January, 1861. The effort to keep the expedition a secret was a failure, and notice was sent from New York to Charleston of her coming, and as Thompson was still in the Cabinet, he learned of the fact and also warned his Charleston friends. But from newspapers they had gathered some information that some such enterprise was on foot, and therefore Anderson was not surprised when on the morning of January 9th he was notified that a strange vessel was entering the harbor and steaming up the channel, headed for Fort Sumter. The supplies and men were below deck and not seen, but the enemy had completed Fort Moultrie, and a sand battery at the harbor entrance, and as soon as the vessel came within range they opened a vigorous fire. Concealment being no longer possible, the vessel hoisted a large United States flag, to let Anderson know that it had come to bring him the long-wished-for re-enforcements. He ordered the guns of the fort to be manned and prepared to fire on the batteries. The steamer had passed the first battery and was hit but once, and without damage. The course of the channel required the vessel to steam directly to Fort Moultrie, but the sight of the ready guns discouraged the officers in charge of her. Anderson and his men, with deep regret, just ready to cheer and open fire on the batteries, saw the steamer slacken its speed and turn around and once more pass through the enemy's cannon balls unharmed, and out again to sea.

Anderson wrote a very drastic letter to Governor Pickens, stat-

ing that if the firing on the flag was by his order he (Anderson) would close the harbor with the guns of Sumter. But in bravado Anderson was no match for Pickens. The latter justified the act and the next day sent Anderson a formal demand for the surrender of Fort Sumter. Anderson's reply was meek, but if the Governor saw fit to refer the matter to Washington, he would send an officer to accompany the messenger.

As the Charleston Insurrectionists were not ready to fight, they accepted the truce which Anderson offered them, as it afforded them time to complete the harbor batteries. On January 12th the Attorney General proceeded to Washington to carry to the President the Governor's demand for the surrender of Fort Sumter, with authority to give a pledge that the value of the property would be accounted for by the State upon its settlement of its relation with the United States.

When Hayne, the South Carolina Attorney General, reached Washington most of the Cotton States had seceded and taken forcible possession of the forts within their limits. They saw at once that a large number of petty republics would be of little importance and less influence and would only temporarily paralyze the laws of the Union. But the constitution and the military power of the nation were unbroken. They, therefore, sought some system of common defence and the formation of a Southern Confederacy had been from the beginning a recognized object. The plan was elaborately worked by a few leading spirits, but so far the combination had failed. As time passed on the scheme gained success. Anderson's offer gave them time to work, and set a Provisional Government of a Southern Confederacy in motion, avoiding any pretext for a military movement which might check their plans, and the correspondence between the President and the insurrectionary leaders who had joined Hayne. This was carried on until February, when, on the 6th of that month, Secretary Holt brought it to an end by writing to Hayne, for the President, that neither would there be a sale of Fort Sumter nor a relinquishment of South Carolina's claim of eminent domain thought of, since it was not a question of property, but of political right of the highest national importance. This closed the correspondence, and a second attempt to gain the forts by diplomacy failed.

The negotiations had postponed the plans to send help to Anderson, and on February 4th, two days before Hayne's dismissal, the

Provisional Congress of the Confederate States assembled at Montgomery, Alabama, and on the 16th of February organized and inaugurated the Provisional Government of the Confederacy, and the insurrection became an organized rebellion against the National Government.

Since the 12th of February the same condition existed in the harbor at Pensacola as at Charleston; the insurgents had threatened and the officer had surrendered the navy yard. But Lieutenant Slemmer of the army, with forty-six men, held Fort Barancas, finding that he could not defend that fort or Fort McRea, with loyal courage, repeated the strategy of Anderson, and moved his small command, increased by thirty seamen from the navy yard, on the morning of January 10 to Fort Pickens at the harbor entrance at the western end of Santa Rosa Island. The Government sent him a few ships to assist him, while the enemy began to gather an army to assault the fort, but the President here again agreed that the fort should not be re-enforced unless it were assaulted by the insurrectionists. After Hayne departed from Washington another consultation was held in the executive mansion to devise and dispatch a new expedition for the relief of Fort Sumter, by small vessels from the coast survey, under command of Capt. Ward from the navy, but the effort was abandoned on February 23, probably on account of the fact that nine days only remained of Mr. Buchanan's Presidential term.

CHAPTER III.

INDIANA ELECTION AND THE WAR SPIRIT.

Indiana, for State officers, held an election in October, '60, and Lane was elected Governor over Hendricks by a majority of nearly 10,000 votes. All the other Republican State officers were elected, and the Legislature was also Republican in both branches. The campaign to be decided in November remained at a white heat on both sides, but when November came the Republicans had largely increased their vote and Lincoln had been elected by a popular majority, his vote coming almost wholly from the North. The Southern people claimed that he was a sectional candidate, and to this they would never submit, and would rather break up the Union; South Carolina, in the lead, which, on November 5, met and cast its electoral vote for Breckenridge and Lane. A convention was called to meet on the 17th of December to determine the question of secession, but on account of the smallpox then raging in Columbia in epidemic form, they adjourned to Charleston, and the ordinance of secession was passed a little after midday on December 20, in secret session, as already referred to in another chapter.

Now the question was, what the Federal Government would do, and what the policy of the incoming Republican party would be? Should they be permitted to go in peace and come back at their pleasure; or should they be brought to submission? The views of the President-elect were then little known, and President Buchanan had not yet defined his constitutional right in this matter. The opinion of the Northern people differed. Many Republican party leaders wanted to let them go. I heard John Coburn, a prominent politician, and, later, a General in the Union Army, in front of the Palmer House in Indianapolis, make a speech, in which he said: "Let them go, they have held the offices and we have paid the expenses." *The New York Tribune* (Horace Greeley's paper) and the *Indianapolis Journal* did not want the Southern States to be held in the Union at the expense of a Civil War, yet the great body of the loyal people

of the North revolted against such conclusions and were looking around for a leader with a clear head who would demand the maintenance of the Union. Just then a meeting was called by the "Rail Splitters," a political organization, and Oliver P. Morton, the Lieutenant-Governor-elect, was invited to make them a speech at the rejoicing over the election of Lincoln, but at the time a violent storm prevented the out-door meeting and they had to celebrate their rejoicing in the Court House. Being then a young man, and eager to learn all about the political affairs of our country, I attended the meeting. Both the Governor-elect Lane and Morton made speeches. Lane, who spoke first, was full of the spirit of reconciliation, referring to the strong ties between Indiana and many Southern States, and the great gallantry of Kentucky soldiers, who had frequently rendered great aid to the early Indiana settlers against the Indians. Lane's speech was received in silence, and apparently not favored by his hearers. Morton followed Lane, and led his hearers in an entirely different direction and explained to them "that coercion meant nothing but the enforcement of the laws and that secession or nullification could only be regarded by the general government as individual action upon individual responsibility, and the actors could not entrench themselves behind State Government and give their conduct the semblance of legality and load the responsibility upon the State, which of itself was not responsible, for the Constitution of the United States operates upon individuals, not upon States, just as if there were no States, and, therefore, the President has no discretion, for he has taken a solemn oath to enforce the laws, and for this reason was made commander-in-chief of the army and navy and the President can not be released of his official oath by resolutions of convention, or by the advice of the newspaper, or by the preponderance of public opinion. The Constitution provides that Congress may admit a new State to the Union, but there is no provision for turning one out. A State once admitted becomes a part of the whole, and secession is not contemplated by the Constitution as permissible or possible. Congress can only be forced to acknowledge the independence of any State or States after a successful revolution. There is no power under the Constitution permitting the general Government to enter into negotiations with State Government. No Government possesses the constitutional power to dismember itself. The right does not exist. If the right does exist to acknowledge the independence of South Carolina, or any other State,

that right can only be exercised by an act of Congress. The President does not possess it, and until released from his duty he must exert his power to enforce the law. In an attempt at secession there are but two courses to pursue, either to allow the seceding States peaceably to set up for themselves an independent Government, or else, by the military power of the United States, compel an observance of the laws and submission to Constitutional obligations. If we allow a State peaceably to secede, we thereby concede the right to secession in the most substantial and solemn manner. We could not allow South Carolina to secede and deny other States the same right to retire when they see fit. The right of secession conceded, the nation is dissolved. Instead of having one mighty people, we have but a collection of independent and petty States, held together by a treaty, hitherto called a Constitution, or the infraction of the Constitution, of which each State is to be the judge, and from which combination any State may withdraw at pleasure, and soon we would have a Pacific Empire set on foot. California and Oregon, sovereign and independent, would have a right to withdraw from their present partnership and form two separate nations. In doing so they would act with a far greater show of reason and a far greater prospect of success than South Carolina. They are separated from the other States by thousands of miles of barren plains and snow-clad mountains. Their commerce is naturally with the East Indies and the islands of the Pacific Ocean. The tie of commercial interest between them and the other States is weaker than that which binds together any other part of the Republic.

"The right to secede being conceded, and the easy way shown to be safe, the prestige of the Republic is gone, the national pride extinguished; secession would become the remedy for every national grievance, and in a few years we should witness the total dissolution of the mighty Republic which has been the hope and glory of the world, and we would be following the petty States of Greece and Italy and the principal cities of Germany, and with it the wreck and ruin of our political, intellectual, social and commercial death.

"We must then cling to the idea of an indivisible nation, subdivided into State lines for local and domestic purposes, remain one people and citizens of a common country, having like institutions and possessing a common interest in the inheritance and glory provided by our forefathers. We must, therefore, do no act, we must tolerate no act, we must concede no idea or

theory that looks to or involves the dismemberment of the nation. And especially must we of the inland States cling to the national idea—If South Carolina may secede, so may New York, Massachusetts, Maryland and Louisiana, cutting off our commerce and destroying our right-of-way to the ocean, and we would be shut off in the interior, surrounded by independent and perhaps hostile nations, through whose territory we could obtain egress to the seaboard only upon such terms as might be agreed to by treaty. Emigrants from foreign lands could only come to us by permission of our neighbors. We could not reach any Atlantic port except by passports duly revised. In such a condition of affairs the seaboard States would have immense advantage, which may be illustrated by comparing the wealth and power of the seaboard Kingdoms of Europe and those shut up in the interior.

“Can it be possible, then, that Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas and Missouri can ever become infatuated with the doctrine that a State has a right to secede, thereby placing the existence of their commerce, their everything, within the power of Louisiana, commanding, as she does, the outlet of the Mississippi and the entrance to the Gulf? As the matter now stands, the port of New York is the property of the nation, held for the benefits of all States, the revenue there being collected for the benefit of all; but we are told if we use force to compel South Carolina, this act would lead the other slave States to take common cause with her. I cannot believe that treason is so widely spread; that sympathy with South Carolina was stronger than the devotion to the Union. Should such be the case, the course of the Union-loving people to pursue could not be changed thereby. If the people of other Southern States would not permit the enforcement of the laws of South Carolina, it would be evidenced that they were intending to follow her example at their own convenience. If they intended to stay in the Union they will thrust no obstacle in the way of the general Government in compelling obedience to laws. But if they intend to secede we cannot know the fact too soon, that we may prepare for the worst. I do not believe that the bad example set by South Carolina would be followed by any other State; certainly not by more than one or two. If South Carolina gets out of the Union, I trust,” he said, “it will be at the point of the bayonet. After our best efforts have failed to compel her to submit to the laws, better concede her independence by force, to revolution, than to right and principle. Such a concession

cannot be drawn into precedence and construed into an admission that we are but a combination of petty States, any one of which has the right to secede and set up for herself whenever it suits her temper or her views of peculiar interest. Such a contest, let it terminate as it may, would be a declaration of the only terms upon which they would be permitted to withdraw from the Union.

"The lapping of South Carolina by the sword of revolution would not disturb the unity of the balance of the nation, but would simply be a diminution from its aggregate of power to the extent of her resources and population. Although the American Revolution terminated so disastrously to the British Government, after an enormous expenditure of blood and treasure, accompanied by such humiliation of the national pride, still, the integrity of the remaining portion of the Empire was preserved.

"Had our claims to independence been at once recognized and conceded by the mother country, the thirteen Colonies peaceably allowed to constitute a separate Government and take their place among the nations of the earth, an example would have been set and an admission made of which every colony, island and dependency of the Empire would have speedily claimed the benefit. The Canadas, East and West Indias and Australia would in turn have pointed to this epoch in history as a palpable and unconditional avowal of the doctrine 'that they had the right under the British Constitution at any time to peaceably terminate their allegiance to the crown and secede from the Empire.' An admission of such a right could only have been retracted at the end of numerous and bloody wars.

"Shall we now surrender the nation without a struggle and let the Union go, with merely a few words? Shall we encourage faint-hearted traitors to pursue their treason by advising them in advance that it will be safe and successful? If it was worth a bloody struggle to establish the nation, it is worth one to preserve it, and I trust that we shall not," he said, "by surrendering with indecent haste, publish to the world that the inheritance which our fathers purchased with their blood we have given up to save ours.

"Seven years is but a day in the life of a nation, and we would rather come out of the struggle at the end of that time defeated in arms and conceding independence to successful revolution than purchase present peace by the concession of a principle that must be inevitably exploded; scattering this nation into small and dishonored fragments.

"But of the results of such a struggle I entertain the utmost hope and confidence. He who compares our glorious war for independence with a war set on foot to propagate human slavery, to crush our liberty of speech and of the press, and to inaugurate and revive, with all its untold and indescribable horrors the African slave trade, must have an indifferent idea of the justice of that Providence who holds in His hand the issue of battle. To employ the language of a great statesman 'Surely, the Almighty has no attribute that could take sides with our enemy in such a contest.' "

The whole question he summed up in his proposition: "Are we one nation, one people, or thirty-three nations and thirty-three independent and petty States?"

The statement of the proposition furnishes the answer: "If we are one nation, then no State has the right to secede. Secession can only be the result of successful revolution." He answered the question, and said his answer would find response in every true American heart—"that we are one people, one nation, undivided and indivisible."

The alternatives of coercion or national ruin were never held up more clearly than in the severe yet simple diction of this sentence.

The above speech was the first true Union sentiment expressed and was of irresistible logic and influence. It was the speech demanded by the emergency. The sentiment which it delivered guided the conduct of the administration during the Civil War. When Lincoln read it he said: "It covers the whole ground and declares the necessary policy of the Government."

CHAPTER IV.

INDIANA WAR MEETINGS.

In the meantime public opinion ripened rapidly, and the sentiment in Indiana was an epitome of the nation-at-large, and many conciliations were devised, such as permitting slaveholders to travel through Northern States with their slaves.

The restoration of the Missouri compromise would set everything right. Many Republican newspapers looked forward to the dissolution of the Union. In Perry County they resolved that the boundary line, if it was to be drawn between North and South, must be drawn north of Cannelton. The Democrats held a State convention on the 8th of January, in honor of the birthday of General Jackson, and in resolution the coercion of Southern States; wanted Indiana to act as "mediator" between the contending factions, with action directed towards preserving the Union or reconstructing it if it dissolved, urging the Legislature to call a convention to declare the position of the State in the present crisis. Mr. Hendricks, the defeated Democratic candidate for Governor, supported these resolutions.

Meetings were held everywhere throughout the State, with the object to propose concessions which would bring back the South to the Union. In Franklin the meeting was held in the court house, and was so well attended that the room was filled to its utmost capacity. There was but one sentiment present, or could be heard, which was "the preservation of the Union, even through civil war." A Mr. Overstreet, a prominent lawyer, made the remark that the Union, when organized, was certainly not intended to be a tea party, where any one could come and go as he pleased. A Mr. Oyler, another lawyer, was for organizing an army at once, and, like Gen. Jackson, go down to South Carolina, and give them a drubbing. Many young students then attending college at that place made short and patriotic speeches. If there were dissenters they did not permit themselves to be heard, but some few Southern students left as

soon as the season was over. On the 10th of January, when the Legislature met, a resolution was introduced not to support any one for office unless he was in favor of the perpetuation of the Union. Upon a compromise on the slavery question another resolution was introduced to hear the grievance of South Carolina; another to repeal the Personal Liberty Bill; another to adopt the Crittenden compromise then pending before Congress. A resolution was adopted that the navigation of the Mississippi must not be interfered with, and another introduced to give slaveholders the right of transit for slaves through Indiana. Such was the jumble of resolutions introduced to calm the excitement of the country.

In his message to the Legislature Governor Hammond alleged the cause of trouble due to fanatical agitation of the slavery question, promoted by dangerous political teachers belonging to the ministry. On January 12th a Mr. Murray introduced a resolution denouncing the action of the South as hostile and treason, approving the President's Federal authority, with aid in men and money, and another resolution that the laws must be executed and the union preserved by force, if necessary.

Under such conditions the Republicans resumed charge of the administration in Indiana, Lane became Governor and O. P. Morton President of the State Senate, who performed the duties of that body but two days.

On the evening of the 15th of January Lane was unanimously chosen Senator by the Republicans. After his election and resignation of the Governorship, Morton became Governor, and in his address announced his intention to sustain every effort of the general Government in enforcing the law. He soon had public opinion on the side of the Union. On the 22d of January the national flag was to be raised on the dome of the State House. On the programme Lane, Hammond, Hendricks and Voorhees were to be speakers. Morton, as Governor, was excluded, but would review the several military companies of the city.

Senator Lane was the mildest and most harmless of the Republicans and his remarks would not hurt the feelings of any one. Hammond, Voorhees and Hendricks were considered safe men. Morton was not to speak, because his ideas were radical. A large crowd was present, myself among them. After Lane made his address Hammond followed, recommending the Crittenden compromise. Hendricks argued equal rights of the South, which he be-

lieved were denied on account of her peculiar institution of slavery. These were the arguments of Conservatives present at the time. Morton was in the crowd, and the multitude were determined to hear him, for in such surroundings he was the incarnation of popular patriotism. He at once went to the heart of the matter. He said: "I am not here to argue State equality, but to denounce treason and uphold the cause of the Union, and on this occasion we should renew our allegiance to the flag which floats over the dome of the Capitol.

"We live at a time when treason is running riot through the land. Certain States, unmindful of the blessing of liberty, forgetting the duties they owe to their sister States and to the American people as a nation, are attempting to sever the bonds of union and pull down to irretrievable ruin the system of our Government, which has been the admiration and wonder of the world. We are lost in astonishment at the wickedness and folly of this attempt. It requires no prophetic eye, no second sight, to perceive that the social and political destruction will speedily overtake the seceding States if they persist in the desperate and criminal enterprise in which they are now engaged. The civilized world will look upon their scheme with horror, and the voice of the nation is raised in solemn rebuke of that treason which is aiming a fatal blow at the liberties of the world. It is a time when the hearts of all men should beat in unison and every patriot join hands with his neighbor and swear eternal devotion to liberty, the Constitution and the Union.

"In view of the solemn crisis in which we stand, all minor and party considerations should be banished from every heart. There should be but one party and that the party of the Constitution and the Union. No man need pause to consider his duty. It is inscribed in all our institutions and on everything by which we are surrounded. The path is so plain that the wayfaring men cannot err therein. It is no time for hesitation. The man who hesitates under circumstances like these is lost. I would here in kindness speak a word of warning to the unwary. Let us beware how we encourage them to persist in their mad design by assurance that we are a divided house; that there are those in our midst who will not permit the enforcement of the laws and punishment of their crimes. Let us search our hearts and see if there are any partisan prejudices and party presentments that are imperceptible and unknown to ourselves, leading us aside from the path of duty, and, if we find them there, pluck them out and hastily return. For myself, I will know no man who

will stop and prescribe the conditions upon which he will maintain that flag; who will argue that a single star may be erased, or who will consent that it may be torn that he may make choice between its dishonored fragments. I will know that man only who vows fidelity to the Union and Constitution under all circumstances and at all hazards; who declares that he will stand by the constituted authorities of the land, though they be not of his own choosing; who, when he stands in the base presence of treason, forgets the contest and squabbles of the past in the face of the coming danger; who then recognizes but two parties, the party of Union and the base faction of its foes. To that man, come from what political organization he may, by whatever name he may have been known, I give my hand as a brother, and between us there shall be no strife. When the struggle comes, if come it must, when the appeal to arms is made (which God, in His mercy may avert) we must then rely not on a standing army, but on the citizens of the land, on those men whose hearts beat high with patriotism and who will strike for it with their strong arms."

After the delivery of this speech there was less uncertainty and hesitation and more of duty to sustain the Government, but there were not so many who believed that war was coming. Morton freely told his opinion to his friends that the outcome of the national difficulty must be war, and public opinion was prepared to meet it; but he felt that the risk of the border States was so great in aligning themselves with the South that he doubted whether they would secede. His conclusion was right.

CHAPTER V.

THE CONFEDERATE STATES.

The result of the Congressional manifesto of December 14th, 1860, came to a final on February 4th, 1861, when the delegates of the Cotton States met in Montgomery, Ala., to organize the Southern Confederacy as the outcoming of the separate secession. The agreement of the Washington caucus was adhered to. The argument invented in Georgia, that better terms could be made out of the Union than in it, and the declaration of the Mississippi Commissioner that secession was not undertaken with a view to break up the present Government, but to secure to Mississippi the guarantee and principles of liberty which had been pledged to her by the "fathers of the Revolution."

The leaders knew that if their State was once committed to secession, that the moment of the crisis would carry them to whatever combination they might desire.

The plan for the organization of the Confederate States appears to have been adopted in Washington at a caucus held on January 5, 1861. The points arranged were that the Cotton States should at once secede, and that delegates should be chosen, to meet in Montgomery, to organize the Confederate States, not later than February 15th; that the Insurrectionists should remain in Congress as long as possible, to prevent coercion, and that Jefferson Davis, Slidel and Mallory be appointed a committee to carry out the object of the caucus. The programme was carried out with but slight deviation. The intention was to complete their new Government before Mr. Buchanan's term of the Presidency expired. They knew he was opposed to coercion. What his successor would decide to do was uncertain. They had made efforts to have Mr. Lincoln express himself as to what he intended to do, but had been unsuccessful. The secession delegates met on February 4th, instead of the 15th, and on February 8th adopted a provisional Government to be known as the Confederate States of America. They had no trouble to come

to a conclusion, as the Insurrectionary States had declared that their new Government was to be modeled after that of the United States.

They now proceeded to frame a permanent Constitution, which was completed and adopted on March 11, 1861. Few changes from the Constitution of the United States were made. The new Constitution was to be established by each State, instead of by "we, the people." It provided for the protection of slavery in newly-acquired territory by Congress; also the right for transit and sojourn for slaves and other property, and the right to reclaim slaves and other persons, servants or laborers. It did not deny the right to coercion as they did to the National Government, for it declared itself to be the supreme law of the land, binding on judges in every State, and provided for the punishment of treason, and declared that no State should enter into any treaty, alliance or confederation, grant letters of marque or reprisal, coin money, pay duties, keep troops on ships of war in time of peace, or make any compact with another State or foreign power. A sweeping practical negative of the dogma of State supremacy, upon which they had built their revolution.

The day after they adopted their provisional Government they elected Jefferson Davis as President and Alexander Stephens as Vice President of the new Confederacy. It was reported that Cobb and Toombs both wanted the Presidency, and Davis preferred the chief command of the Confederate Army. Cobb remained presiding officer and Toombs became Secretary of State. Davis was sent for and inaugurated February 18th, 1861.

In his inaugural address he intimated that they would permit the non-seceded Slave States to join the Confederacy, and further remarked that if he was not mistaken in the will and judgment of the people a reunion with the States from which they had separated was neither practical or desirable. There is no doubt from what was said that the whole purpose of the insurrection was the establishment of a powerful slavocracy. If doubt existed, it was removed by Mr. Stephens in his speech, in Savannah, Ga., on March 21st, 1861. He defined the ruling idea in the following language:

"The prevailing opinion entertained by Jefferson and most of the leading statesmen at the time of the formation of the old Constitution was that the enslavement of the African was in violation of the law of nature, and that it was wrong in principle, morally and politically. It was an evil they knew not well how to deal with."

The general opinion was that, some way or other, in the order

of Providence, the institution would be evanescent. This idea, though not incorporated in the Constitution, was the prevailing one at that time. The Constitution, it is true, secured every essential guarantee to the institution while it should last, and hence the argument can be justly urged against the Constitutional guarantee thus secured because of the common sentiment of the day. Those pleas were, however, fundamentally wrong; they rested upon the assumption of the equality of the races. This was an error. It was a sandy foundation, the Government built upon it, and when the storm came and the wind blew, could not stand. Our new Government is founded upon exactly the opposite idea. Its foundation and cornerstone rests upon the great truth that its negro is not equal to the white man; that slavery subordination to the superior race is his natural and normal condition. Thus our new Government is the first based upon this great physical, philosophical and moral truth."

Mr. Stephens was very enthusiastic in his estimate of the resources of the Confederacy. "We have all the essential elements of a high national career. The idea has been given out in the North and in the border States that we are too small and too weak to maintain a separate nationality. This is a great mistake. In extent of territory we embrace 564,000 square miles and more. This is upwards of 200,000 square miles more than the original thirteen States. It is an area of more than double the territory of France or Austria. France, in round numbers, has 212,000 square miles, and Austria has 248,000 square miles. Ours is greater than both combined. It is greater than all France, Spain and Portugal, including England, Ireland and Scotland together. In population, we have upwards of 5,000,000, according to the census of 1860. This includes whites and black. The entire population of the original thirteen States was 4,000,000 in 1790, and still less in 1776, when the independence of the fathers was achieved. If they, with less population, dared to maintain their independence against the greatest power on earth, shall we have any apprehension of maintaining our's now?"

CHAPTER VI.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

From the official neglect of the old administration and impotence of Congress, and from the hostile preparation of the South, the country now turned to the newly-elected President and the incoming administration. Many of his political friends had requested him to make some public declaration, but Mr. Lincoln preserved his silence except in confidential letters to personal friends of opposing politics. He wrote, while holding to the Republican doctrine, "No Extension of Slavery." He bore no ill will to the South, intended no aggression on her rights and would, on the contrary, treat her with liberal indulgence. As the day of his inauguration approached he received a number of invitations from the Legislature in the States he had to pass through on his way to the national capital. He started from home on February 11th, and passed through the principal cities from Springfield, Ill., to New York, and from New York to Washington. Crowds came forward everywhere to greet and see the new Chief Magistrate, whose strange career they had heard so much about in the recent election speeches; his obscure birth in the seclusion of the Kentucky wilderness; his reading of Weem's life of Washington in the humble cabin of Southern Indiana; how as a tall boy he split rails to fence his father's clearing; his boating on the Sangamon and Mississippi Rivers; as a postmaster, deputy surveyor, a volunteer captain in the Black Hawk Indian War; studying law by borrowing Blackstone and arguing cases before his neighbors as jurors; following the circuit courts from county to county and becoming by degrees the first lawyer of the State; how in a primitive community he rose from a Representative in the Legislature to the Presidency of the United States, but not without a mighty political conflict of principle in the momentous slavery question. He had overcome Douglas, the victorious leader in the Kansas-Nebraska bill, by his matchless definition of the injustice of slavery in all ages. "When

the white man governs himself," he said, "that is self-government; but when he governs himself and another man, that is more than self-government; that is despotism."

His statement of the right of every man to eat bread without the permission of any one else, which his own hands earn; his statesmanship in declaring that the Union cannot endure half slave and half free, before Seward proclaimed the irrepressible conflict, had been told by the newspapers and campaign speakers during the recent canvass. Thus he had risen from obscurity to fame; from ignorance to eloquence; from want to a ruler, uncontaminated by vice, undespoiled by temptation, without schools, without family influence, without wealth, championed by no clique or fraternity, clinging to no corporation or combination, winning popularity without art, receiving consideration without parade, he had led his party from despondency to success and from success to renown. Known among his fellow-men by such personal conduct that his very name was a proverb of integrity and a recognized token of social, moral and political uprightness.

Malicious gossip and friendly jest described the rail splitter candidate as the ugliest man in the Republican party. He was six feet four inches high, which at once gave him the outward sign of a leader. He possessed a spare and muscular frame, strongly marked features to correspond to his muscular stature, with a quiet demeanor, erect bearing. His face was not unattractive when lit up by his open, genial smile, as I saw him when he came out of the Governor's mansion at Indianapolis, on his way to Washington. His countenance was positively handsome; his voice of great clearness, and so penetrating that it could be heard by a wide circle of an audience. His speeches were full of logic, directness and force. He made some short addresses on his journey, but the key note was uttered in his first speech at Indianapolis. "The people," he said, "when they rise en masse in behalf of the Union and the liberty of their country, the gates of hell cannot prevail against them. In all trying positions in which I shall be placed, my reliance will be upon you and the many people of the United States, and I wish you to remember, now and forever, that it is your business, and not mine, if the Union of these States and the liberty of the people shall be lost. It is but little to any one man of fifty-two years of age, but a great deal to the thirty millions of people who inhabit the United States and to their posterity in all coming time. It is your business to rise

up and preserve the Union and liberty for yourselves, and not for me."

Ever since the election in November there had been rumors of a plot to seize the Capitol, public buildings and the archives and by force prevent the inauguration of Lincoln, and in this way succeed the administration of President Buchanan. There were many threats, boasts and warnings, but an investigation held by Congress disclosed no combination; but Mr. Buchanan had authorized Gen. Scott to gather sufficient troops in Washington to insure both peaceable counts of the electoral vote and the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln. The latter event took place with due formality and in the presence of a large crowd on the 4th of March, 1861. In his inaugural address he declared that he had no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with slavery where it existed; but he also asserted that the Union is perpetual; that secession resolves and ordinances are legally void; that acts of violence within any State against the authority of the United States are insurrectionary, and as far as he was able he should cause the laws to be faithfully executed in all the States. The Union would defend itself, hold its property and places and collect the duties and imposts, but beyond this what may be necessary to carry out these objects. There will be no invasion, no using of force against or among the people anywhere. There should be no bloodshed or violence unless forced upon the national authority. He would tolerate the temporary discontent and would forego the exercise of office in disaffected districts, and would continue to furnish the mails unless repelled. He would endeavor to preserve the sense of perfect security, favorable to calm thoughts and renewed allegiance. This was an unanswerable argument against disunion and an earnest appeal to reason and lawful remedy. He continued his address of peace and good will by saying: "That in your hands, my dissatisfied fellow countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of the Civil War. The Government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in Heaven to destroy the Government, while I shall have the most solemn one to preserve, protect and defend it."

When he came into office he believed that Major Anderson was secure in Fort Sumter until the South Carolina batteries should drive him out, but the unfailing enemy, starvation, was rapidly driving the brave little garrison to surrender. A letter had been placed in the President's hands showing that the garrison had provisions for

a little more than a month longer, and an estimate of Major Anderson and his officers that it would require a large fleet and twenty thousand men to raise the siege, but no fleet and such an army existed and it would take time to organize it. Gen. Scott advised the President that it was impossible to relieve or re-enforce Sumter, and that as a military question it was necessary to order its evacuation. But Mr. Lincoln had promised the nation that he would hold, occupy and possess the property belonging to the Government. He therefore ordered a re-examination, and the Cabinet, military and naval officers joined in its discussion. A naval officer made the proposition to the Cabinet that he could, in the dark of night, get through a small quantity of provisions and a few men in the fort. But this did not settle the political question of the case, and he asked his Cabinet if it was possible to provision Fort Sumter, and whether it was wise to do so. By written answers five members argued against any possible relief, while two were in favor. The majority, led by Seward, argued that any relief would be only temporary, and were for giving it up at once, under the military necessity already existing and for which the new administration was not responsible.

The exposed position of Fort Pickens received Mr. Lincoln's earliest attention by ordering its re-enforcement from the fleet, as the January truce was still in existence. He was in painful anxiety to receive news that his order had been executed, as that would have an important influence in deciding the question of Sumter. Among the many expedients that were set in motion in the early part of the month of January to appease the disaffected was the General Assembly of Virginia, that sent out to the different States an invitation to a convention called for the purpose of adjusting the controversies between the North and the South. Each State was to appoint four commissioners. The States that had seceded did not send any commissioner, as the delegates of these States had already gone to Montgomery, Alabama, to organize the Southern Confederacy. All sorts of concessions were asked to keep the border States in the Union. On the 15th of February the committee reported a series of resolutions, which were adopted by the convention and submitted to Congress, with the request that they be referred to the States for ratification as an amendment to the Constitution, but nothing came of the amendments. In Virginia the insurrectionary influence in the Legislature had, after the failure of the peace convention, ordered a State convention, to which her people had elected a large majority of

loyal people. Their loyalty was of a qualified sort of factional prejudice with the imaginary wrongs of the South, an element upon which the insurrectionists were working with telling effect, and, instead of declaring with frankness and direct adherence to the Union, they were forming baseless complaints, demanded impossible guarantees and pleaded indulgence for the course of South Carolina and the other seceded States. This was about a fair sample of the loyalty of the leaders of the border States. How to treat this disturbed element and half-hearted allegiance was the problem for the administration. Mr. Seward believed that the revolution in the South had spent its force, and therefore favored the evacuation of Fort Sumter and kind treatment to the insurrectionists in the border States, which would strengthen the Unionists and Union sentiment and restore allegiance and prevent civil war.

The President was equally pacifically inclined, and informed himself as best he could from Charleston, Richmond and Fort Pickens, but nothing encouraging reached him, and Anderson did not believe that the relief expedition would reach him. Just about that time Governor Morton of Indiana paid the President a visit and told him the impossibility of a compromise, and by trying to conciliate the South the North might become indifferent; that he would do what he could to strengthen the administration, to enforce the laws, if the Government would adopt a vigorous policy. Indiana would furnish at least 6,000 troops to march at once in defense of the Union. Although the State was politically divided, it would be loyal when the time came for action, and the lack of decision on the part of the administration would only discourage the Union men. He also asked for arms, and received an order for 5,000 muskets.

All the Union sentiment in South Carolina had disappeared, and the Virginia convention, which played fast and loose with treason, and the morbid cry for concession, caused Gen. Scott to advise the evacuation of Forts Sumter and Pickens. On top of all this came the news that the commanding officer of the ships at Pensacola had refused to allow Fort Pickens to be re-enforced because of Buchanan's January truce and objection to Gen. Scott's order as not coming through the Navy Department. After Morton's visit, and on March 29th, a Cabinet meeting was held, in which there appeared a taint of sentiment. The majority voted to relieve Anderson, and the President ordered the expedition proposed by Capt. Fox, a naval officer. Three ships of war, with a transport and three swift steam-

ers, a supply of open boats, provisions for six months and 200 recruits, were fitted out secretly in New York and sailed from that port on April the 9th and 10th, with sealed orders to be at Charleston Harbor at daylight on the 11th. New orders were also sent to the commander of the fleet at Pensacola by the President direct. The garrison of Fort Pickens, including those landed from the fleet, now numbered 858 men, with provisions for six months.

There is plenty of credible evidence that those in authority at Montgomery did not believe that they would need to resort to arms and the bluff of sending three commissioners to Washington would be sufficient to negotiate for recognition and for adjustment of difference and possession of the Federal forts. Although they had failed at two different times to secure Sumter by intrigue, they still tried a third time with the new administration. The Insurrectionists still had parties at the head of the Government, and through one of these, who professed loyalty, the three Confederate commissioners presented their paper to Mr. Seward, the new Secretary of State, at Washington. They received a courteous but decided answer that the new administration would have nothing to do either with the Confederate Government or the commissioners, and unofficially replied on the memorandum to the same purpose. This ended the negotiation, but the commissioners delayed their departure and Justice Campbell volunteered to act as their go-between, and continued to press their errand on Secretary of State Seward. Campbell had opposed secession, and in that friendly guise was admitted by Secretary Seward to an intimacy that, had his true sentiment been known, he could not have secured, and in this intimacy Seward told Campbell of his willingness to give up the forts, and that the President, upon the recommendation of Gen. Scott, would order their evacuation.

Whatever Seward's language to Campbell was, a patriot could not have misunderstood it; but Campbell's way of reasoning made him believe that Seward had given him the pledge and conveyed this idea to the commissioners, and they sent the news to Montgomery in high glee.

President Lincoln followed his own conclusion, which was reached on the 29th of March, when he gave the order for relief expedition. Campbell saw now the hole he was in and sought Seward for an explanation. Seward, finding his former explanation at fault, consulted with the President, who authorized him to say to

Campbell that in regard to Sumter the administration would not change the military status at Charleston without giving notice. This was the only promise Mr. Lincoln ever made in regard to the forts.

This occurred on the 1st of April, after the visit of Gov. Morton of Indiana to the President, and after which Mr. Lincoln strongly self-asserted his carefully matured purpose to force the Insurrectionists by attacking Fort Sumter.

CHAPTER VII.

BOMBARDMENT OF SUMTER.

The bombardment of batteries to reduce Fort Sumter was commenced by South Carolina about January 1, 1861, and soon after the organization of the Confederate States at Montgomery Gen. Beauregard was sent to Charleston to complete the military preparation for the capture of Fort Sumter, which was intended to be accomplished before Mr. Buchanan's administration would expire. They believed that Mr. Buchanan would not resist the capture (as he had expressed himself as having no power), and the incoming administration might not act, because the trouble would be considered as over. But Mr. Davis did not want to act so promptly and aggressive, for fear it would lose them their friends in the North.

Gen. Beauregard also admonished the Governor that no attack must be made until complete preparation had been made, as a failure would demoralize and wreck the object of the insurrection. Gen. Beauregard claimed that Fort Sumter was a perfect Gibraltar, but the small garrison would render the capture feasible. His first object was to devise means that would prevent re-enforcement, and being himself a skilful engineer, with ample supply of guns, mortars and a large number of slaves for ditching and raising embankments, he would give the volunteers time for drill and gun practice; and so the work went on day and night, with relieving gangs.

Gen. Beauregard was an enthusiastic Secessionist himself, but the Governor untiringly urged him to complete the preparation. On the first of April Beauregard telegraphed to Montgomery that the batteries were ready to open during the week, and asked for instruction.

The Confederates had hoped that Lincoln would give up the fort and prevent civil war, and, encouraged by Northern sympathy and Campbell's report of the Seward conversation, they were so confident of this, that Pickens, Walker and Beauregard had some trouble among themselves as to what terms to give Major Anderson.

One of the commissioners in Washington telegraphed Pickens on the 1st of April that Fort Sumter would not be supplied until due notice was given them by the National Government. This did not show that Fort Sumter was to be evacuated, and the Confederates next day stopped all the courtesies to the garrison in the way of supplies and passes from and to the fort, so Major Anderson had to rely upon rumors. He expected orders that the garrison would be withdrawn, and was surprised when, on April 7th, he received a confidential letter from Cameron, the Secretary of War, that a relieving expedition would be sent, and for him to hold out. To this Major Anderson replied:

"I frankly say my heart is not in this war which is about to be commenced." But by his loyalty and devotion to the Union the public has forgiven this indiscretion. But the Confederates had captured Anderson's letter and retained it until the war was over, and then it was found among the Confederate archives.

During the week following the commissioner's telegram the Confederates received all kinds of conflicting reports from Washington and New York, while the Union authorities were active in loading ship's supplies, and their spies failed to obtain the information where they were to be sent. They guessed Fort Pickens, New Orleans or San Domingo. But on the evening of April 8th a messenger was sent to Governor Pickens and was at once received. Gen. Beauregard was present, and the messenger read then the following communication from Mr. Lincoln:

"The President of the United States has determined to supply Fort Sumter with provisions, and there will be no collision of arms unless such attempt should be resisted."

On the morning after the notice had been served on Pickens the relieving expedition, under Captain Fox, sailed from New York Harbor, consisting of the transport *Baltic*, three war steamers and two steam tugs, with orders to rendezvous at Charleston Harbor on the morning of the 11th. The whole expedition was in charge of Capt. Fox of the navy, with instructions to open a passage, effect an entrance and place both troops and supplies in Fort Sumter.

As soon as Mr. Lincoln's notice had been received at Montgomery, Mr. Davis and the Confederate authorities lost no time in beginning the war without further delay. They would not permit, after three months of battery building, Major Anderson to

be reprovisioned, and suffer the insurrection to collapse. They spent a whole day deliberating on the situation, and with inquiries from their commissioners at Washington. On the 10th, they instructed Gen. Beauregard to demand the evacuation of Fort Sumter. At two o'clock in the afternoon, on the 11th, Beauregard sent two of his aides to make the demand, which Major Anderson, with the concurrence of his officers, refused. In the conversation with the aides Anderson remarked that "he would await the first shot, and if not cut to pieces they would in a few days be starved out."

This was repeated to Gen. Beauregard and at Montgomery, causing them to believe that Major Anderson desired to capitulate. Another message was sent to him, permitting him to do so at his own convenience, if he would designate the time and not use his guns against the Confederates unless they should fire on Fort Sumter. This would leave their guns free to beat back the fleet. He answered that he would vacate the fort by noon on the 15th of April, and agreed not to open fire on their forces "unless compelled to do so by some hostile act against this fort or the flag of my Government by the forces under your command, if I do not receive, prior to that time, instructions from my Government or additional supplies."

This reply was unsatisfactory to the Confederates. The exchange of their messages had consumed the day and night of April 11th, and at 2:30 on the morning of the 12th Gen. Beauregard's aides handed Major Anderson the notice that the Confederates would open fire an hour from that time.

The Charleston population for three months had followed the development with zeal and daily interest, and regarded the Sumter affair as a pet drama of their own. The excitement, speeches, drills, parades, flag-raising, music and banners carried fathers, sons, brothers and friends into the camps and trenches that surrounded Fort Sumter. It was their daily talk and nightly dream, and created intense curiosity as the drama reached the climax. There had been no effort to conceal the preparations and orders, and the population of the city was as well informed as the officers of the time when the bombardment would begin. In the early morning, before dawn, the Charlestonians of all sexes and ages thronged down to the wharfs to select places from which they could view the impending spectacle of the sanguinary conflict of arms.

It was just half-past four on April 12, 1861. The night had not disappeared from the bay, and the dark outlines of Fort Sumter were not yet visible. The spectators saw a flash from the mortar batteries of Fort Johnson, and a moment later a shell of large caliber rose in a high curve through the morning air and fell upon the fort. This was the inauguration of the final scene in the drama and notice to the nation and the world that the gigantic conflict—the greatest in the history of our country—had begun.

Gun after gun now opened fire, and before another hour every battery was active in the general bombardment of the fort.

It has been wondered at, that this bombardment which caused the surrender should have lasted thirty-six hours without the loss of a life on either side.

Fort Sumter was a work of recent construction, built of brick, on an artificial island in the center and at the entrance of Charleston Harbor. It was five-sided, three hundred by three hundred and fifty feet in size. Its walls were eight feet thick and forty feet high, and capable of mounting one hundred and forty guns in casemates and barbettes. But the lower tier of casemates was closed, and a total of forty guns was ready for use; twenty-one of these in casemates and twenty-seven in ramparts on barrette carriages. The garrison contained nine officers, sixty-eight enlisted men, eight musicians and forty-three workmen that had been refused permission to depart by the besiegers, that they might help to consume Anderson's stock of provisions and hasten the surrender by starvation.

The batteries of the enemy* had been built on the approaching island in the harbor, at a distance of 1,800 yards, with a total of forty-seven guns. But the difference was that the enemy's fire was concentrated, while Anderson's fire was diffused. The enemy's guns were sheltered by bomb-proof logs and sand, and some with a sloping roof of railroad iron.

Anderson had a force of only 128 men, all told, while the Confederates had their batteries supported by five thousand men. There was also a great difference between the opposing forces in their ordnance. Anderson could only deliver a horizontal fire, while the besiegers could give a vertical fire by throwing shells on a high curve through the air and inside of the walls of the besieged fort.

The garrison of Fort Sumter was in excellent spirits and quite ready to make a manful resistance. The forty-three workmen caught the impulse of the fighting and volunteered their help, and every one had changed their quarters into the gun casemates. Here they were housed and protected when the bombardment began. For several hours the guns in the fort made no reply, and were silent, with not a soul stirring. The last barrel of flour was issued two days before, and there was little left except pork and water. On this the garrison made its breakfast, and shortly after Capt. Abner Doubleday fired the first shot at the enemy's battery on Cummings' Point, and soon Sumter made a spirited reply from their guns to the enemy's fire, they carefully watching for three hours the enemy's cannonade. It was apparent that under the concentrated missiles of their vertical fire it would be foolish to expose the gunners in barbettes of the fort, and with such a slender force Anderson decided that he could not afford to lose any of his men, and therefore did not use the rampart guns and restricted the men to the casemates, thus reducing the force to one-half. But of the twenty-one casemates, four contained only forty-pounders, the remainder, thirty-two-pounders; really a light metal against the enemy's fortification. The cannonading continued without much damage to either party, except on the buildings of Sumter and Moultrie, used as barracks and quarters. Sumter suffered most, first by the vertical fire of the mortars and by the horizontal fire from three sides. The men were sheltered in casemates, and could not be reached by the bombs.

Anderson's men soon found that they were getting too fast to the end of their stock of 700 cartridges, and with slow speed set to work to manufacture a new supply.

It was about 1 o'clock when they were cheered by new hope of the relieving expedition, but it proved unable to furnish succor to the garrison by a blunder in the Navy Department. Confused orders to the commanding officer of the squadron had been issued and the soldiers to Sumter had been detached from this duty and sent to the Gulf of Mexico. In addition to this, a severe storm prevented the tugs from leaving the harbor. Therefore the men of the relief expedition remained only as an audience to the bombardment.

After midday on the 12th Sumter kept up the fire with slackening speed, and only six guns were kept in action, two

against Cummings' Point and four against Moultrie and Sullivan's Island, and by nightfall they ceased altogether, as also did the enemy's batteries. But their mortars kept up a discharge of their bombs, upon the fort, during the whole of the dark and stormy night which followed.

On the 13th the enemy began their cannonade with vigor and precision, and the garrison again made a spiteful reply, but other elements intervened and brought the combat to a close.

The barracks inside had been several times set on fire by hot shot during the past day and promptly extinguished by the garrison. This had been noticed by the enemy, and on the second morning they used the hot shot more frequently, and about 9 o'clock on the same day the buildings were once more in a blaze. The flames were quickly beyond control, and fifty barrels of the powder in the magazine, which was badly needed by the garrison, had to be rolled into the sea. The heat in the fort was intense, and the air filled with flying cinders and a stifling, blinding smoke, drove the men into the casemates.

About 1 o'clock the flag-staff in the fort was destroyed, but soon after raised on an improvised mast; but the smoke concealed it from the enemy's view. Seeing the blaze in the fort, and no guns replying and no flag waving, they concluded that the garrison was ready to surrender. One of Gen. Beauregard's aides, Senator Wigfall, was sent out to ascertain the fact, and when brought before the commander offered to permit Anderson to name his own terms of evacuation.

Anderson replied that he would accept the terms offered him by Beauregard on the 11th. Wigfall returned to his post, and reported an unconditional surrender. During the meantime three aides arrived from Beauregard with an offer to quench the flames, and the misunderstanding became apparent. Anderson became angry and wanted to renew the fight, but the aides suggested to wait until the blunder was corrected by Gen. Beauregard. This commander soon reconciled the difficulty by agreeing to Anderson's proposal, and at noon, Sunday, April 14, 1861. Major Anderson and his faithful garrison, with an impressive prayer and salute, hauled down the United States flag and abandoned Fort Sumter.



MAJOR-GEN. GEORGE B. McCLELLAN.

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE CALL TO ARMS.

The Confederate Government had lulled itself into the belief that the assault on Sumter would not provoke immediate civil war, and expected only military movements of a local nature to take place. As the size of the Federal Army, or the limited military organization of the Confederacy, pointed to no hostilities on a large scale, the Southern authorities also knew that the frontier could not be stripped of the regular forces. They were aware that the existing laws of the United States authorized no call of the militia and that Congress had neglected at its recent session to pass a force bill, and the political opposition of their Northern friends would make it difficult for the new administration to secure coercive legislation. During the political campaign of 1860 the Democrats had predicted a coming revolution to obstinate voters if the Southern complaints were not adjusted, and the neglect of the Northerners to repeal their personal liberty laws would justify the South to revolutionary resistance which the newspapers echoed, and some of the public speakers had declared that the North would not permit a policy of subjugation. Ex-President Pierce had confidentially informed his friend, Jefferson Davis, in the early part of 1860 that he did not believe the Union would be disrupted without blood; that the fighting would not be along Mason and Dixon's line, but on the Northern States and on our own streets, and those who defied the laws (meaning Abolitionists) and constitutional obligations would find occupation at home.

Mr. Douglas had made an elaborate argument in the Senate, showing that the President possessed no right of coercion, and it seemed as if the spirit of secession had found lodgement in the North. A member of Congress from New York declared that that State would set up her own sovereignty and independence. The Mayor of New York City proposed that the metropolis declare itself a free city, but the firing on the *Star of the West*, in

January, had checked the current of seditious utterances. One of the Confederate Commissioners to Washington had visited New York and met one of the spokesmen of Northern sympathizers, who recited to him the most marvelous scheme of a local insurrection. Two hundred of New York's best citizens were then trying to perfect a plan to secede, both from the Union and the State, seize the navy yard and forts in the harbor and declare New York a free city. The commissioner reported the story to Jefferson Davis and added that there was something in it. Jefferson Davis did not believe in the extravagant prediction, but looked for this class of sentiment to thwart the new administration in any quick measure to suppress the Confederacy.

The Northern people were apprehensive of the actual state of Southern sentiment. For ten years threats of disunion had been empty bluster, and the conspiracy of 1856 consisted only of agitators, but in the last three months the signs had become more serious, by the retirement of Southern Congressmen, the secession of States, the seizure of several forts and the formation of a Provisional Government. The delusive hope of a compromise was not realized by the North or sustained by the high-sounding profession of the Washington Peace Conference.

As the loss by runaway slaves appeared to be the real grievance of the South, would the evil be cured by moving the line to the Ohio River? And if they really wanted a separate nation, could the 10,000,000 of Southern people maintain themselves in war against the 20,000,000 of the North? Could the Southern credit cope with the solid capital of the North? Could the monotonous slave agriculture try expedience with the skilled mechanic of the Free States, and would the West permit a foreign flag to close the Mississippi? In this way they sized up the ambition and desperation of the Southern leaders that forced the Cotton States into a revolution and the Southern people, without substantial cause, into the chaos and ruin of hopeless civil war.

The roar of Beauregard's gun changed all of this as if by magic into facts and left no room for doubt. Seven States, with their machinery of local government, stood behind the guns, and the cool deliberation, assault, purpose and confidence of the insurrection had given away to revolution. The news of the bombardment of Sumter reached Washington on Saturday, April 13. On Sunday morning the Cabinet met to discuss the surrender.

On that same day Mr. Lincoln drafted the proclamation calling for 75,000 volunteers, and published it to the country on Monday morning, April 15. Mr. Lincoln had redeemed his promise made at Trenton on his way to Washington. The call of the militia was based on a law of 1795. The President had taken care to state the issue and strip it of all provocation and ingenious excuse and show the malignity of the Insurrectionists in showering red-hot shot on a starving garrison at Fort Sumter. He asked the people to maintain their assaulted dignity and outraged authority, and invoked directly the spirit of free government to preserve itself, against which the gates of hell could not prevail. The manifestation of the national will and strength marked the grand epoch in our history. The whole country was awakened as from a feverish dream, and for once men entered upon their proper relations to the Government. Parties vanished from politics, opinions recognized but two rallying points. One was the camps of the South, which gathered to assail the Union, and the other the armies of the North that rose to defend it. Nowhere was the fire of patriotism more intense than in Indiana. It turned away every other feeling. The streets of Indianapolis were black with a multitude of people waiting the tidings of the seventy loyal men in an unfinished fort, bombarded by five thousand desperate Insurrectionists. In Franklin, twenty miles south of Indianapolis, where I then lived, young men, men in middle life and old citizens stood in the streets near the telegraph office where one Jerry — was operator at the time. But his knowledge of telegraphy being limited, he closed the office about 9 p. m. and the gathering dispersed, except about a half a dozen, among these myself. We made arrangements with the section boss (there were no trains running on Sunday) for a hand-car, and next morning early reached Indianapolis, when we learned that Sumter had fallen. A dispatch just then appeared that Mr. Lincoln on the morrow would issue a proclamation calling for 75,000 men to suppress the insurrection. Cheer upon cheer was the response to this news; one meeting was held at the court-house, and another at the Masonic Hall. Resolutions were passed that the people of Indiana would offer their lives and fortunes to preserve the Union, and sympathizing friends of the South kept quiet, and obnoxious newspapers were required to hoist the flag, and many doubtful ones were invited to express their sentiment, which should be strongly

in support of the Union and the war to maintain it. Three days before, the *Indianapolis Sentinel* had said that Governor Morton could not make good his promise to Mr. Lincoln of 6,000 volunteers, and that the people of Indiana did not intend to enter into a crusade against the South. The sudden change of public feeling now made matters unpleasant and dangerous for the editor of that paper, and he feared personal violence and the destruction of the establishment, and a few days later asked Morton to protect it from harm. About 4 p. m. in the afternoon we started with our hand-car on the return trip, and on our arrival at Franklin found a large part of its citizens in the street awaiting news. Jerry — had not been able to give them much over the wire, and the public eagerly devoured all he had been able to furnish.

As soon as Morton heard of the bombardment of Sumter he at once set about to raise the troops, and enlistment of volunteers began in almost every county of the State, and money by individuals was donated, liberal appropriations being made by State Legislature and municipal government to arm, clothe and equip the recruits. More than double the number of men required tendered their services, and there was not the slightest sign or movement of the predicted division of the Northern sentiment. In New York they held a monster mass meeting of two hundred thousand strong, and the crowds that filled the streets were loud in their hurrahs for the Union. The *New York Herald* hoisted the Stars and Stripes and changed its tone of lamentation to a fierce war cry. Every prominent individual in the North came voluntarily and by letter or speech espoused the Union cause. Ex-President Buchanan, Pierce, Everett, Cass, Archbishop Hughes, Fernando Wood, John A. Dix, Phillip Walker, Dudley Field, Crittenden and Hendricks — Democrats, Republicans, Radicals and Conservatives, natives and foreigners, Catholics and Protestants, from Maine to Oregon, all were of one mind for the preservation of the Union. Among the most energetic and powerful leaders in favor of the preservation of the Union was Stephen A. Douglas, who had received during the Presidential contest nearly one and a half million of votes and in the Senate had expressed himself as opposed to coercion; but the uncalled-for attack on Sumter had stirred his patriotic blood, and on Sunday, April 14, before Lincoln's call for troops had been written, he called on the President and in a long, confidential interview assured him of his support in an unrelenting war against

the rebellion, and the morning telegrams gave the country notice of his patriotic allegiance. Shortly after he started for his home in Illinois, and on his journey, wherever the train stopped, he made eloquent appeals to his fellow-citizens to rise in vindication of the National Government, declaring that every man must be for the United States or against it. There were only two classes, patriots and traitors. There could be no neutrals in this war, he said. At Columbus, Ohio, he was called out of his sick room, and the public would not leave the front of the hotel until they heard him and men like Governor Todd and Judge Key, that had been present at the Democratic feast on the 8th of January, when they celebrated the birthday of General Jackson, the Democratic saint; and speeches then made that two hundred thousand Democrats would prevent the crossing of the Ohio by any troops intending to invade the South, were overcome by a feeling of loyalty and support of the war. Todd became the great war Governor of Ohio at the next election, and Judge Key served on McClellan's staff as judge advocate.

Hendricks of Indiana, a strong Douglas Democrat, wrote a public letter, in which he indorsed in strong terms the war measure for the preservation of the Union. Such was the uprising of the people in the North, on part of which the Southern people had depended for support, which some of the leaders had promised them, but at the first call found themselves deserted and the eyes of the Southern people were opened to the fatal enterprise that they were engaged in. They had dared in behalf of error, and were called on to sustain it. Sumter was a bloodless conquest and filled the South with intoxication for the combat. The adverse sentiment to Southern independence had disappeared, aided by despotic public opinion, palmetto banners, rattlesnake flags and stars and bars became the symbols of their deliverance.

With Lincoln's proclamation and the war spirit of the North ended the hope of the Montgomery authorities of obtaining peaceful separation. While they counted much on their military resources they seemed to have based their final reliance on foreign intervention for King Cotton. They claimed that European Governments must open their ports, recognize and protect their flag to secure the staple and commercial advantages of free trade.

In answer to Lincoln's proclamation, Mr. Davis issued on April 17 his proclamation offering letters of marque and reprisal

to armed privateers of any nation. A few vessels of this character did in the following years great damage upon the ships that sailed under the Federal flag, but the extravagant claim which the privateer proclamation was to have produced was never realized.

Shortly after this Lincoln issued the blockade proclamation, closing the Southern seaports, and that Mr. Davis' privateers should be held and punished as pirates. This, however, was not literally fulfilled. The large increase of the United States Navy made the blockade very efficient, aided by the vigilant foreign diplomatic service of the administration, and the vigorous precaution of the war left no excuse to foreign powers to intervene, and during the hour of distress the Manchester cotton operators were so devoted to universal liberty that they put to shame the cotton merchants of Liverpool.

In addition to the twelve thousand Confederate troops at Charleston and Fort Pickens, Mr. Davis had called on April 8th for 20,000 additional, and on the 16th of April added a further call of 34,000 volunteers. Through the possession of the Southern arsenals they secured over a hundred thousand arms and about fifty thousand additional had been purchased, with a variety of military stores, among the property surrendered by Twiggs in Texas, and with a plentiful supply of heavy guns in the seaboard. The recruits for the Southern army were in abundance, and were instructed by skillful officers that had left the Federal service. Diplomats were sent in haste to Europe and the Mississippi River blockaded. The Confederate Congress was convened, and on April 20 Mr. Davis sent them a special message announcing that he had 19,000 men in the field and 16,000 more were on the way to Virginia, and that he proposed to raise 100,000 more for instant action.

The scope and character of the insurrection had materially changed since the fall of Sumter. The people in the border States were divided in sentiment. They favored slavery, but they also loved the Union, which they had indicated through a popular vote, but the bombardment of Sumter fell on them like a touchstone. Lincoln's proclamation and the requisition for volunteers left them no chance for concealment. Compelled to take sides, several Governors replied with insulting refusal, and Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee and Arkansas became part of the Confederacy, made possible by the sudden rush and popular excitement

upon the fall of Sumter. The four other border States, Maryland, Kentucky, Missouri and West Virginia, were saved to the Union by the loyalty of their people.

The insurrectionary States were thus by a single bound increased to nearly double in population and resources that could claim the attention of foreign nations, which made the leaders hopeful, as they now had a territory four times as large as France and a population of nearly six millions of whites and four millions of blacks, producing cotton valued at two hundred million dollars per year, with a long seacoast, several important harbors and many navigable rivers, with mountains, mines and forests of the most valuable timber in the world, and they believed that they possessed the substantial elements of a prosperous and powerful nation.

CHAPTER IX.

AS A RECRUIT AND IN THE WEST VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN.

On the 19th came the Baltimore riots, and next day I enrolled my name as a volunteer in the Franklin company. My number was 120 and, as there were 119 ahead of me, my chance of being accepted was slim. Next day being Sunday, the several ministers in town preached loyal sermons. I heard one, with many of my comrades, at the Baptist Church. In the afternoon I attended, for the last time in that town, the Baptist Sunday School, which was crowded with both volunteers and citizens. Later the same day we elected officers for our company.

Next morning we reported at the public hall, and soon marched to the depot, where the train arrived to take us to Indianapolis. After many kisses and hand-shaking with the loved ones, we boarded the cars for the Capital City, which we reached in due time, and, after lining up, each in his proper position, we marched out on Pennsylvania street to Camp Morton. On our arrival a grand lunch of coffee, ham, bread and other eatables awaited us, and the day passed rapidly, in looking over the camp ground and talking with others. Next day was to be our muster day, which occurred about 11 a. m. on Tuesday, the 22nd, but, to my horror and surprise, my services were not accepted; for only 100 of the 125 enrolled could be mustered, as the companies were only to contain that number. I learned that an old neighbor and a lawyer, Jonathan Gordon, was raising an artillery company, and I at once reported to him. When I asked him to let me join his battery he told me that the Government did not want any volunteer batteries, and that he would have to disband his organization, and would have to look for a place himself, if he desired to go in the field. But he remarked, "The Government will need lots of artillerymen later on." I now turned in another direction, and found a number of my acquaintances in Dob's Indianapolis Company. I joined this company, only to find next day that they,

too, would not be mustered. In the afternoon I asked for a pass to get out of camp, and went downtown. While standing that evening on the corner of Illinois and Washington streets, I met Mr. Byron Finch, then Quartermaster Sergeant of the Seventh Indiana, coming from the Bates House. He said: "Hello, Fred! Aren't you going with us?" I answered: "Yes, but they won't take me." "Well," he remarked, "are you going?" "Sure, if I can get a place," I said. "Come on, quick," he said. "I know a vacancy, and will get you in."

We hastened up the steps of the Bates House and met Capt. Rabb, then of Company I, Seventh Indiana. Finch introduced me to Rabb and said: "Here is a boy from our town. We had too many, and he could not go with us, but as you have just mustered out a man, put Fred in his place."

Finch and Rabb went with me into Capt. Woods' room, the mustering officer, who at once swore me into the United States service, and told me to report the next morning in camp. I slept well that night, at my relative's home, and reported as ordered. Although I was not in the Franklin company, which was H, I was next to it, in Company I, the same regiment, and though I had not met one of them before, I found them very agreeable companions. The quarters we occupied had been cattle stalls, but made comfortable by clean straw, which in the early days of the war, was often renewed, and as we had plenty of exercise, we had no trouble to sleep. With the aid of drum and fife we soon learned the step and the march, also the facings; but many of the drummers in the camp had a hard time to beat correct step by which a trooper could march, but they all soon learned. The officers received additional instructions, and as all that had been elected had military pride they became well versed in the tactics and after four weeks of daily exercise and hard drilling the officers and men made a fairly good military exhibition.

The Eleventh Indiana, Colonel Lew Wallace, had adopted the Zouave uniform and drill and had been quartered at what was known as the Bellefontaine car shops. This regiment received orders to proceed to the Ohio River near Evansville, and, as their barracks became empty, we moved into them. The quarters were none better than those in Camp Morton, except that we were now under one roof and nearer the town. Soon after our removal to our new quarters we received our arms, several companies getting

Springfield muskets, others altered flintlocks and again others Austrian muskets that had evidently been sold for old iron before the Austro-Sardinian War. With these we learned the manual of arms and firing. Both were soon acquired by the men, and we were able to make a fair showing, equal to any troops that had ever been mustered, for the high intelligence of the men under the first call made this possible. As the State of Ohio, on account of the number of troops called for, was entitled to a Major General, that commission and honor fell to George B. McClellan, who had graduated at the top of the military class at West Point, and Thomas A. Morris, another highly military-educated man, from the same academy, received from the Governor of Indiana the appointment as Brigadier General, to which Indiana was entitled under the 75,000 call. Morris had served previously as Quartermaster General of the Indiana troops on Morton's staff and had acquitted himself well, especially in the matter of uniforms furnished, it being made of gray material, was probably better than any furnished to any of the Indiana troops thereafter during the war. But in the selection of commissary, Governor Morton had no such luck. He appointed Frank Mansure, an old friend in the pork-packing business. We soon found that he was distributing all the tainted meat he could to the volunteers, and when called upon for explanation naively answered that if any one was to make money out of the supplies that he considered himself justly entitled to the same. The coffee we received was mixed with beans, corn and rye. In fact, little of the taste of coffee was left; and other supplies issued by him were of the same grade and worse. Morton soon relieved Mansure, and Gen. Stone, a retired regular army officer, was appointed in his place.

The war news was enlivened on the evening of May 11th and the following two days, by the Camp Jackson affair at St. Louis, where the Germans, under Lyon, Blair and Siegel, had made prisoners of the gathering at Camp Jackson. Every detail was eagerly devoured and many expressed the opinion that we would never see an armed enemy, as they would surely lay down their arms and acknowledge the Federal authority.

About the 23rd of May Gen. McClellan, with his staff, in brilliant uniform and well mounted, appeared in Indianapolis to review the troops that were to serve for the three months under the 75,000 call. We marched from our quarters to the west of

Indianapolis and on an open common just east of Blake street and north of New York formed in line. The five regiments present made as fine an appearance as any body of soldiers ever did. The reviewing officer passed in front, the line being in open order, at "present arms," as he passed. After reaching his stand, about 500 yards distant from the center, the line closed up, and, wheeling in columns of companies, passed the reviewing officer, after which we soon marched back to our quarters at the barracks. By this time we were fairly well instructed, the drill and exercises being given us vigorously, but we were not yet taken out for any target practice. This important branch of the active service was omitted for lack of time, and was probably unnecessary, as most of us had been practicing at home, and most of the boys were considered a very good shot. Our friends visited us many times, and there was no thought that we would ever go to the field, but the practice of packing our knapsacks and getting ready for the march was gone through with every day.

On the afternoon of the 29th of May, just about the time when a large number of visitors had called to see the regimental exercises, with every part of our kit packed and rations in haversack, we were marched out of our comfortable quarters to a railroad track, where forty round of fixed cartridges were given each man, and we were ordered to board the cars. Soon after this the train started, and we said a fond good-bye to our assembled friends. This was in striking contrast to the spectacular show made by another regiment, who, on their knees, took oath around the State House to remember Buena Vista, in Mexico, where an Indiana regiment had been overpowered. About sunset we were rolling as fast as the wheels could be turned, now on our way to West Virginia. The whole thing was done so quietly and with so little noise that our relatives and more intimate friends, who looked for us at the barracks next day were not aware of our absence. Early next morning we passed Bellefontaine, but no stop was made until we reached Marietta, where the people spread the best they had to eat to appease our hunger. Our rations were not in a condition that we could make use of them. Hardtack had not yet been manufactured, and at Indianapolis we had been supplied with soft bread, of which a supply had been carried with us. This public meal stood us in good stead. We soon parted, and next morning reached Bellaire. Everything looked gloomy

and dark here, and while waiting to be ferried across the river the officers took advantage of a grindstone in an abandoned glass-house to sharpen their swords, and those of the men who could get at the stone made a sharp point on their bayonets. Later in the day we crossed the river and a train of freight cars awaited us. In the sides of these cars we cut openings to serve us for air-holes, also for portholes in case of an unexpected attack. We now rolled on, and next morning reached the vicinity of Grafton. Two others, the Sixth and Ninth Indiana Regiments, reached the place soon after. Our camp was laid out, and we expected to stay, as the enemy, under Col. Potterfield, who had been there and tried to recruit for the Confederate Army, had left a day or two before for Philippi. We had just cleaned the place to set our tents, but had not pitched them, when we received orders to march.

Gen. Thomas A. Morris of Indiana had gathered a force of about 6,000 men at Grafton, W. Va., a town on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, where the junction with Parkersburg connects with the main line, to drive away and disperse a gathering of Confederates, who had reached that place about May 24 from Harper's Ferry, and had left the town on the 26th. Two expeditions were organized to follow immediately, to surprise and attack them. The First Virginia Union Regiment, the Sixteenth Ohio and Ninth Indiana, all under command of Colonel Kelly, moved eastward about five miles to Thornton Station, and from there marched twenty-two miles to Philippi, reaching the town on the lower side.

The Second Division, consisting of the Sixth and Seventh Indiana and Fourteenth Ohio Infantry and a battery of regular artillery, under the then Lieut. Sturgis, from Carlisle Barracks, and several detachments that we met at Webster, six miles from Grafton, on the then Northwestern Railroad, marched twelve miles to Philippi. The combined forces were under Colonel Dumont of the Seventh Indiana. At 8 o'clock on the night of the 2d of June we marched forward through one of the most overwhelming storms known to this country for many years. Col. Lander had been detailed as a special aide by Gen. Morris, and in the terrible march that followed, through darkness and mud and rain, he led the way, sometimes exploring the route several miles ahead of our forces, in the midst of densest darkness and through mud so deep and tenacious that every advance was a struggle. We followed bravely, toiling through miry soil, staggering forward in the dark-

ness, and pelted by rain so violently that we could scarce have seen the road had it been daylight. Now and then a flash of lightning would give us a gleam of light to the files ahead of us. Still, not a murmur was heard. Against the whole force of elements, thunder, lightning, rain and mud, we struggled on, eager for the storm of fire which was soon to follow the deluge now pouring upon us.

Now and then Dumont's diminutive form, seated upon his charger, would loom upon us through the darkness, as he would pass the lines, cheering us with his sympathetic voice, which aroused us like a trumpet. Thus we moved on, supported by one stern purpose, through woods, across valleys and over hills; the storm drowning our approach, until we drew upon the hill overlooking the town and the enemy's camp. We halted and unslung our knapsacks and put them in piles by companies. Our regiment, the Seventh Indiana, was in the lead. As it stepped aside the artillery passed and took position farther to the front, on a hill which then commanded the road for the retreat of the enemy.

Our approach would have been a complete surprise to the enemy, but for an unexpected incident. As we passed near a farmhouse, about three miles distant from their camp, a woman, aroused from her sleep, saw the lines of troops slowly marching by in the storm and guessed their object. She instantly awoke her little son (her husband being with Potterfield) and sent him by a short cross road to the enemy's camp to give the alarm. The boy was quick of foot, but reached the camp only a short time ahead of us. After the artillery passed us they took position and prepared to fire, just at 4 o'clock, the hour agreed upon for attack by both brigades. Dumont was to assault from the front, while Kelly and Milroy were to attack the rear and cut off all retreat, but Dumont, alas! found his brigade alone before the enemy. The terrible night, the almost impassable roads and march of twenty-two miles had delayed Kelly's forces, and when he did arrive, fifteen minutes later, came in, by mistake, below the town. The information furnished by the 12-year-old boy had aroused the enemy's troops and thrown the whole camp in a terrible commotion. In vain did Dumont search the distant hills for Kelly's appearance. The hour for attack had arrived and passed. Dumont became impatient, and, with his indomitable courage, commenced the forward maneuver with but a portion of his forces.

As soon as we divested ourselves of our knapsacks, which, as

is usual with new soldiers, were overloaded, we were called to attention and formed in platoons and fixed bayonets. Just then the artillery opened fire, and for the first time during the war we heard the projectiles go through the air and explode in the enemy's camp. At the sound of the guns we moved forward down the hill; first at a quickstep, Col. Dumont leading; then at a double-quick to the bridge which crossed the Tiger's Valley River. One side of the bridge was barricaded by stone being packed in queensware crates; the other was open but guarded, though the guards ran away. During our run down the hill the artillery kept up a rapid fire over our heads. Kelly's command had at last reached the town, but instead of heading off the enemy, advanced in the wrong direction on the enemy's rear. The range of the battery was good and the excitement was beyond description. As we charged after the enemy we captured many prisoners, some in their nightgowns, among these the Sheriff of Barbour County. Col. Kelly's command came down the hill and followed in the rear of Dumont's troops.

As Kelly advanced in the road following the enemy a shot was fired by a concealed foe and struck him, entering the left breast and lodging below the shoulder blade. He was brought back to the town by his men, who also captured the man who was accused of shooting Kelly. I was detailed to do guard duty over him and other prisoners, among them the Sheriff. I believe this man, the accused, who occupied the position as Quartermaster in Potterfield's brigade, was the most scared man I ever met. About 10 a. m. Kelly's sons came to the guardhouse, and, with pistols in hand, threatened to do up our prisoner for shooting their father, for which act he claimed to be innocent. We soon put the junior Kellys out, but shortly after some one fired through the weatherboarding from the outside at the place where our prisoner was thought to be. The bullet came near hitting two of us instead. After having been relieved from guard we joined in a fine breakfast, which the Sheriff's beautiful daughters brought down to the guardhouse, they having been assured that no harm would come to their father. We now rested wherever we could find a place to sleep. My partner and myself took possession of quarters in the Philippi Hotel, where we found more than a dozen concealed muskets in our room. Several shots from the battery had struck the hotel on the roof, near where a rebel flag had been flying. In

the afternoon Col. Dumont occupied a judge's seat in the Court-house and asked the prisoners that were brought before him all sorts of interesting questions. Results of this skirmish were that the surprise was complete and the attack so sudden as to force the enemy to disperse in utter rout and disorganization. Their loss in killed and captured was small, owing to the fatiguing march, which had left us too thoroughly exhausted to make pursuit. The great success of the first dash at the enemy not only had the happiest effect of inspiring the Union troops, but it also encouraged and fortified the West Virginia Unionists in their political scheme of forming a new State. On the day after the Phillippi affair a previously concerted agreement to elect delegates was carried out and about forty counties lying between and west of the Allegheny and Ohio Rivers met in convention on June 11th. They repudiated the treasonable usurpation of the Richmond convention and Governor Letcher, and on June 19th organized a State Government, appointed F. H. Piermont Governor, and after some more necessary work took a recess until August 25. The Legislature, however, met and elected two United States Senators, who, five days after, were admitted and took part in national legislation. In addition to affording Union sentiment protection, this military success insured the safety of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, not only at Grafton, but also at the bridges across Cheat River and the numerous tunnels in the mountains east of it. The Confederate Government had some weeks before this ordered a special expedition to destroy them. Gen. Lee wrote to his new commander that the rupture of the railroad bridge over the Cheat River would be worth an army to the Confederacy. The day following the Phillippi affair my company was sent out on special duty to guard the commissary train. One of my comrades fell on the slippery ground, the hammer of his gun struck a rock, the piece was discharged and the ball entered the bowels of my partner, Charles Dagner. Poor Dagner died at a farm house, near by, shortly afterward.

CHAPTER X.

AT PHILIPPI, LAUREL HILL AND CARRICK'S FORD.

For several days we remained at Grafton, guarding commissary and quartermaster stores, but as soon as a wagon train could be secured we marched back again with the loaded wagons to Philippi and assumed our position in the regiment. Daily drills and exercise, as also regimental maneuver, with dress parades, guard and picket duties, kept our time occupied. We had been furnished flour instead of bread. Hardtack was not then issued, and every squad had to do its own cooking and baking.

Not being accustomed to such work, we secured a man who had been boating on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. He belonged to our company and was willing to cook and bake, if we performed his guard duty. We agreed to this, and were relieved of a disagreeable job. We thought ourselves to have the best part of the bargain, as to bake the flour into pancakes, or flapjacks, it required shortening, and as the neighborhood had been stripped of lard, bacon and butter, the want was felt by everybody except our cook, who always had plenty of shortening, but what it was he kept to himself. One evening, while waiting to get my coffee, pancakes and fried meat, to go on a night's outpost duty for him, I stood around the kitchen watching him turn the flapjacks and lay them, poundcake fashion, on top of one another. They looked really appetizing, and to satisfy my curiosity I asked him about his good luck to always be supplied with shortening. He answered: "A good cook always knows how to help himself." But I wanted to know how he did this. He gave me an evasive answer and again greased the pans with something he had in his hand. I walked over to his side, and to my horror found that he had a lot of candles, issued to us as part rations, cut into inch blocks, and with these he greased the skillet. I said nothing, but waited until the Sergeant called, when I told him that I refused to go on duty for the cook, and that he had better go himself, for

as soon as our mess boss would arrive the cook, no doubt, would be relieved. A few minutes later the regiment returned from dress parade, and Sergt. Jamison, the mess boss, was made acquainted with the condition and the kind of flapjacks we had been eating. Some of the mess were so mad that they would have bayoneted the cook, but Jamison quietly told him to resume his position and perform his own duty, and we would try to do our own cooking. We had no flapjacks that night, but the coffee, meat and sugar tasted that much better.

We had been in the service now about two months and the Governor of Indiana, who always looked after the well-being of the soldiers from his State, sent down a paymaster, with five dollars, in demand notes, for each soldier. This gave those inclined to gamble a chance to win their comrades' money. One of my friends, knowing that I did not take any chances that way, came to me after he had lost his own money to borrow my five dollars. I gave him the money, and his luck turned so that with his winnings he later bought a farm near his home, in Johnson County, Indiana. All the games, from chuck-a-luck to poker, were played and money changed hands rapidly.

On the 4th of July the brigade was formed in close column before the headquarters tent of Gen. Morris, and with much impressive ceremony the Declaration of Independence was read to the command. The day following the Ninth Ohio, a German regiment, passed us to go to Buchanan. While marching down the hill to Philippi they were singing their German war songs. They made a fine military appearance and were the first three-year troops we had met.

As we had been laying around Philippi for a month and no further movements were undertaken, we thought that, as our term of service was going to close soon, no further service would be required of us, and the three-year troops arriving in large numbers from Ohio would take our places for active work. Gen. McClellan had arrived at Grafton on the 21st of June and issued a proclamation, and from there proceeded to Buchanan, where his best prepared troops from Ohio were gathering some force. With the troops at Philippi and those at Buchanan he intended to dislodge and defeat the enemy's forces at Laurel Hill under Garnett and at Rich Mountain under Pegram. He therefore issued orders on July 7 to Gen. Morris to march at once to Laurel Hill, some

twenty miles distant. We arrived at our destination about 10 a. m. on the 9th and deployed in line of battle in front of Belington, a distance of about one and a half miles from the enemy's entrenchments. We were to hold a threatening position against Garnett, while McClellan and Rosecrans were to get in the rear of Pegram and capture him.

After the Philippi affair the Confederate authority had relieved Potterfield and in his place appointed Robert S. Garnett, formerly a Major in the Eleventh United States Infantry, and recently Adjutant-General of Gen. Robert E. Lee, and given command of all the troops in West Virginia. He claimed that the Rich Mountain Pass to Buchanan, as also the road leading over Laurel Hill to Philippi, were the gates to West Virginia. Believing that Rich Mountain was the stronger natural position of the two, he left Pegram there with about 1,300 men, who rudely fortified themselves, while Garnett himself held the Laurel Hill pass with about 4,500 men, also fortified with four guns. Garnett's depot of supplies was at Beverly, sixteen miles distant from Laurel Hill and five miles from Rich Mountain. The Confederate friends living in the neighborhood kept him well informed of the movements of the Federal troops. The forces under McClellan at both places consisted of sixteen Ohio regiments, nine from Indiana and two from West Virginia. In all, twenty-seven regiments of infantry, four batteries of light artillery of six guns each, two troops of cavalry and an independent company of regulars (Company I, Fourth United States Artillery) were with him, waiting to be armed with mountain howitzers, which arrived shortly afterwards. As the regiments had been recently organized, they must have averaged about 700 each. The total force was therefore about 20,000 men. Of these 5,000 were guarding two hundred miles of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and were under command of General G. W. Hill of the Ohio State Militia. The brigade of Gen. Morris had advanced from Philippi. The rest were in three brigades under Gen. W. S. Rosecrans, Gen. Newton Schleich and Col. Robert L. McCook.

McClellan had intended to move on the same date when he issued his proclamation to the people of West Virginia, first to Buchanan and then to Beverly, the base of supplies for Gen. Garnett, but delays as usual occurred, and he was not able to move until the 7th of July. The same day that Morris marched from

Philippi to Laurel Hill, about a mile or more from Garnett's camp, we met the Confederate outpost, and on our approach they promptly retired, while we were held in line of battle and laid that way during all of the first night. There was considerable firing by the outpost and patrol, and if our guns had carried the ball any distance, there would have been some of our men wounded and killed by our own comrades, for the videttes fired at every imaginary noise and object. The next day, however, we had the sad sight of seeing the first man of our brigade killed by the enemy. He was on outpost duty at Bellington and had no doubt exposed himself to the enemy's sharpshooters, and was killed by them. He belonged to a company of the Ninth Indiana (Milroy's) Regiment. Just after his burial it began to rain very hard, and as we had no other duty to perform, I, with some others, sought shelter in a log house. Col. Milroy and Sergt. Lawton, afterwards Gen. Lawton of the Spanish War fame, came in out of the wet. Just then a trooper from my company passed by, the heavy rain splashing down on him. He had taken off his jacket, shirt, drawers and stockings, and only wore his hat, trousers and shoes. Milroy asked him how he happened to undress that way. The trooper answered that he kept his clothes in his knapsack to keep dry, and as he was accustomed to a bath every once in a while, he enjoyed the occasion to refresh himself. Milroy answered that he would do, and the trooper passed on. During his recent service in the Philippines I had correspondence with General Lawton, who wrote me that he remembered the incident very well.

About the 10th Gen. McClellan had his troops to gather at Roaring Creek, two miles from Pegram's position. He had been informed that the total Confederate force under Garnett and Pegram was about 7,000 men, with the larger part at Laurel Hill before Morris, and about 1,500 under Pegram at Rich Mountain. The Confederates were aware of McClellan's force, but they made him believe that the Confederates were 20,000 strong, of which 12,000 were at Rich Mountain. McClellan had no desire to assault Pegram's position, but he made all the preparations to do so next day, instructing Morris to hold his position before Garnett and watch the effect of his attack at Rich Mountain. During the day of the 10th Rosecrans' outpost captured a boy about 12 years old who lived in the neighborhood. The lad, named Hart, was taken to McClellan's headquarters, and it was learned that he was well

acquainted with the surrounding country, as his father lived on the top of the hill, two miles in the rear of Pegram's position. The boy, being bright, thought he could lead a column by a round-about way to his father's farm, and was to receive one hundred dollars in gold for the job. The road was a cow path and artillery could not go that way, but Rosecrans would take his infantry and reach the rear of Pegram's position. McClellan agreed to do this, and Rosecrans was to start early on the morning of the 11th with two thousand men, including a company of mounted troops, and that as soon as McClellan should hear the noise of battle in the rear of Pegram, he should attack the Confederates in front. By some one blundering in one of the regiments that were to go with Rosecrans the bugle sounded the reveille. This alarmed the enemy, and they were now on the lookout, but they believed that McClellan would attempt to get to their rear by their right flank and were not looking for Rosecrans' actual route, as they thought it impracticable. As Rosecrans believed that the enemy, by the midnight alarm, were looking for him, he made a larger circuit than he first intended, and after ten hours of severe marching and mountain climbing he reached the Hart farm. He had turned Pegram's position, but found that Pegram had detached about 350 men from his 1,300 to oppose him. With this detachment, was one piece of artillery from the four-gun battery in his breastworks. As soon as they reached the Hart farm they built a little breastwork of logs. When Rosecrans came out of the woods, on the turnpike, he was confronted with a hot fire from musketry and the one piece of artillery. As the ground was rough and the men for the first time under fire, the skirmish lasted about three hours, when Rosecrans' line made a splendid charge, and, aided by a volley from a flanking column, broke the enemy's line. Pegram had sent re-enforcements and another piece of artillery, but they did not come up in time, and a runaway team of a caisson dashed into the gun that was coming up and capsized it down the mountain. Both guns thus fell into Rosecrans' hands and he held the field. During the march and the assault it rained and stormed, but no tidings came of McClellan. The enemy, further to the rear, made some show of resistance. Rosecrans now rested his men until next morning. At the dawn of day on the 12th the enemy had disappeared, and Rosecrans, feeling his way to Pegram's position, found it abandoned. The two guns that

remained had been spiked, and a few sick and wounded of the enemy had been left in charge of a Sergeant, but nothing was seen of McClellan. When Rosecrans sent word to him that he was in possession of the enemy's camp he found McClellan still in camp at Roaring Creek, two miles from Pegram's position. Rosecrans had twelve killed and forty-nine wounded. The Confederates left twenty wounded and sixty-three surrendered in Pegram's camp. No reliable reports of the Confederate dead have ever been made. McClellan heard the noise of the engagement and formed his troops for an advance, but the continuance of the artillery fire and the sign of exultation by the enemy made him believe that Rosecrans had been defeated. Why he failed to assist, as had been agreed with Rosecrans, has never been explained. The messenger from Rosecrans failed to reach McClellan on the 11th, but the sound of the combat should have been sufficient notice that the summit was reached; but Rosecrans was left to win his own battle or get out of the hole if he could.

In the afternoon of the 11th McClellan began to cut a road for his twelve guns, but at night he withdrew his lines to the west of Roaring Creek, and nothing further was done that day to help Rosecrans. Half of Pegram's men had marched and passed by Rosecrans' right flank and reached Beverly during the night. Here they met a newly-arrived regiment, the Forty-fourth Virginia, and together they fled to the south, in the direction of Staunton. The brigade of Gen. Morris reached the place in due time, and at once deployed in line of battle, and by slow progress reached the heights surrounding the enemy's line. On the night of July 11th it was my duty to be on outpost. During the night we heard the continuous chopping of the trees by the enemy, but we did not know its meaning. The night was pitch-dark, but daylight revealed the fact that the Southerners had abandoned the strong works in our front, owing to the affair that Rosecrans had with another brigade of the enemy, at Rich Mountain, under command of Gen. Pegram, as already related. Our brigade was soon in their camp and ready to follow, and by 10 o'clock a. m. we were on the road after them, the rebels having now about twelve hours the start of us. The Confederate Gen. Garnett's intentions had been to join Pegram at Beverly; his forces united would make him 6,000 strong, but finding these troops defeated, demoralized and part made prisoners, and conscious that he would not be able

to make any resistance against the combined forces under McClellan, he struck off on a country road a short distance from Leadville and retreated rapidly towards St. George, in Tucker County.

Our brigade, under Gen. Morris, comprised the Fourteenth Ohio, Col. Steadman; the Ninth Indiana, Col. Milroy; the Seventh Indiana, Col. Dumont, and two pieces of regular artillery from Carlisle's barracks (the same that were used with us at Philippi)—total about 2,500 men. By rapid and late marching we gained and closed in upon the enemy.

After a few hours of rest in a wet meadow, we started early in the morning of the 13th, in a pitiless storm, guided only by the baggage, tents, trunks, blankets, knapsacks and clothing thrown away by the enemy. The roads had been obstructed as much as possible by cutting down the trees, and we kept a large squad of axmen to clear the road. A guide led us by a cross road, and we rapidly gained upon the retreating foe.

About noon Gen. Garnett had passed Kaler's Ford, twelve miles from St. George, and when our advance crossed this ford they caught sight of the rear of the enemy; so with renewed energy we followed the retreating Southerners, who were also excited and increased their speed to get out of our way, throwing away everything that impeded their progress. When Gen. Garnett came up to the fourth crossing, known as Carrick's Ford, he had some trouble in getting his wagons through the stream, and here prepared to receive his pursuers. On the left bank of the river were leveled cornfields and meadows; on the right were higher bluffs overlooking the field on the left, but hedged with laurel bushes. Here Gen. Garnett placed his men and two guns to the north of the wagon train and one gun to the south of the ford and train. Little could be seen of the enemy. The wagon train was left in the river crossing, and as our advance was about to seize it they were fired on by the enemy's artillery and infantry, from the other side of the river. The Fourteenth Ohio had the lead and at once replied. Our artillery was soon in action, and the Ninth Indiana, which now came in range, opened an oblique fire. The Seventh Indiana, under Dumont, entered the river to cross and take position on a high hill to get on the enemy's flank and rear. As the hill was steep and Dumont always ready to get close to the enemy, he filed the head of his regiment around the base of the hill and came close upon the enemy's left. As soon as the

Confederates noticed Dumont's movement they broke and fled and left their train and one gun in our hands. During this movement of the Seventh Indiana, the Fourteenth Ohio, the artillery and the Ninth Indiana kept up a steady fire at the Confederates.

Just as my company was entering the river to cross I encountered my old friend, Jonathan Gordon, with whom I had made my first efforts at enlistment in the artillery at Indianapolis. He had a fine private rifle in his hand, and in civilian dress stepped to my side, and with my company crossed the river. As we reached the bluff the alignment of company and regiment was somewhat out of shape, but in a full run after the enemy we tried to perform a right wheel. This brought us to the north of the road, where the laurel bushes had somewhat separated the command. In this manner we ran about a quarter of a mile, when we came upon two dead bodies, one in the uniform of a Brigadier General, with Federal shoulder straps, the other a private soldier in a Georgia militia uniform. On reaching the supposed dead, the General with Federal shoulder straps was still breathing. Gordon remarked, with surprise, after seeing the dying officer: "Why this is the rebel, Gen. Garnett!" There were four others present, all of my company, and their names are Vebhaus, Williams, Gockle and Stout. Mr. Gordon did not belong to our regiment, but I learned later that he was then Sergeant Major of the Ninth Indiana, Milroy's regiment, and a somewhat privileged character. Hence he went where he pleased, and joined the Seventh Indiana in this run after the enemy. He dressed as he pleased, and was permitted to carry a better but smaller rifle and no knapsack. We five of Company I, Seventh Indiana, left the dead Gen. Garnett with Gordon and followed in hot haste after our regiment, which had gone on about one mile and a half, turned into an open field on the right hand of the road and rested. Soon after this Captain Benham of Gen. Morris' staff came up and ordered the pursuit to cease. We had marched twenty-six miles since 10 a. m. on the 12th in a most constant and furious rain-storm. Dumont, always ready with sarcasm, asked Benham if we were to be jubilant over the captured baggage, and give the enemy a chance to get away. Our regiment had captured about fifty officers and men belonging to a Georgia militia regiment.

Now, as to the killing of Gen. Garnett. It is claimed by

some writers that Mr. Gordon, seeing the rebel General, who was waving his sword and calling on his men to make a stand, had called on Captain Ferry's company to fire at them, and that Sergeant Burlingame took a dead aim at Garnett and killed him. This story is erroneous. Mr. Gordon was not far from my side from the time that we entered the river until we found the dead, and nowhere near Ferry's company, and the finding of the body was as much a surprise to Gordon as to any of us. He probably went with me on account of our previous long acquaintance, and during the run after the enemy issued no orders to any one. But Mr. Gordon was a keen lawyer and quickly embraced the opportunity offered. He continued with us no farther, but remained and claimed the dead Brigadier General as his trophy. He was therefore detailed to take Gen. Garnett through the lines to his friends in Richmond. On his return he stopped in Washington and related his story to President Lincoln, who commissioned him to the vacancy as Major in the Eleventh Infantry, a position Garnett had resigned, on May 14, 1861, and from that date Gordon's new commission was dated. Gen. Garnett wore a fine uniform, with a brilliant star on his shoulder strap. He had long black hair, and we found him lying with his head towards us. Ferry's company was to the right or south of the road, during the run, and not near Gen. Garnett or within musket reach of him. The position in which Garnett lay and the route which Ferry's company followed make it absolutely clear to my mind that Garnett was killed by his own men, the Georgians, who formed his rear guard and were captured by us (the Seventh Indiana) on the run. Garnett being between the lines and in the rear of his own, they undoubtedly mistook him, through the laurel bushes, for a Federal officer. The pointing out by Major Gordon, as so many writers have it, never happened, as I have related. Surely, if Gordon had recognized Gen. Garnett before he reached his body he, with his far-reaching and better rifle, would have taken aim at him himself. Gordon had been in good practice with the rifle a year or two before, when he was preparing to fight a duel with Hefren, an opposing politician in Indiana, and would no doubt have brought Garnett down, without calling on any one to do this for him. Gen. Hill, in command of the railroad guard at Grafton, had been ordered by McClellan to gather a force to oppose the

enemy that would try to escape from the northern end of the mountains, but McClellan's military telegraph reached no farther than his camp at Roaring Creek, and the dispatch to Hill, dated on the 12th, was only sent forward by noon on the 13th. On the receipt of the message Hill displayed considerable energy and collected the greater part of his detachment at Oakland, and with about 1,000 men at West Union, expected to hold the enemy back from reaching Red House, a point where the Confederates had to cross. But unfortunately Irvine had been made to believe that the Confederates were 8,000 strong, and he therefore, with his smaller force, did not occupy Red House. He kept his force together until Gen. Hill re-enforced them to about 1,500 men, and when they jointly marched to the Red House on the morning of the 14th they found that the Confederates had passed at daylight. They followed them, but did not reach them. Gen. Hill had worked all night to hasten the railroad trains to Oakland, but none reached there until morning, and the Confederates had now twenty miles the start of him, with good roads to the south, on the eastern side of the mountains.

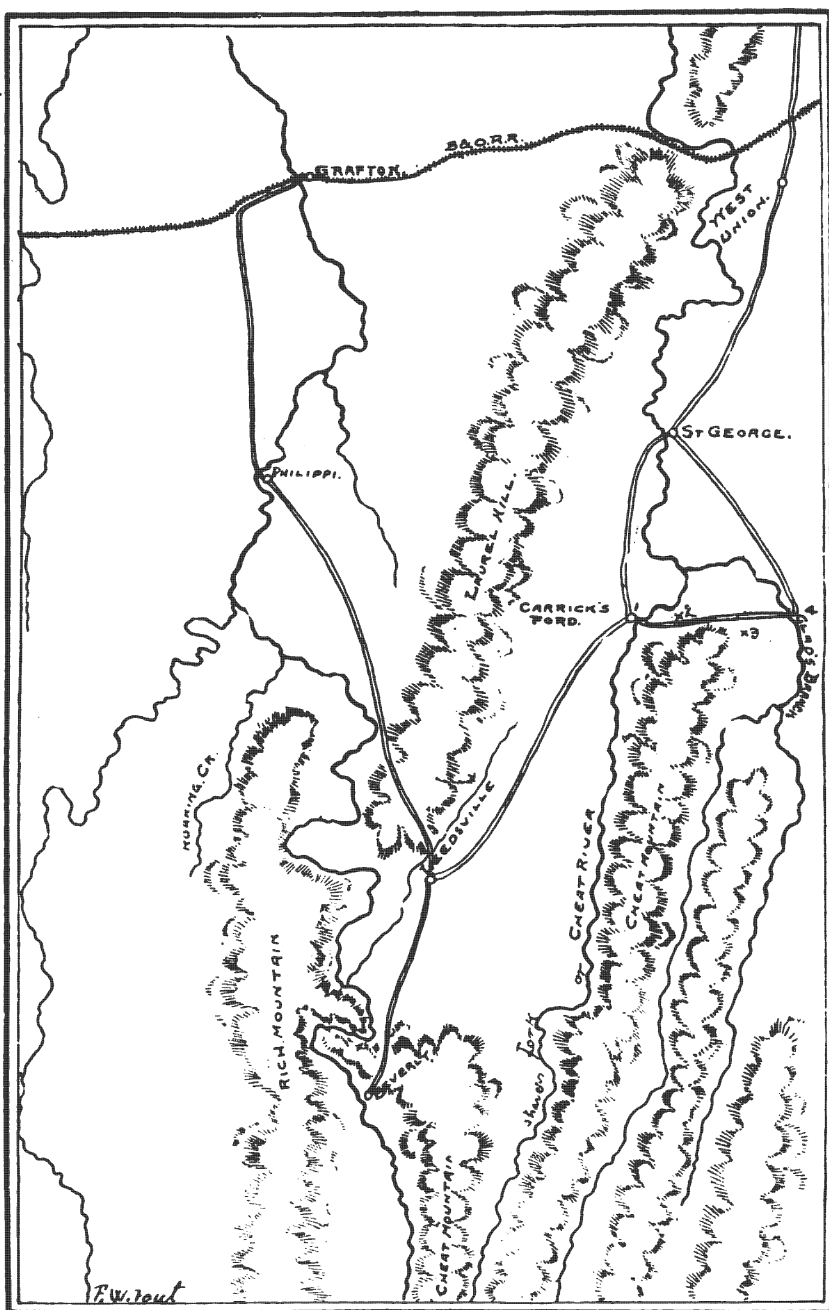
McClellan kept the wires hot urging Hill to capture the retreating enemy. Although Hill had no wagon train or rations, he showed the greatest energy and marched his men with empty stomachs after the fleeing Confederates; but as soon as McClellan learned that the enemy was twenty miles ahead of Hill he ordered the pursuit stopped. The cause of the failure to head the Confederates off was due to the railroads not being able to forward the troops.

McClellan had no knowledge of what had become of Pegram. On the 12th the latter had intended to follow the retreating column from the mountain tops, but in the darkness of the night in the woods, and on bad roads, had divided his troops and had marched all day trying to connect with Garnett, and in the evening reached Tiger's Valley River, some six miles north of Beverly, where he learned that Garnett had retreated from Laurel Hill. He could have probably escaped by a road east of the valley, but east of that there were a hundred miles of wilderness, with mountains on which no food for men could be found. He called his officers together and sent to McClellan at Beverly and offered to surrender. This was on the 13th, and Pegram, with thirty officers and about 600 men, became prisoners of war. Mc-

Clellan now moved south with his whole force on the road to Staunton, after the balance of Pegram's men that had escaped, and on the following day reached Huttonville. There had been some re-enforcements sent from Staunton to Garnett, but on McClellan's approach they halted at Montgomery, east of the Alleghenies. To this Pegram's remnants reported. Garnett having been killed, Brigadier General H. R. Jackson was placed in command of the Confederate forces in Garnett's place. The State authorities in Virginia made great efforts to increase the Confederate forces, to enable Jackson to assume the aggressive against McClellan, but on the 22nd of July the latter was called to Washington to command the army which had retreated from Bull Run.

The Philippi, Laurel Hill, Rich Mountain and Carrick's Ford affairs were small events in the great war, but they were the cause of McClellan being promoted to the command of the Army of the Potomac and later to the Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army. Gen. McClellan, with proclamations and dispatches, and aided by the newspapers, had announced to the people that he annihilated two armies, commanded by the best Confederate officers and fortified with great care in the mountains.

People who were looking for good news took this all in as literally true, and McClellan was declared the young Napoleon of the American soldiers, and when the efforts of other Generals had failed at Bull Run he was pointed out as the one man who could repair the disaster and bring victory out of defeat. He bore all this with becoming modesty, and for the time being the people were pleased that McClellan should play the role of Frederick the Great or of the little Napoleon, and his letters and dispatches at the time were full of enthusiasm and energy. But this assumed task made the reaction more painful when his great caution, while in command of the Army of the Potomac in the field, was considered. But his action at Rich Mountain, in withdrawing his troops from before Pegram, after hearing the guns of the latter against Rosecrans, shows him in the true character, which became so well known later. The same overestimating of the enemy, the same pessimistic interpretation of the sight, signs and sounds in his front, the same hesitancy in throwing in his whole force when he knew his subordinates needed them, the same reliance on false reports and rumors caused him to be a complete failure



MAP OF WEST VIRGINIA.

as a Commanding General. With the force Garnett was claimed to have had, he could have overwhelmed our brigade, under Morris, during the four days that we were in his front, and beaten us, and then marched to Clarksburg to McClellan's base; but Garnett was less enterprising and also learning the art of war, and missed his opportunity; and when Pegram was defeated by Rosecrans the Confederates retreated and McClellan received the credit for the success of the whole campaign.

After having rested all night near Carrick's Ford we marched next morning after the enemy to St. George, and there waited for further orders. As the enemy had fled, and as a stern chase is a long chase, we went no further, and on the morning of the 15th we started on our return trip to Laurel Hill, a distance, by a short cut, of fourteen miles. We rested for the night, and orders reached us to march by easy stages via Philippi to Grafton, there to take the cars, via Cincinnati, to Indianapolis, to be mustered out of our three months' service. While en route for home the news reached us of the Union defeat at Bull Run. This fell like a wet blanket over our splendid victories in West Virginia, but the people of Ohio and Indiana gave us a royal greeting, and without any delay or accident on the road we reached Indianapolis and were welcomed by the Governor.

The total loss in battle of the Indiana three-months men had been only twenty-four dead by battle and disease. Governor Morton had sent an agent to West Virginia, urging us to re-enlist for three years, but as many had left their business they desired to see their homes first. On our arrival arrangements had been made to reorganize and re-enlist every man, which would have succeeded but for the delay in mustering us out. This caused great dissatisfaction, and, thinking that we were possibly to be held and sent to Washington, caused many to decline further service. Having faithfully lived up to our contract, we wanted to go home, see our people and families, and could not understand the reason why we should be held longer. We were assured that the next day we would be mustered out and paid, and each day were again disappointed. We almost lost patience, and became mutineers against the Government officers who were deceiving us. But as we had confidence in Governor Morton, he persuaded us to have patience and that we would soon get our discharges and pay. Having been held over for ten days before being mustered out, many were so

exasperated that they declared that they would not re-enlist. But the influence of the Governor was great with his people, so that before three months passed most all of us were in the service again, and many became the most efficient officers that Indiana furnished at any time during the war, and were the bulwark and pride of the Northern soldiers in the Union Army.

CHAPTER XI.

RE-ENLISTED FOR THREE YEARS IN THE ARTILLERY.

As soon as I received my discharge from the three-months service I went to Palestine, Ind., where an elder brother was in the smithing business. He was just then building a house, and the contractor not being up in the building line, was getting on so slowly that he asked me to help him out. I readily accepted, and we soon completed the building, but as stable and fences had to be put up this kept us busy for another month. During October we had occasion to visit Indianapolis, and, stopping at the Union Hall, a place where many German officers congregated, met among them Col. Fritz Anneke, a countryman of ours, who had received a commission to raise a regiment of field artillery. I was introduced to the Colonel, and he proposed that if I joined the artillery he would make me an orderly on his staff, but, as I was not yet through with the work of my brother I gave the matter of new service no serious thought. After completing the fence and other little jobs, I made a lot of school benches for the school trustee. Having seen coffins made at Franklin, I was called on to make several for some of the neighbors. Everything indicated that I would become a permanent citizen of the place, work being plentiful and, at good pay; but during the long winter evenings several of the neighbor boys who had been at Rich Mountain under Col. Benton, in the Eighth Indiana, met with me in the store, and our talk naturally centered on the war and our mutual experiences in West Virginia. This talk was continued around the stores nightly, and we had all the neighbor boys for our eager auditors. We all agreed that the most desirable service to enlist in was the field artillery, and immediately after New Years, by common impulse, several of us concluded to go to Indianapolis and enlist in Col. Anneke's artillery regiment. On the morning of the 18th about fifteen of us, after a seven-mile walk, took cars for Indianapolis and went out to Camp Burnside, where part of the regiment was then quartered. Somehow I be-

came the leader of the squad and reported at once to Col. Anneke, who sent us over to the tent of his adjutant, Lieut. Von Sehlen. He sent a Sergeant with us to the examining surgeons, Drs. Bobb and Jamison. After being physically examined we were taken to Major Carpenter, the post mustering officer, and again sworn in, this time to serve three years, unless sooner discharged. After being mustered and marched back to camp we received our clothing and thirty days' furlough to go home and get more recruits. About the same time another squad, from the southwestern part of the State, near Evansville, appeared under the leadership of Lochmueller and Stifel, all Germans, with the same object, to enlist and serve with artillery. They, too, were mustered and furloughed, and still another detachment from Bremen, Indiana, led by Peter Schlarb, came to Indianapolis. They, too, were Germans, and were also mustered and furloughed. Thus from three parts of the State, each 100 miles or more from the other, came the patriots who formed the nucleus of the Fifteenth Battery organization. Each and all desiring to serve in the ranks, not one asking for a position or a commission, but only to restore the Union of their adopted country. No promise or offer had been made us for even a non-commissioned office in the organization, and no one had a right to claim us as his recruits and get a commission thereon. During the term of our furlough the battles of Fort Henry and Fort Donaldson had taken place, and when Gen. Grant had captured 12,000 prisoners it was thought that the Confederates would disband and give up hope of dividing the Union. The capture of Nashville and the flight of the Confederates from that town proved the demoralization of our enemy and confirmed our wishful thought of a speedy closing of the Civil War. The several victories of the Union troops had made a large number of Confederate prisoners, and 5,000 of these were sent to Indiana, 4,000 arriving at Camp Morton, and the Sixtieth Indiana Infantry, then in process of organization at Evansville, under Col. Robert Owen, was moved to Indianapolis to guard them. Their appearance indicated that they had not been well supplied with clothing and blankets, and many carried pieces of carpet to cover them in the night, but as soon as they were quartered in the same barracks that we had occupied during our first enlistment, they received blankets and clothing to keep them warm; but many suffered from penumonia, and for a short time the death rate was large. About this time the three different

squads of the Fifteenth Indiana Battery that had been on furlough returned with a number of recruits. As my squad was the first to report, I was ordered to call the roll every evening and draw the ration. Peter Schlarb's squad came next and added to my list. He good-naturedly acted as quartermaster sergeant and relieved me of that part of duty. Lochmueller and Stifel soon came into camp with their detachment, and we had now about seventy men, but no officers. Our adjutant would sign requisitions, and a Prussian who had served in the field artillery in Germany, but was at this time attached to Col. Anneke's headquarters, organized us into detachments and instructed us in the manual of the guns. Two six-pounder brass field pieces were made to do duty for that purpose. The drill sergeant, one Rumler, was very exacting in our movements, and he knew his business well. He was one of the neatest soldiers I ever met. His uniform was always a sample of perfection, his leather sword belt shining and his scabbard almost a looking-glass. But when through instructing us in the morning he would get a pass in the afternoon and go to some public house, generally to Union Hall, meet some patriots who would not enlist but who were his auditors and who would help to fill him up. It often happened at this period of our service that our instructor on his return to camp had a larger load than he could carry. When we came to the camp we were practically ignorant of artillery tactics, but soon learned, and Kuntz and others knew a great deal more about artillery than several of the officers who pushed themselves on us. About that time six batteries, the product of Col. Anneke's instruction, had gone to the field, and no State ever sent better artillerymen during the Civil War into action than these batteries proved to be.

Gov. Morton, in his great effort to preserve the Union, established a State arsenal and placed the management of this arsenal into the hands of a Hanoverian, who, it was claimed, knew nothing about the manufacture of ammunition. The establishment was fought by Morton's political enemies, and as Col. Anneke was a Prussian, he had no use for the Hanoverian, but the influence of the latter was great with Morton. One day, late in February, Anneke had been sent out with two batteries for target practice. He fired shell and shrapnel with paper fuse. For some reason the shell and shrapnel would not explode. Anneke, at once, caused the batteries to limber up and return to

town in high dudgeon. The batteries went to camp, but Anneke to the Governor, and in great wrath told him that it was an outrage to keep a man in charge of the arsenal who could not manufacture ammunition that the artillery could use in action, and he believed now the influence in the kitchen was the cause of his keeping the present manager at the arsenal. The Governor politely told him to return to camp, turning his back on Anneke. The next morning about 10 o'clock an order came that Anneke's services were no longer required, and that all Indiana batteries would go to the field as independent organizations. The regimental organization, not yet mustered into the United States service, was thus abolished.

This left the adjutant, Von Sehlen, and Sergeant William H. Torr out of the service. Both lost no time in making application for the vacant commissions in our battery, the former as Captain and the latter as First Lieutenant. Von Sehlen asked me if such would be agreeable to the men, and I frankly stated that nothing better could please them.

Among the many men who came to this country as soldiers of fortune was one Carl Mueller. Although strict instructions had been given to our Consuls in Europe to encourage no one to come to this country with the expectation of receiving a commission, this man, a native of Hesse-Cassel, came thus recommended. He had learned of the great war Governor of Indiana and came there to offer his services. Soon after Von Sehlen and Torr had been commissioned, Mueller appeared with the shoulder straps of a Second Lieutenant. He could not speak the English language, and had been, as he then claimed, a riding master in an Austrian cavalry regiment and saw active service in the Franco-Austrian War in Italy in 1859. In 1886 I learned that his father was a Hessian tax collector and his mother an illegitimate child of an Austrian Grand Duke, and that the Grand Duke had educated this man in the military academy at Ulm and Vienna, in Austria, and that after the war in 1859 he had joined an Austrian Major who had organized a band of outlaws in Italy. This information came from a former native Hessian who knew him well. But it appeared that he had received his commission through the kitchen cabinet of Governor Morton.

The day following, after Von Sehlen and Torr had been commissioned, we moved our quarters over to the west of Camp Morton,

and our new Captain at once drew six three-inch rifle guns of the most improved pattern. The battery now became fully organized and had nearly 100 men. I was made orderly sergeant, Peter Schlarb, quartermaster sergeant; Adam Kuntz, first gun sergeant; Hook, second gun sergeant; Rumler, third gun sergeant; Hartner, fourth gun sergeant; Tuttle, fifth gun sergeant; Lynam, sixth gun sergeant—all brave and loyal soldiers, and no better artillerymen in the entire service. The gunners and corporals were equally well fitted and have proved their worth on every field of battle they appeared on. Our daily gun exercise soon made us perfect in handling the piece. My duty called me to Col. Owen's headquarters in Camp Morton nearly every morning. One day as I entered the gate through the guards to take my report to headquarters a prisoner called me by name, saying: "Fred, what are you doing with that uniform on?" I could scarcely believe my eyes, for here was Bill Johnson, a young brick mason with whom I had worked on many buildings in Indianapolis and elsewhere. I answered: "How's this, Bill? You in the Confederate Army and a prisoner of war, from Fort Donaldson, and your brother a soldier in the Eleventh Indiana, wounded nearly unto death, on the Union side?" "Yes," he replied, "such is this civil war. It is brother against brother and father against son." He told me how he left me in Franklin in 1860. He had gone to Louisville, and from there to Nashville, Tenn. While there the Civil War began, and he took the Southern side of the question, while his brother, who lived in the North, defended the Northern cause. I asked him if any more of my old friends were with him. He stated that the two McFall brothers were with him, but were now sick in the hospital at Camp Morton. The latter were descendants of the first settlers of Indianapolis, and had been Republicans when they first voted in 1856 and 1858, but like Johnson had gone down to Nashville, and while there had taken sides with the Confederates. The McFalls both died in the hospital at Indianapolis, and were buried with the Confederates. The prisoners at that time were granted many privileges, and from us received the treatment of erring brothers. They soon had their own bakery, both for wheat and cornbread, fresh every morning. Their friends and relatives visited them as often as they pleased and brought many nicknacks to make them happy. They received passes to go around town and

to the depot. Later on, when the weather became warm, Col. Owen, the camp commander, would take a whole regiment of them at a time, and without guard, to the canal, a mile distant, for bathing. Not a man ever took advantage of his liberty and deserted. One day Johnson, my old friend and prisoner, went with a pass downtown to see some of his former fellow-workmen on the Johns Building, then being erected on the northeast corner of Washington and Meridian streets. There were a number who had learned their trade with Johnson, but so intense was the loyalty of these workmen that one and all refused to shake hands with him, and were told that they would probably meet him later on, in the field of battle. Although passes were freely issued to prisoners and visitors, yet a strong guard was kept around the camp, and none were permitted to pass and repass at will. So it happened that one morning about 10 o'clock, just as I was taking my morning report to headquarters, a carriage drove up with the Governor's coachman, Coleman, on the seat. Coleman talked to the officer of the guard, Lieut. Fred Mertz: "Lasz mich doch da durch, es ist doch der Governor." Mertz was a green German and answered: "They cannot enter unless they have a pass." "Da koente ein jeder sagen er wehre Governor." By this time the two occupants looked out, one on each side, and proved to be Governor Morton and Senator Andrew Johnson, from Tennessee. They asked admittance, but Mertz would not budge. Soon Col. Owen heard of the hubbub and came to the gate and admitted them. Mertz was complimented for his attention to duty.

In the early part of April we were fully and well instructed in handling the pieces and firing blank cartridges, so that now we were ready to receive instruction in maneuvers. The Captain therefore drew a number of horses to mount four guns. We had no bridles for the horses, only a halter, surcingle and blanket. Never having been mounted or accustomed to riding, Sergt. Rumler adjusted the halter on my horse, fixed the blanket and surcingle and helped me to mount. Just as I was on the horse he lit out as though shot from a cannon, and I held on as best I could until he reached a pump on the corner of Massachusetts and Delaware streets, about three-quarters of a mile from our starting point. Here he suddenly stopped and I promptly dismounted. The others soon came up, and had a great laugh on me.

We lost no time in learning the maneuvers, and soon after we

had the other section mounted, and were able to appear on drill with six guns. Just as we were getting ready for the field an order was issued from the War Department that no more troops were wanted. This was a wet blanket over our patriotism, but during the month of May a number of recruits arrived and were accepted, for the Governor of Indiana did not believe that the army then in the field would be able to crush the rebellion, although success had been with the Union Army up to that time. We received plenty of ammunition for target practice, and our time was spent daily in making us more perfect in the use of the guns. Every effort was made by the officers to get us to the field. Letters to McClellan, Fremont and Halleck were written, in order to put us on friendly terms with the Secretary of War. We were synonymed the Stanton Battery. On May 28 one A. D. Harvey appeared in camp, with First Lieutenant shoulder straps. This raised a storm among the men, as they claimed they were imposed upon. The day following, the 29th, an order was received from the War Department by the Governor to send one battery at once to Washington. At the same time the Sixtieth Indiana, Col. Owen's regiment, was also ordered to the field. For some cause, unknown to us then, our battery was not sent, but an order for twenty-five men, to be transferred, with twenty-five horses, to the Sixteenth Indiana Battery, was received. Although illegal, it was obeyed, and we were reduced that number before we could go to the field. The men transferred were of the best, and though they did not care to leave the organization their desire to go to the field finally overcame the objection. The guards around Camp Morton were now kept more strict, and no passes given to the prisoners.

In the early part of the prison camp many sick Confederates had been permitted to go to private houses, and their savings from such rations as they did not draw were placed in a fund for the purchase of other articles not furnished by the Government. The prisoners spoke well of their treatment, although some would complain, but there was no cause for it at this time. A general exchange was effected in August and the Confederate authorities placed these men at once into active service. About the first regiment they met on the field of battle was the Sixtieth Indiana, and the boot was now on the other leg, as Col. Owen, with nearly his whole regiment were made prisoners. The Confederates esteemed Col. Owen so highly that he and his men were at once paroled and

sent home to await the exchange. We were expecting orders to go to the field almost daily, and one evening I asked for a pass to be out until midnight. About half-past ten I started back for the camp. Just as I was within a stone's throw of our quarters I was halted by the provost guard. I tried to identify myself, but the guards had such strict orders from Col. Ross that they suspected every one out after 9 o'clock might be a spy; and when they caught me coming to camp they thought they had one. While the corporal talked to me the three men with him pointed their bayonets at me, and with loaded muskets and pulled-back hammers. I thought my time had surely come. Just then another squad of the guard appeared, in charge of a Lieutenant. As the officer knew me he released me, but the occasion was enough to turn every hair on my head white, and I never again experienced such a terrible fear. We received new recruits daily, and as the 1st of July was approaching the muster in and pay of the whole battery was expected; and the reverses McClellan had met with at Richmond created a hope among the men that we would at last be sent to the East to give the country some benefit of our now most perfect target practice and battery maneuvers.

CHAPTER XII.

TO AND IN BALTIMORE.

Col. Simonson, the regular mustering officer at Indianapolis, came out to Camp Morton on July 1 and mustered the battery to the number of 119 enlisted men and three officers; although four officers held commissions, the number of men present did not warrant the muster of the fourth officer. This left Second Lieutenant Mueller out, but he still remained with the battery, not performing any duty, however. A new levy of six-month men had hastily been called into the service to guard the prisoners in Camp Morton. These latter had become very restless, and an outbreak was feared. Upon the request of Capt. Von Sehlen permission was granted to recruit among these State troops, but there was no officer to go among them to recruit. We had been instructed as horse artillery, and, being fairly well posted in the maneuvers, the Captain fitted out a section, with cannoneers mounted, and placed it in my charge to march up and down the road that led from Camp Morton to the city, executing some of the battery maneuvers, to show the militia the bright side of artillery. This movement had its proper effect. The sergeants, corporals and privates were sent out into the camps of the militia, and we soon had recruits enough, so that we could muster 142 enlisted men, only nine lacking to have the full number.

RED-HEADED REILLEY.

In the early part of the war, among the Union people in Eastern Kentucky, there was a desperado named Hispeth. He had killed many worthy people that believed in Southern rights. He had been at the head of guerrilla organization, but his bloody deeds had caused his companions to leave him. In the extremity for help he had dressed his wife, then about 22 years of age, with red hair, and about five feet two inches high, weighing 120 pounds, in men's clothing, and armed her with a Winchester. A Confederate company of Infantry, under Captain Johnson, surrounded and killed him on or

about May 24th, 1862. His wife escaped to Indiana and enlisted in a six-months' infantry regiment, to guard the prisoners around Camp Morton. After a few weeks in the Fifty-sixth Indiana, we received the order to recruit for the battery. Among those troops came a red-headed, beardless boy, who volunteered to go with us. After his muster he became very active to induce others from the same regiment to join us. He was given the lead team on the fourth piece, and took good care of his horses, being one of the tidiest soldiers in the battery. He soon learned the drill and maneuvers, but almost continually kept a looking-glass in his left hand to see that his deceptive appearance was perfect. He had the faculty of fussing with every one in the battery, at all times, and never wanted to make his tent or bed with any of the others of the battery. He was fond of paper collars, and in cleanliness could pass as a model for the rest. He served with us for fully three years, and about seven years after his discharge came to my office at the Indianapolis glass works. He cried and shed tears at his bad luck of making a living at selling sewing machines, and two months later was found dead about three miles east of Indianapolis. The body was badly decomposed when found, he having doubtless committed suicide. In the early nineties the most positive proof was sent me that Reilley, our red-headed driver for three years in the battery, was the wife of the desperado Hispeth of Eastern Kentucky.

The news from Virginia and McClellan's retreat made it necessary for the Government to call troops to Baltimore and Washington. On the evening of July 4 we received orders to be ready next day for our trip to Baltimore. About 3 p. m. on the 5th we boarded the cars, and at 5 p. m. all was in readiness to pull out, but as the night train was to be ahead of us we remained on the track until 8:30 before the wheels were set in motion. Without any mishap we reached Newark, Ohio, where we fed and watered our horses, and also partook of a square meal ourselves. I asked one of the waitresses why they had not dished up for us again as they had done the year before with the Seventh Indiana Infantry, *en route* to West Virginia. I was soon informed that conditions had changed, and their generous meals of that time had been too good a thing to last, and if we wished any extras now we must pay for them.

While on the road from Harrisburg to York we met with a serious accident by a rear collision. It injured several of our best

horses and damaged one of the guns, which we had to exchange for another, in Baltimore. The Captain reported our arrival at Gen. Wool's headquarters, and we were sent out to Camp Carroll, on West Pratt street, into quarters. Special barracks for horses had been prepared, and our location, for the time, was a desirable one; but we had entirely too many visitors of an undesirable kind and a nearby saloon did a much too thriving business. One of our most thirsty ones, who had served in the English Army before Sebastapool, made enough trouble for the whole battery. Our time was occupied in camp duty and drilling the new recruits. In camp near us were four batteries and one, a regular battery, about a mile away. One moonlight night in July, while all was quiet in camp, but rumors plenty that Jackson was marching on Washington and Baltimore, a lively fusillade opened on West Baltimore street about a mile from our camp, in a northwesterly direction. The alarm was at once given, and all the batteries hitched and the battalion of cavalry, the Purnell Legion, stood to horse. The firing ceased, but the Captain, anxious to learn the cause, had a sergeant report from each battery and from the cavalry, and placed them in my charge to go down and ascertain the cause of the firing. We had gone about half a mile on Baltimore street, when we came upon a group of happy and hilarious people. This must be the place where the shooting had occurred. I demanded the cause of the gathering and the hubbub and firing. They told us that the brewer's daughter had just been married, and the firing had been the salute, and we were in time to enjoy the festivities with them. I ordered them not to fire any more, as they had been disturbing our camp. The father of the bride now came forward and invited us to partake of the wedding feast. After having our fill of the good things from the brewer's table we returned to camp. Just as we left Baltimore street a squad of another troop of mounted men, in charge of Lieut. Torr, met us. We told our story, and nothing would do except to go back with them and let the new squad enjoy part of the feast also. We finally reached camp, where our comrades still stood by the guns. A more disgusted body of troops never existed than the men of the battery and cavalry when they learned the true cause of the alarm, and many went over to the battlefield at the brewer's next day to look for relics; and from the appearance of some of them later they must have found plenty to fill up on, for an extra detail for the guard house had to be made.

Among the recent recruits to join the battery was a man of past 40 years. He appeared to be of Irish descent, was well educated, and claimed to have been a Methodist minister. So one Sunday morning, on inspection, he was called to unbutton his jacket and shirt, and then had to sit down and take off his shoes and socks. He was ordered to redress and step to the front. There were two others who had failed to polish their buttons. They also came to the front, and the rest of the battery was dismissed. The corporal of the guard was called, with a detail of gun guard, to take the delinquents to the Potaposca River. The two with the dim buttons, as their punishment, received orders to go in the water and give Moran a soap and brush cleaning. This duty was performed in such a way that Moran's powerful voice, no doubt trained by preaching, could be heard a mile away. After that scrubbing and clean dressing he appeared at headquarters, but did not look like the same man. And during his stay in the battery never again needed any one to scrub him; but later he deserted.

We had many callers of an undesirable kind; so in order to escape their company the Captain called on Gen. Morris, at Fort McHenry, under whom Von Sehlen had served in the Mexican War, to give us quarters at the camping ground in Fort McHenry. This shut out the saloon man as well as the demi-monde, who had made life so unbearable at Camp Carroll.

As soon as we were camped the men received their pay, and then were granted passes to go to the city, each in his turn, to give them a chance to spend their money. Three deserted, one the irrepressible corporal of Sabastapool fame, and another his brother-in-law, Reed, who was brought back to the battery, court-martialed and sentenced to two years at hard labor, thence to be returned to the battery and drummed out of camp. The last part of the sentence was executed at Decatur, Ga., just after the capture of Atlanta, and witnessed by thousands as the most humiliating sight during the Civil War.

At the time we left Indianapolis for the field we did not have the full number of men required for a six-gun battery. This served as an excuse for the prevention of mustering as an officer Lieutenant Carl Mueller, but he somehow managed to follow the battery to Baltimore. His place as Second Lieutenant had been offered to one Frank Rose, who also came to Baltimore with shoulder straps, but took them off before he came to camp, and served his term of three years in the ranks. Somehow Mueller learned that we now

had 141 men on the rolls, and on the 15th day of July called on the mustering officer at General Wool's headquarters and was mustered into the United States service, but Captain Von Sehlen gave him no orders and was preparing to prefer charges against him for incompetency. Mueller learned of this and resigned. As to his knowledge as a riding instructor, our farmer boys could have given him a hundred lessons to his giving them one; but all the men of the battery were happy that we were rid of the imposition.

In the camping ground with us were the famous Seventh New York. Their appearance and soldierly bearing was truly inspiring, and their dress parade a sight, once seen, never to be forgotten. Every morning details of this regiment were sent downtown to headquarters. Col. Belger, who was chief quartermaster, also had some orderlies from this regiment. One morning, when Lieut. Torr was waiting to have a requisition filled, Col. Belger called on one of these New York upper-ten Orderlies. The Orderly appeared, saluted and waited the Colonel's pleasure. "Tell my negro to bring my handkerchief." This order he gave to a man who would outrank Col. Belger a hundred times in New York society. But a soldier's duty is first to pay attention and then to obey orders.

About this time Quartermaster Sergeant Schlarb was sent home to recruit and was also recommended for a commission. He was my senior in years, but below me in rank. Of course, it was unpleasant, but I complained not. Just then a detachment of recruits reached us from Indianapolis. One of these, a prince of blood, was made a corporal. After Mueller's resignation as Second Lieutenant he expected to receive the next commission, which he did, in the cavalry, later on. Our time was again occupied with maneuvers and drills, and we now had many of the Seventh New York as an audience, who enjoyed the perfection with which we executed the movements.

One morning about the middle of August, just after drill, the first section, under Lieut. Torr, was ordered to the point outside of the fort. About 11 a. m. the steamer *Lady Washington* left Baltimore for the lower Potomac with passengers and freight. An infantry detachment stood near by, at the water's edge. One of the men fired his piece, with a ball, across the bow of the boat, that now at once turned towards us and stopped at the landing. The infantry took charge and the passengers were taken inside of the

fort. On the boat was found a lot of oats, mixed in which were cartridges and caps. Of course they were contraband, the boat a prize and the officers made prisoners, being promptly locked up. Some were sent to Fort Lafayette and others held in Fort McHenry for some time. The duties of the first section were not required, and they were returned to camp.

As the rumors came thick and fast about the immense losses and Lee's approach toward Washington and Baltimore, we received full instructions as to a part a battery should take in the burial service of a general officer. It was also hinted that a dead officer was on the way from the battlefield to be buried with full military honors, in Baltimore, and that our battery and the famous Seventh New York would be the military escort. But up to our departure for the field the dead General failed to materialize. Camp life was fairly endurable, and we enjoyed ourselves in many ways. With money in our pockets we could buy many extras not furnished by the Government. Of our large company fund, gathered in Indianapolis, we saw nothing then; but after the war I learned what had become of it.



GEN. T. J. JACKSON, C. S. A.
(STONEWALL.)

CHAPTER XIII.

AT HARPER'S FERRY.

On Sunday, August 24, about 2 o'clock p. m. an order was received at the headquarters of the battery, in Fort McHenry, to report at once at the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad switch, near our old camping ground at Camp Carroll, where transportation was waiting us to take us to the field. Capt. Von Sehlen and Lieuts. Torr and Harvey had gone down to the city to enjoy the afternoon at some cafe. This left me the next highest non-commissioned officer of rank in charge of the camp. I ordered the tents struck and loaded on the wagons and the battery hitched, ready for a move, and sent a corporal and bugler down to hunt up the officers, but without avail. I now mounted my horse, and took a Corporal with me, and we soon found them. We returned to camp and found all ready for the march to the railroad, where cars for guns, horses and men awaited our coming. Col. Belger, the depot quartermaster at Baltimore, had driven out in his carriage and saw to it that nothing was wanting. We soon had the battery loaded, and steamed out from Baltimore. Our destination was unknown to us, but after an all-night ride we halted on the Maryland side, opposite Harper's Ferry, Va. At early daylight we unloaded and soon crossed on the pontoon into the old town, made historic by John Brown's raid in 1859. The Captain reported our arrival to Col. Miles, and without much delay we were ordered out to Camp Hill, northeast of Bolivar, into quarters.

A line of breastwork running across the peninsular formed by the Shenandoah and Potomac Rivers formed the defense. The scenery surrounding us was beautiful and inspiring and one of the glory spots of this round earth. We soon had our tents arranged and the troops already in camp seemed surprised at our promptness. Everything was in regulation form, and on the morning of the 26th we turned out to our usual battery drill, in which we were easily second to none, and had for an audience nearly the entire

garrison, about 8,000 strong. The chief of artillery, Major McIlvain, of the Fifth New York Heavy Artillery, was full of praise over our efficiency, and Capt. Von Sehlen became a recognized military authority in field artillery at the post, for which he was justly proud. Each day that we went through the battery maneuvers we had the same splendid audience, as it pleased them to see a battery drill. One afternoon we were all "shot" by a photographer from New York who had the attention of the garrison, and as I remember, his name was Brady.

On the 27th rumors came thick and fast that the enemy had crossed the Potomac, and we would soon be cut off from connection with Baltimore and Washington. The 28th passed more quietly, but on the 29th the rumbling of distant artillery, near Manassas, became ominous, and continued during the 30th and 31st more distinctly. On the 30th we had to change our camp and move forward to within a short distance of where the Winchester road crossed Bolivar Heights and about three-quarters of a mile southwest of Camp Hill, on the southeastern slope of Bolivar Heights and west of the Winchester pike. On the morning of the 31st I was sent in charge of the drivers, who took their horses to water them, in the Shenandoah River. All went well with us until on our return we reached the Winchester pike. I ordered a slow trot, but somehow the leading horse started off in a gallop, the others, of course, following. I could not stop them until we came up nearly to our quarters. The horses were not winded, only a little over-exercised, but this was sufficient to give the Captain the long-sought excuse to place me under arrest. I had often observed the Captain's prejudice and dislike for some one, and his desire that he would like to place a young man who had reached us at Baltimore with a number of recruits in my position. This young man was the son of the Duke of Braunfels, founder of the new Braunfels Colony in Texas. He held rank in the battery as corporal and was well educated, but was at that time much out of repair, as he had to attend sick call every morning and take regular baths in the muddy Potomac. During my arrest he came to my tent to console me, but really to find out my intentions if court-martialed and reduced to the ranks. I frankly told him that if the Captain preferred charges against me I should prefer counter-charges against the officers of the battery for neglect of duty and many other shortcomings. As it was the duty of a commissioned officer, and not

mine, to take the horses to the water; and while I had done this they had lazily spent their time in camp! My young interviewer went away, and about an hour later I was called to the Captain's tent, released from arrest, given my sword and restored to duty. On drill I still handled the center section and attended to such duties as are required of a commissioned officer, but it seemed doubtful if I would ever get a commission.

As soon as we were assigned to the brigade of D'Utassey, Capt. Von Sehlen became a fast and intimate friend of the Colonel, and the two were seen much in each other's company. We were still short another commissioned officer, and it evidently had been determined not to commission me, probably on account of my youth. Although we had plenty of material in our own battery, notably Sergt. Kuntz, in whose appointment I would have cheerfully acquiesced, Von Sehlen, a descendant at least by name from a family of German nobility, looked around in D'Utassey's Thirty-ninth New York Regiment for some one to fill the requirements of nobility. He found what he wanted, possibly a relative of the Colonel, a man with an unpronounceable foreign name. He was presented to us as an Austrian artillery officer who had seen hard and active service in the Sardinian War against the French. Not knowing any better, we had to take it all in, and were led to believe in him as a man of wonderfully high and scientific artillery knowledge. Like many others of his kind, he had been a fresh importation, plainly indicated by his lack of knowledge of the rudiments of the English language, and we soon learned that the whole transaction of our officers in bringing this man into our battery was an outrage on the valor and patriotism of our men. He was unable to repeat the commands of the Captain to the center section; and distance, "elevation" and time to cut fuses by, as well as duties of gunners, were as Greek to him. His service was cut short with us before he could learn the difference between a shell, case shot, shrapnel, canister or percussion shell, or between a dial and a paper fuse.

Our officers had evidently forgotten, or ignored the fact, that by the militia laws of Indiana we had the right to elect our own officers, then send the results of such election to the Governor and let him issue the commissions, and a United States officer would muster the man on that commission. Such is the law in most of the States even at the present day, and by such an election system the

men may not always elect the best men, but never the worst or most unpopular ones. The selection, therefore, of some one from outside of the battery was both illegal and void, and if we had not all been boys we would not have suffered these wrongs, although this was the fourth time, but happily the last one for us to be imposed on.

Among the many duties of an orderly sergeant are those to take the sick to the doctor. While the battery was not brigaded the post surgeon was called upon to prescribe for those who needed it. Among his regular callers was a young Frenchman, "Leclair," who had been assigned to drive a team, but would have served better as a French cook than as a driver in a Union battery. Leclair demurred at being a driver and wanted to be excused, claiming to be suffering from a lame back. I took him to the doctor, who gave him some liniment to rub his back with, but he was not cured. He continued to call, without results, until we were brigaded with the Thirty-ninth New York (Garibaldi) Regiment. The doctor of that regiment now took charge of our sick, and Leclair, of course, attended sick calls and went to the doctor's tent. He explained to the old German medico his troubles. The doctor had him draw his shirt over his head, and with a sharp instrument made a checker board of Leclair's back, and then rubbed some strong liniment on the scratches. Leclair began to howl, and ran screaming from the doctor's tent. The doctor told me what was the matter with Leclair; that the soldier was only lazy and trying to shirk his duty. This proved to be true, for he never attended sick call thereafter, but as we passed Baltimore about three weeks later he deserted.

During our leisure the boys often visited John Brown's fort, where, with twenty-two men, he tried to liberate 4,000,000 slaves.

On September 1st it was rumored that the enemy was crossing the Potomac into Maryland at Noland's Ferry in large force, and Col. Miles at once sent the Eighty-seventh Ohio Infantry and two twelve-pound howitzers, all under command of Col. Banning, to Point of Rocks for observation. About 4 in the afternoon of the same day, the enemy, twenty-five strong, under a Lieutenant, dashed into Key's Ferry and captured a Union outpost in charge of a sergeant with six men from the First Home Brigade of Maryland Volunteers. This little affair aroused Col. Miles, as it gave him early notice that Lee's whole army was coming. Col. Banning reported the enemy crossing at many points, and on Septem-

ber 2 Miles began the examination of the ground about Harper's Ferry for his defenses. At the same time Gen. Halleck had ordered the forces under Gen. White, then at Winchester, to vacate that place and retreat to Harper's Ferry. A regiment of New York State militia, on duty at Hall Town, was relieved, to be sent home, as its term of service had expired, but could not then get through the lines. Miles sent out many reconnoitering parties on different roads leading to Winchester, Martinsburg, Shepard's Town and Williamsport. As rumors reached us from every direction that all the roads were filled with Confederates, and that the reports were partially true was proven by the fact that our telegraph lines were cut between us and Baltimore. Still greater excitement was caused on the 4th, when Col. Banning was driven back by an overwhelming force from the Point of Rocks to Berlin. At the same time the canal was cut and the water run out, to enable the enemy to cross their artillery.

White's forces from Winchester, consisting of the Thirty-ninth New York Infantry, Thirty-second Ohio, Sixtieth Ohio, Ninth Vermont, Rigby's Indiana and Pott's Ohio Batteries, First Maryland Cavalry and a battalion of Rhode Island cavalry, gave us a good increased armed force for defense. On the 5th, by an order from Gen. Halleck, via Pittsburg and Cumberland, Gen. White was sent to command the forces at Martinsburg. On this day a prisoner taken at Berlin erroneously reported that A. P. Hill's Confederate division was at Point of Rocks and Stonewall Jackson had his headquarters at Frederick. Col. Miles now brigaded his troops and placed them in position for defense. The First Brigade, Col. D'Utassey commanding, composed of the Thirty-ninth New York (Garibaldi) Regiment, One Hundred and Fifteenth New York, One Hundred and Eleventh New York and the Fifteenth Indiana Battery, were assigned to the right of the line on Bolivar Heights, facing west. The Second Brigade, Col. Trimble of the Sixtieth Ohio commanding, composed of the Sixtieth Ohio, One Hundred and Twenty-sixth New York, the Ninth Vermont and Pott's and Rigby's Batteries, were placed on the left of the line on Bolivar Heights.

The Third Brigade, Col. Ford commanding, composed of the Thirty-second Ohio Infantry, a battalion of the Potomac Home Brigade, Company F, New York Heavy Artillery; a battalion of Rhode Island cavalry and a detachment of the First Maryland

Union Cavalry. This brigade, though the smallest, was sent to hold and defend the most important point about the ferry and key to the situation, Maryland Heights.

The Fourth Brigade, under Col. Ward, was composed of the Twelfth New York State Militia Regiment, called into the United States service for three months, were stationed on Camp Hill. There were also several small organizations not connected with any brigade. Of these were the First Maryland Home Brigade, stationed at Sandy Hook; the Eighth New York Cavalry, at Harper's Ferry. These mounted troops performed outpost duty and kept Col. Miles well informed of every movement of the enemy. The sick and wounded were sent north to Gettysburg, and the stores at Frederick removed before the enemy reached that town. It will also be noticed that in the distribution of the troops Miles had not sent a man to Loudon Heights or Loudon Flats. Both places played an important part in the attack on Harper's Ferry. On the morning of the 6th the enemy made quite a demonstration against Col. Banning, the Eighty-seventh Ohio, and his two howitzers, at Berlin, and a good fight was made by him against an overwhelming force, but he was finally forced to retreat to Knoxville. The enemy was so close on them that they had to abandon hastily a limber and place a gun on a flat car to save it from capture.

At Sandy Hook Banning was re-enforced by Maunsby's Maryland Home Brigade and the limber was recaptured and brought in.

The telegraph communications to the east were now all in the hands of the enemy, and their operators used the wires to send Miles the compliments of Gen. Pope. They had captured the lines and keys, and were making good use of their instruments to jolly us in our cooped-up position. They would sign their dispatches Gen. Jackson's Army.

On Sunday, the 7th, Col. Miles made a tour of inspection in the direction of Waverton Mills. He ordered reconnaissance made by a battalion of the Eighth New York Cavalry, but they went as far as Berlin without finding the enemy. Capt. Green of the First Maryland Cavalry, with more daring than others, rode within two and one-half miles of Frederick, captured a half dozen of the enemy and brought them to the Ferry. From them Miles learned the true position of the enemy. Another detachment was sent out under Col. Voss of the Twelfth Illinois Cavalry. This regiment had a severe fight, and lost two killed and twelve wounded, but brought

in forty-five prisoners. Miles appeared very active, and began visiting the different posts and giving instructions to all the troops, and expressing himself that if each one would do his full duty we could defend the Ferry. On the 8th, Monday, Miles visited Colonel Ford, in command of Maryland Heights. He impressed upon the latter the importance of his position, but neglected entirely to have Ford construct works for defense. It may properly be held as an excuse that at that time we had not learned the art of throwing up a protection for defense, as we did during the Atlanta campaign under Sherman, and the Middle Tennessee campaign under Schofield and Thomas. If Ford had built a fort, as Burnside did at Knoxville, when McLaw's division assaulted Fort Saunders, that resulted in 1,300 dead and wounded, the enemy would have run up against the same result on Maryland Heights, and Harper's Ferry would never have surrendered. But Miles failed to urge on Ford the protection of defensive works. He may have relied on the trees that fairly covered the Heights to serve as a shelter, but as a military man he should have noticed that the guns under McGrath were of little service for the defense of the Heights, as they were on the west side of the Elk Mountains, and in their position could only be used to fire up the Potomac and over to Bolivar Heights, in Virginia. No nine-inch Columbian can be fired with accuracy or do damage to an object at such a distance.

The reports of the movement of the enemy came so thick and fast from all directions that some of the unreliable scouts, who always magnify their importance, saw the enemy crossing and camping at Snicker's Gap. The dust in the daytime and the campfires at night they had seen proved this, but their report at that time was wholly false. They also saw a column of Union troops coming up on the west side of the Shenandoah, under Siegel, 50,000 strong, from Washington. Another column was reported coming from Cumberland and Hagerstown that would surely relieve us. To ascertain the truth of any relief, General White sent out a reconnaissance from Martinsburg, and Miles sent the Eighth New York Cavalry in several directions in the Shenandoah Valley, but found neither enemy nor troops intended for our relief. Another expedition was sent to Hagerstown, in Pennsylvania, but no sign of an enemy was found in that direction. These reconnaissances proved that we could have marched out of Harper's Ferry and gone to Pennsylvania, joining the right wing of the

Army of the Potomac, providing that army would not have been defeated by Jackson and Lee together. The separation of Jackson from Lee, with twenty-six brigades, leaving Lee sixteen brigades to meet McClellan, was a weak point in the Confederate movement. The Rhode Island cavalry also made a scout to Solomon's Gap and thence to Jefferson, where they captured twenty-five prisoners. On Thursday, September 9th, our telegraph communication with the West was cut off. On the same day General White, at Martinsburg, made preparations to vacate the town, and a train of empty cars was sent to him to bring the stores to Harper's Ferry. Miles was very active, and again inspected every position on the Maryland side of the river. The rumors of the enemy's advance continued all day.

September 10th Jackson left Frederick, passed through Middleton and Boonsboro, and recrossed the Potomac at Williamsport into Virginia, where General A. P. Hill marched to Martinsburg, and Jackson and Ewell's division went to the North Mountain depot on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. On their first day's march Hill arrived within several miles northwest of Martinsburg. As soon as General White became aware of the near presence of the enemy he evacuated and retreated to Harper's Ferry. On his arrival at the Ferry he predicted that Lee would be defeated in Maryland, but that we at the Ferry would be captured. But, strangely, no thought was given for us to leave and escape capture. The enemy's movements were closely observed by our scouts and cavalry, and at one time they dashed at the Confederate column and came upon Jackson himself, who liesurely, and without thinking of danger, was marching at the head of his column. But as the Federals were only a small force they were soon driven off, and Jackson selected a more secure position in his column on the march. In the skirmish our forces had several wounded and one killed. The loss to the enemy was unknown. From the observatory on Maryland Heights the movement of Jackson could not yet be seen, and the reports of his coming received but little credence. But on the following day, the 11th, a strong force of the enemy appeared before Solomon's Gap, this being the key to Maryland Heights and to the Antietam Ford. Our pickets were re-enforced, but the enemy lost no time, and at once opened fire on our post at that gap, continuing active all day. During this time the main body of the enemy entered Pleasant Valley and made preparation

to march on Elk Mountain, of which the southern end juts on the Potomac River and is called Maryland Heights, the natural defensive position by which to hold Harper's Ferry. During the night the enemy in Pleasant Valley kept very quiet, but early next morning was active and displayed a force of three brigades on the eastern slope of Maryland Heights. They had expected quite a resistance at Solomon's Gap, but after shelling the place our pickets retired and left the enemy in possession of this important point. Later, Captain McGrath, with his nine-inch Columbians, tried to reach the gap and shell the enemy out of the position, but so far as known no projectile from his gun disturbed the Confederates in that place. After Solomon's Gap was in the hands of the enemy they advanced in force, but with great caution, to the lookout on Maryland Heights. The skirmishing had been brisk during the day, but at no time did the enemy show any great energy to force an engagement. Finally night intervened and our troops still held the Heights. Colonel Ford, the senior officer in command, doubted his ability to hold the position, but Miles promised him re-enforcements during the night. In the evening General White had arrived at the Ferry with his troops from Martinsburg. By rank he should have resumed command of the post, but he believed that as Miles held the rank of Colonel in the regular army the Government intended for him to command the defenses, and so General White proffered him his services. Colonel Miles accepted and issued an order directing that troops should obey General White on any part of the line. Early in the morning of the 13th McGrath opened his guns again in the direction of Solomon's Gap, and shelled the intervening woods, but received no response from the enemy. The Confederates, however, became very active with their infantry in Pleasant Valley. The re-enforcements to Colonel Ford were sent him, consisting of the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth New York and the Thirty-ninth New York (Gari-baldi) Regiments. The One Hundred and Twenty-sixth New York was sent to the top of the mountain, and were under fire for their first time. They went into the fight in most gallant manner, but as they became heavily engaged at once, and the Colonel was carried off the field wounded, they soon gave way, and in a slight panic ran down the hill, where McGrath's battery was in action. The other troops on the lookout with them also gave way. Several companies of the Thirty-ninth New York had

been sent in the direction of Solomon's Gap to reconnoiter. The others, with some of the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth, regained the lookout, which had not yet been taken possession of by the enemy, who, being now more encouraged, pressed forward and drove our troops from the point. This settled our fate at Harper's Ferry, for shortly afterward, without paying any attention to McGrath's guns on the side of the hill, they brought their artillery forward, and were now in position to shell any part of Harper's Ferry, Camp Hill and Bolivar Heights.

As all our troops were on the west side of Elk Mountain and the Confederates on the top of the mountain, there was no chance for us to regain the hill except by the use of McClellan's superior force and rapid movement, for he now knew every move the enemy was making to capture us. And as Jackson had marched off and used twenty-six brigades of Lee's army against us, he had but sixteen brigades to oppose him. Although Miles had urged Colonel Ford to hold the hill under all circumstances, yet it was but common sense that after the lookout was in possession of the enemy any further use of troops on that side of the river was folly. So Colonel Ford ordered McGrath's gun spiked and thrown down the hill, and retreated across the Potomac.

The enemy cared so little for the guns that at noon of the next day, the 14th, they had not been taken possession of, and the Thirty-ninth New York was sent over to bring over the brass fieldpieces, also spiked the day before, and they succeeded in regaining them without being disturbed. The troops on the Maryland Heights were the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth New York, Thirty-ninth New York, Thirty-second Ohio, the Potomac Home Brigade of Maryland Volunteers, the First Maryland Cavalry, Corliss' Company of Rhode Island Cavalry (the latter had been ordered to Bolivar Heights early in the morning), and McGrath's battery of the Fifth New York Heavy Artillery, a total force of about 3,000 men. If these had been judiciously placed they could have offered considerable resistance to the three brigades of McClellan and probably held the Heights for at least another day. But, being nearly all new troops and badly led, with rumors of being surrounded by Lee's whole army of veterans, they saw but little chance for success and only inevitable slaughter, with no fortification excepting a rifle pit of very poor construction. As soon as Ford's troops had crossed over to Harper's Ferry the outposts on the Sandy

Hook road were withdrawn to the head of the pontoon and railroad bridge, remaining there undisturbed until relieved by the Confederates on the morning of the surrender. Our losses on Maryland Heights had been about 160 killed and wounded. That of the enemy was not ascertained. Just before noon Colonel Miles visited Ford on Maryland Heights, and by personal exertion succeeded in getting some of the troops back to the lookout; but no sooner was the enemy advancing in force than they gave way again.

When Miles reached Camp Hill on his return from Maryland Heights, he found Major McIlvain preparing to open fire with two twenty-pound Parrotts. In viewing the position on the Heights from Camp Hill he noticed the troops of Ford coming down, and was surprised that Ford was leaving the Heights. He sent Lieutenant Binney, his aide, to stop the retreat, but it was to no purpose and too late. The act had been done, and soon afterward the enemy had a battery on top of the lookout, ready to use it on our troops at Camp Hill and Bolivar Heights. The vacation of the Heights by Ford did not relieve the enemy of fighting. General Slocum, who commanded the advance division in Franklin's Corps, was very anxious to regain Crumpton's and Solomon's Gap, and with the proper energy and assistance of the rest of the corps could have succeeded and captured the three brigades under McLaw.

As our troops were retreating from Sandy Hook they were followed by the enemy some distance and shelled by their artillery. As Colonel Miles had his headquarters in the lower part of the town, several of the enemy's shells reached that place. On the evening of the 13th the enemy had full possession of two out of three of the Heights that surrounded Harper's Ferry. This reduced our holdings to Camp Hill and Bolivar Heights.

After two days easy marching, General Jackson's corps reached Martinsburg on the 12th, and had quite a feast on the commissary stores left by General White. He did not lose much time, but marched at once by the several different roads for Harper's Ferry, and about 11 a. m. on the morning of the 13th came into view of our forces on Bolivar Heights. We were now completely surrounded by McLaw on Maryland Heights, Walker on Loudon Heights and Jackson's whole corps in the Shenandoah Valley at Halltown. General A. P. Hill of Jackson's corps marched his division at once in a southeasterly direction to the

Shenandoah River and pushed two six-gun batteries forward onto Bull's Mountain, a hill just south of Bolivar Heights, from which he was able to enfilade our batteries on that ridge. As soon as possible Jackson advanced in line of battle to School House Hill, into the edge of the woods, and further north on Furnace Hill placed two batteries, with General Winder's brigade, near the Sheppard's Town road to operate on Bolivar Heights.

There were four of the enemy's batteries placed in position to the south and southeast of us, with an enfilading fire on our left flank. The batteries of Ewell's division were distributed on prominent places from the Winchester pike to Furnace Hill, and ten guns went with A. P. Hill's division to the left bank of the Shenandoah. Thus we were surrounded by seventy-six guns, all in position, with a plunging fire from every side of the compass, and no protection, and but a limited amount of ammunition.

M'CLELLAN'S LOST OPPORTUNITY.

Up to the 13th Lee and Jackson had executed every part of their plan to perfection, but about noon on that day the plan and order for the capture of Harper's Ferry accidentally fell into the hands of General McClellan. The enemy's cavalry, under Stewart, had covered every movement of the Confederates, and McClellan knew only that Lee was marching in two columns, one to Hagerstown and the other to Harper's Ferry, leaving him still in doubt whether Lee intended to recross the Potomac or move into Pennsylvania. Hooker, who commanded the advance and First Corps on McClellan's right, reported it as his opinion that Lee did not intend to go to Pennsylvania. McClellan, still undecided, pushed only his cavalry forward on the Boonsboro road, and so slowly that in four days he covered, over good roads on the enemy's trail, just twenty-five miles, which showed an unusual amount of caution and fear to come up with the enemy's rear, and prevented him opening communication with Harper's Ferry. Obtaining the copy of Lee's order for the investment of Harper's Ferry was a rare piece of good luck, as it contained the exact position of each division of Lee's army, and a chance was here presented to destroy Lee's forces in detail. As McClellan was within twenty-five miles of Harper's Ferry, and the distance between Lee and Jackson's column now more than thirty-five miles, he had the best and most unique opportunity in history over an opponent. As he was within

plain hearing of the guns of McLaw on Maryland Heights and those of Walker on London Heights, he had no reason to believe that the capture of the order was a ruse by the enemy, and a resolute advance of his army would have compelled the Confederates to have abandoned Maryland Heights, and this would have placed the left wing in touch with Miles at Harper's Ferry and his whole army between the now widely-separated wings of the Confederates under Lee.

But McClellan was not the man to use his great opportunity and not a move was made until late in the afternoon on the 13th. One division (Slocum's) was pushed forward to the foot of Crumpton's Gap. Stewart's Confederate Cavalry was very active in his front and held the two passes, through Turner's and Crumpton's Gap, but no Confederate infantry was nearer than McLaw's division on Maryland Heights and the rear guards at the passes and at Boonsboro. With good roads and fine weather and a moonlight night, a march of twelve miles would have brought McClellan's army at the foot of the mountain and ready at the early dawn of the 14th to have forced the gaps and relieved Miles and destroyed Jackson and Lee.

But McClellan, with that inherent caution, waited before he made any movement until next morning. Lee knew and depended on McClellan's irresolution, and withdrew all the rest of the troops except General D. H. Hill's division and the cavalry to guard the passes. As the combat at Harper's Ferry indicated that the surrounded garrison had not yet surrendered, Lee determined to hold the passes and fight McClellan to gain time for Jackson to carry out his plans, and Longstreet was ordered back from Hagerstown, a distance of thirteen miles, to South Mountain, to support Hill. At the same time Jackson, who was now in communication by several signal stations with McLaw on Maryland Heights and Walker on Loudon Heights, made the necessary arrangements for the combination of attacks on our lines. On Bolivar Heights our line of defense was about a mile and one-half long, with the right resting on the Potomac and the left, by a short curve, on the Shenandoah.

On this open plateau, without protection, were placed the four batteries, six guns each, at proper intervals. Rigsby's Twenty-fifth Indiana Battery, on the extreme left, next Von Sehlen (our) Fifteenth Indiana, next Philipp's Illinois Battery and Pott's Ohio

Battery. In Camp Hill were Graham's New York Battery, four twenty-pound Parrotts and some brass guns of small caliber and of no service except at close quarters. Around these thirty-two guns were the numerous batteries of the Confederates. Those on Maryland Heights, nearly 800 feet over our heads, and those on Loudon Heights, about 600 feet higher than our position, and the Bull's Mountain Battery on the southern flank, about 200 feet higher than the rifle batteries, on the line of Bolivar Heights.

During the early morning on the 14th (Sunday) Jackson's signal station on School House Hill, near the Winchester pike, was very busy waving and sending messages to the enemy's station on Maryland and Loudon Heights, and about 10 a. m. a rifle battery on Loudon Heights opened fire on us. At the same time a brigade of infantry moved down to Loudon Flats. The Confederates under McLaw, on Maryland Heights, had completed a clearing on the top of the lookout and placed their guns in position to fire from that point.

A TERRIFIC ARTILLERY DUEL.

We were now anxiously awaiting General Franklin and his corps of 20,000, who had been sent to our relief, but unfortunately had not started from their camp in Pleasant Valley until the morning of that day, when they should have been at the foot of the mountain by the break of day, ready to assault McLaw's position on Maryland Heights, and doubtless would have had him and all his division prisoners by noon, instead of the condition being reversed for us.

At half-past two that afternoon every gun from the surrounding enemy was in action, and energetically replied to by every serviceable piece on our side. Firing was kept up until dark. During the afternoon a solid shot struck the limber of the second piece of our battery, killing several horses and wounding three cannoneers and shattering the limber into a thousand pieces, so that the color of the paint could not be recognized.

By this rapid firing our ammunition was getting short and, as we expected heavy work at close quarters during the night, I was sent down to the ordnance department with three wagons to get all the three-inch ammunition the teams could haul. As I reached the ordnance officer and gave him my requisition I was told that not a shot could be had, as all the ammunition obtainable

was already at Camp Hill and Bolivar Heights. I had to return empty handed, and while passing the fortifications at Camp Hill noticed a lone Sergeant of Graham's battery laboring to ram down a twenty-pound Parrott shot in a gun that was already loaded. I asked him if I should stop the vent. He had no one there to do this. He replied that he thought the shot was already at the bottom. He now unrolled the lanyard to its full length, attached the friction primer and told me to stand to the windward and see the effects of his shot on Maryland Heights. After taking good aim at McLaw's guns he pulled the lanyard, and two, instead of one shot, sailed forth to the Confederate position.

Whether any damage was done to the enemy is doubtful, but when the smoke cleared away I noticed the Sergeant on his haunches trying to raise himself and saying: "What do you think of that, orderly? Didn't I send them rebels a good one?" At the same time I noticed that the recoil of the gun had been so heavy that it broke the trail of the gun.

I left the Sergeant with his broken gun and reported the fruitless result of my mission to our now astonished Captain. He at once ordered a slow fire, and soon after sent me to Camp Hill and Bolivar to hunt for more ammunition. I made a thorough search, but found that other batteries had been around on a similar mission, with no better results.

As night was coming on, I stopped to get a little lunch at the home of a German family, and tied my horse to the hitching rail outside. I had my baggage, consisting of underwear and blouse, in my saddle-bags and saddle-straps. After enjoying my lunch I stepped out of the house to mount my horse, and, to my great surprise, found him gone. I walked to the camp, reported the matter to the Captain and received another horse; but next morning, when General Jackson rode into our lines, some one in his escort was mounted on my little horse, with my baggage untouched. I approached the rider and asked him how he came in possession of my mount.

On looking for my horse on that moonlight night I noticed the head of the column of Colonel Davis' mounted brigade on their way, cutting themselves out of this trapped position. They passed on to the Ferry, then to the Kennedy farm, and from there to Sharpsburg. The Kennedy farm was rented by John Brown in 1859 and used by him as the base of supplies for his

twenty-two negroes and white men. General Jackson had first intended sending a flag of truce and have all the non-combatant citizens removed, if we refused to surrender. But with Slocum's guns against McLaw on Maryland Heights he dispensed with the formality and ordered the batteries to open on us from all points. Jackson had great faith in the precaution of McClellan, and believed that the artillery sounds were only the result of a cavalry affair, little dreaming that McClellan could ever become active. Jackson sent Lee a message to ask General D. H. Hill, then fighting at South Mountain, to protect his rear. If he had had the slightest suspicion of McClellan's advance he no doubt would have ordered an assault on our lines that afternoon, and forced a surrender that evening, which would at once have enabled him to join Lee on the northern bank of the Potomac.

Our natural position on Bolivar Heights was a strong one, and could not have been assaulted from the west. Jackson therefore preferred that Walker and McLaw should bombard our rear, expecting this to force our surrender, knowing that we would soon be out of ammunition. The enemy became encouraged and advanced to the edge of the woods, where they found cover by means of trees and broken ground, driving our skirmishers towards us, and before nightfall had possession of a line to our left and right flank, giving them an artillery fire down the Potomac. Reaching the pontoon and railroad bridge at the Ferry, Jones' Confederate division was also pushed forward. The slackening of our fire on account of the shortage of ammunition had made the enemy believe that we had suffered injury to our guns. Although exposed from all sides, the Confederate artillery had done us practically no damage, save the explosion of our limber and a solid shot through our blacksmith shop (the forge), which scattered the horseshoes and scared one of the farriers who was resting under the shop. No attempt was made to assault our lines that day, and everything was quiet in our front from sundown until about 9 p. m., when on our left a division of infantry began to move across the Shenandoah to get to our rear. Ten pieces of the enemy's artillery had already been on the Loudon Flats early in the afternoon, and at a distance of 900 yards, in action on our left. But as the Confederates were crossing in force the situation became serious for the infantry that held that part of our line. They had seen the cavalry getting away, and the officers got together and insisted since the artillery was out of

ammunition that their Colonels should see Miles and permit them to follow the mounted troops, claiming that instead of being relieved by McClellan the latter's artillery fire had been farther in the distance at the close of the day's fighting than in the morning. At midnight our officers went to Miles, but received no encouragement, except that we must stay and fight and hold Harper's Ferry, this being his orders from Washington. The enemy evidently appeared to be satisfied with the day's operations, as they believed that their artillery shelling us from every part of the compass had done great damage and demoralized our new troops. Their guns, from the lofty crest of Maryland Heights, as also the batteries from Loudon Heights, reached every part of our line on Bolivar Heights, and the pieces on Bull's Mountain had a raking flank fire on us, while six batteries had a front fire, with only four field batteries of the Union line to oppose them. Yet not a single gun was injured or made unserviceable, not a cannoneer was killed, and only three wounded by the limber explosion in our battery as previously described.

Our expert marksmanship told a different story. As Walker's Confederate batteries were not reaching their mark, a Lieutenant tried to point a gun himself, and a shot from Sergeant Kuntz's gun of our battery, sighted by Corporal Stiefel, cost that Lieutenant his life, the shell completely ripping him to pieces. The Southern artillery was never equal to ours, but the cavalry in the early part of the war was justly claimed to be superior to the Union horse. It may also be stated that our raw troops, of which most of the garrison was composed, stood the shelling by the enemy's batteries like veterans, and at no time were they panic-stricken, and if the artillery had ceased firing and an assault been made over open ground, where they could see the enemy, they, too, would have given return blows before giving way, as many bloody and sanguinary fields bore testimony thereafter.

The greatest injury that we received was done by ourselves in replying to the enemy's guns and spending our ammunition almost to the last round before an assault was made. The direct assault, no doubt, would have been repulsed, but when A. P. Hill, on the morning of the 15th, appeared on Loudon Flats with a whole division, and several batteries on our left, within 400 yards of our rear, then the intelligent soldier, from a private in the ranks to the highest officer in command, knew that the "jig was up" and the loss of another life meant nothing short of murder.

The only position from which the enemy could have an enfilading fire against the right of our line was from Sugarloaf Mountain (Port Duncan), just in the bend of the Potomac north of Bolivar Heights. Captain Von Sehlen, fearing that a battery would be located there, rode to Miles' headquarters and reported his observation. He received an order to place four of his guns on the northern end of Bolivar Heights, where he had good protection from all the rest of the enemy's artillery, except from two batteries on his flank on Furnace Hill. The right and left sections were, in accordance with that order, taken to that position. With them were the Captain and his two First Lieutenants, and the Austrian Lieutenant of the Garibaldi Guards was left in charge of the center section, in a greatly exposed position, on Bolivar Heights. This was a mistake of the Captain, as he should have left his first section there and with the other two sections gone to the new position.

We had a full day's experience with field artillery at long range and, according to histories published of wars before and since our Civil War, proved that artillery does but little damage at long distance. But this did not deter Captain Von Sehlen from using the last few rounds in our limber to shell a supposed battery on Sugarloaf Mountain. Subsequent reports show that the Confederates had no battery there. Miles was quite correct in abandoning Maryland Heights and forming his line of battle on Bolivar Heights, provided he had thrown up some breastworks and traverses against Loudon Heights and Loudon Flats. But the trouble was that Jackson had about 25,000 infantry for assault, all veterans flushed by victories on every field. They had fought since the beginning of the war, while we had thousands who had never been in battle, intelligent and brave, but discouraged beyond endurance by the defeat of every engagement in the East, and with Generals in command who were intriguing against each other.

McClellan had the Lee and Jackson plans at noon on the 13th, as is evidenced by his message to Lincoln at that hour, when he telegraphed him that he had caught the enemy in their own trap and would use them up, providing his men were equal to the emergency. He certainly had no time to lose, and should have advanced his whole army and had them on top of South Mountain and Franklin Corps around McLaw's forces on Maryland Heights before the sunset of that day. But only a part of the corps passed the Catoclin Mountain during the day and night of the 13th, and on the 14th he

leisurely followed with the rest of the army, and he himself did not leave Frederick until 2 p. m., and then left for the front, twelve miles away. This showed that the fault was not with his men, but that he himself was not equal to the emergency.

There is no doubt, although never admitted, that Jackson learned during the night that if he did not capture us early in the morning, some one in the Army of the Potomac might force a corps around McLaw and open a way for us to get out, for at early daylight, before any object could be distinguished, and our whole army at the Ferry was still veiled by a heavy fog, he had every one of his guns in position, opened fire on our line and kept it up for fully two hours.

During the night I had gone to the northern end of Bolivar Heights with Von Sehlen and his four guns. After selecting a covered place for the caissons and reporting the position to the Captain, I remained with him for a time until the firing in our rear on top of Bolivar Heights became most terrific. I rode up to the Captain, saluted him and asked permission to go back to the other two guns left in charge of the Austrian Lieutenant on Bolivar Heights. The permission was granted, and I rode off through shot and shell that now swept the open plateau on the east of Bolivar Heights. Every gun of the enemy appeared in action, and every part of our position was unsafe.

After riding about a mile through this iron hail, I reached the section, but to my astonishment found it abandoned. I looked around for the cannoneers and soon found some of them sheltered in a deep gully. I asked the Sergeant and Corporal: "How is this? Why are you not with your guns and replying to the enemy's fire?" "Well," said one of the men, "when we were up by the guns and were exposed to the fire from all sides, the Lieutenant that the Captain put over us said, 'Mein Gott in Himmel! Run boys! Come, get away from here!' And so we just left and sought protection.' By that time the enemy had ceased most of their firing, and I at once sized up the situation, and asked them to join me and we would open fire on the rebels.

I soon had the required number to man one gun, and we went up the hill and opened fire. Our aim was directed on School House Hill, near the Winchester pike. Joel Smith, a lead driver of gun No. 3, left his team in the gully and came forward voluntarily to act as No. 3, to stop the vent. Not having a thumb stall, he

pulled the sleeve of his blouse forward to protect his thumb, which after the first shot had already been burned.

No sooner had we begun firing than every battery and gun of the enemy renewed their action, and the roar of artillery was most terrific. Colonel Miles, expecting an assault by the infantry, during the brief interval of quiet, called the brigade commanders together. Two batteries and a large part of a division of infantry of the enemy had advanced to our left and rear just across the Shenandoah, and not a single shot had been heard for our relief from McClellan's 100,000 on the Maryland side. As the firing in that direction the evening before had apparently receded instead of coming nearer, and as the ammunition was exhausted, the brigade commanders unanimously decided it was absolutely useless to try and defend the post longer, and determined on surrender.

Up to this time the infantry, as usual in case of bombardment, held closely to the trenches, and were by no means panic-stricken, as has been stated by some misinformed historians, but waiting for the charge and under complete control of the officers. The trenches were not strong, only ordinary rifle pits, with no head logs for protection, and, to my knowledge and observation, not a man left his place in the line. That they would have repelled an assault, the same as we did at Franklin in 1864 is my firm belief, but the positive conviction of the brigade commanders that McClellan was not coming to our relief, caused our superiors to agree to surrender.

With this decision reached, General White was sent to make terms with the enemy. Colonel Miles walked up to where I had shortly before taken charge of the gun and was still firing, and, addressing me, said: "Orderly, cease firing. We will have to surrender." The gun was loaded, and Corporal Johnson gave the order to fire, and, turning to Miles, said: "General, don't let us surrender to these rebels. Let us fight them." Miles replied: "It's no use, as we cannot be relieved (pointing over to Maryland) by our friends." John Gimber pulled the lanyard, and a final shot was sent to the enemy on School House Hill. Von Sehlen had previously stopped firing. Miles waved the white handkerchief. At this the enemy's line gave vent to one of the most piercing rebel yells I ever heard, but their guns kept up their firing. We remained standing by our guns. Colonel Miles walked to our left about fifty yards, Lieutenant Binney, his aide, being the only person with him. A piece of shell

fired by a battery across the Shenandoah, at our left and rear and close to us, struck the Colonel in the leg. The wound proved mortal. He died on the second day thereafter.

As soon as General White reached the top of Bolivar Heights, where the Winchester road crosses, he was joined by a staff officer from General Jackson and soon after by General A. P. Hill of the Confederate Army. The three then rode down to where Jackson was on his horse, at School House Hill. As the enemy's battery had not ceased firing, they probably had not noticed the white handkerchief through the still overhanging fog. Jackson, not more than 800 yards away, sent forward his corps color bearer, who rode toward us, on Winchester pike, turning into Bolivar Heights, swinging his flag at their own artillery and asking us to hoist the white emblem of surrender.

Corporal Johnson called out: "See here, sir, you are off of your beat. If you desire a white flag hoisted you will have to do it yourself." A cook of the One Hundred and Eleventh New York, who was standing near, went back to his quarters and brought out either a piece of tent or a sheet, and, climbing up the lone tree near us, tied the emblem of surrender to a branch, where it spread to the wind.

Captain Von Sehlen now brought up his guns from the right of Bolivar Heights, but in changing position two of his caissons tumbled down the hill.

The enemy did not permit us to wait long, but sent a detail of men and marched off with the guns, putting an infantry guard over us, which was not done to any of the other field batteries. They brought one of their field batteries (twelve-pound Napoleon guns) close to us. The horses were well cared for, but the harness was of cotton or hemp rope. No cannoneer was permitted to ride, and no baggage carried on the footboard, so they told us. Their cannoneers certainly were not schooled as we were in the handling of guns.

With the infantry brigade that had now arrived came a German music band, organized in Richmond, which quartered itself across the road and opposite to us. They had hardly squatted down when some one shouted, "Here comes the General!" and, looking up, we saw Jackson, with his great slouch hat, big boots and much-worn gray uniform, leading a cavalcade at full gallop. The band stood at attention, playing while he passed. Emmory Mattlock, a member of our battery, always full of dry humor, remarked within my hear-

ing: "Boys—he ain't much for looks, but if we had him we wouldn't be in this fix."

Jackson passed on to Camp Hill. Later I was sent down there and found, as previously related, the horse that had been stolen from me the night before, now ridden by one of Jackson's officers, but I never learned how he procured the animal. About 2 p. m. the guard was withdrawn. In accordance with the terms of surrender a muster roll had to be made of each company. This kept the officers busy until about 5 p. m., when they gathered at Camp Hill to meet such Confederate officers as were present in a sort of love feast. Our officers went there, and the men fraternized with each other, as if they were brothers who had not met for years; and, strange as it may seem, not an unkind word passed between the conquerors and the vanquished.

The Confederates did not lose much time with us, although we were mixed together, and met as long-lost friends as soon as we were within hearing of each other. But they took leave of us and marched back from whence they came by way of the Winchester pike to Shepardstown and Williamsport road, over the Potomac to Antietam, where McClellan was waiting to attack them as soon as they were all there, for he had failed to destroy the sixteen brigades while the twenty-six brigades were around with us, but it was shown that neither Lee nor Jackson was a Frederick the Great, a Napoleon, a Blucher, a Moltke, a Grant, Sherman, or a Sheridan; for if either had been any of those they would not have marched back to Antietam, but with at least twenty-one brigades would have crossed the Potomac at the Point of Rocks and fallen on McClellan's rear and base of supplies, then at Frederick, Md., and placed themselves between McClellan's army, with Baltimore and Washington at their mercy. But this country was not to be divided; hence Lee and Jackson did not grasp the opportunity, with less risk against McClellan than at Antietam.

Part of Walker's and A. P. Hill's divisions marched all day and night on the 15th to get back to Maryland to help Lee.

Harper's Ferry would have been relieved if General Franklin had shown a little more energy to get to us with his corps; but it is due to General Slocum, one of his division commanders, that he alone showed any energy on the morning of September 15 to help us. Franklin intended to wait until the fog had disappeared, and therefore did not move. The cause of the surrender was not the fault of

Miles and his men, but the authorities in Washington, and General McClellan, then commanding the Army of the Potomac, nearly 100,000 strong. It is due to McClellan that before he left Washington he recommended the withdrawal of Miles from Harper's Ferry to Hagerstown, or to Maryland Heights, then to destroy the pontoon bridges across the Potomac, and hold out to the last; but Washington authorities did not concur in this suggestion, and simply relied on McClellan's activity to relieve Miles, and sent instructions to the latter to hold Harper's Ferry. One of the amusing incidents at Harper's Ferry surrender was a New York State militia regiment, wherein each member carried his pet cat. The Confederates permitted them to carry their pets home, but retained their fine Springfield rifles for further use on their side of the cause.

FORM OF PAROLE AT HARPER'S FERRY.

As soon as the officers of the opposing army completed their greetings and telling of experiences during the fight, a call was made upon General L. O'B. Branch of the Confederate Army, to ascertain what the form of parole would be for the captured forces. It was learned that duplicate muster rolls were to be required; that the regiments and batteries were to be drawn up as for muster, the roll called and the men to answer to their names. Then a form of the parole was to be read to them, and the men, raising their right hands, were to promise not to serve against the so-called Confederacy, unless regularly exchanged, the officers to sign individual paroles. The rolls of the regiments and batteries were at once prepared, and about 6 p. m. word was sent to General Branch that D'Utassey's brigade was ready, and for him to come over and parole them as he had promised to do. General Branch came over, and the first regiment to be paroled was the Thirty-ninth New York. The regiment was drawn up in column by companies. Colonel D'Utassey. Colonel Seguire of the One Hundred and Eleventh New York and a Mr. Kent, correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, who acted as private secretary to Colonel D'Utassey, and Lieutenant Chas. G. Bacon, Adjutant General, were present. When General Branch was handed the muster roll of the first company, turning to Colonel D'Utassey, he remarked: I suppose, Colonel, you understand this parole as I do, viz, that you and your men are not to go into any camp of instruction or drill, until such a time as you may be exchanged?" Colonel D'Utassey became excited and

exclaimed: "No, sir; I do nothing of the kind. Such an understanding would not be correct. Suppose my Government would use this paroled force against the Indians in the Northwest, who are, like you, in a state of insurrection. Would you, sir, consider that a violation of this parole?" "Well," said General Branch, "I do not think I would." "Then, sir," said D'Utassey, "in the present state of our forces, here surrendered, some of whom are green troops, it might be necessary to place them in a camp of instruction. I must therefore decline to accept the parole for my men, on the condition now imposed by you, which was not intended at the time of our surrender."

The articles of capitulation were drawn up upon the decision of Colonel D'Utassey, but General Branch refused to parole any of the troops until he could see General A. P. Hill. After waiting for over three hours, General Hill sent notice that he sustained General Branch in his view of the parole. Colonel D'Utassey said that he would rather go to Richmond than take such a parole. But all is fair in war, and so Colonel D'Utassey ordered his brigade to be ready to march out next morning, early on the 16th. It appeared to us that the enemy was very busy and wanted to get rid of us as quickly as possible, and by 6 a. m. the brigade was in motion for the pontoon bridge. The muster rolls of the brigade were given to General Hill at his headquarters and a pass asked for D'Utassey's troops to march out. General Hill asked whether the brigade had been paroled. An affirmative answer was given. Hill wrote the pass and we crossed the river. On the other side stood a guard, who ordered the men who had kept their ramrods to deposit them in a pile close by the bridge.

Our drivers and cannoneers had packed their small arms (revolvers, etc.) in their knapsacks, and were not disturbed. The officers had also brought out a full complement of horses, covering the U. S. branded on their side, by a blanket. Some of these officers got into serious trouble over the horses later. Whether the other brigades had given General Branch the slip, as we had, I never learned. Every flag in the brigade had been taken from the staff and carried out in the officers' baggage wagon.

We did not have to march very far until we reached the Confederate outpost. A fine, good looking young man of the Confederate cavalry performed the duty. Not more than 300 yards from him stood the Federal vidette, an old man who had seen serv-

ice in Mexico and on the plains as well as in the regular cavalry. We felt relieved when once more under Stars and Stripes and that day marched to Knoxville, where we stopped over night. We continued our march the next day through Frederick, and halted long enough to examine all the places that had become historic by the presence of Generals Lee, Jackson and Longstreet, but heard nothing of Barbara Fritchie, the originator of that story not having then materialized.

We marched by easy stages to Annapolis, where we were placed in a camp of paroled prisoners, remaining there for several days. Then we received transportation for Baltimore, where we remained one day and were then sent by the Pennsylvania Central to Chicago, *en route* to New Ulm, Minnesota, to fight the Indians.

RECOMMENDATIONS OF COLONEL MILES ON HIS DEATHBED.

AND A PRISONER OF WAR.

Colonel Miles, on his deathbed, mentioned the following as deserving great credit during the fight: "Brigadier General White was everywhere when the danger was greatest, giving orders on the left of our line, which was the most exposed. Major J. H. McIlvain, chief of artillery, deserves much credit for his cool manner and skill in placing the batteries. Captain McGrath, Company F, and Captain J. H. Graham, Company A, Fifth New York Heavy Artillery, deserve great credit for the way they handled their guns on Camp Hill and Maryland Heights. First Lieutenant Sam A. Barras of the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth New York is highly praised for rallying the regiment on Maryland Heights after Colonel Sherrill was wounded. Orderly Sergeant Fred'k W. Fout, of Von Sehlen's battery, and a sergeant of Captain Graham's battery, are deserving of promotion. The batteries of Rigsby, Phillips, Potts and Von Sehlen, for their courage displayed on Bolivar Heights, deserve great praise for holding their position against tremendous odds."

Just before his death Colonel Miles remarked: "I have done my duty, and as an old soldier am willing to die." This was a fit ending to the long years of service he had given to his country, and he only regretted that he was unable to live to do full justice to those who had been so closely connected with him for their bravery in carrying out his orders. He could not understand why the Government had been so slow in sending him assistance, when the au-

thorities at Washington knew that he was surrounded by 40,000 of the enemy for five and a half days.

At 4:30 p. m. on Tuesday, the 16th, he passed away, his staff officers being with him. His death came easily, without a struggle. General Hill promised everything as to transportation of the body, but his mind was so occupied with our parole and for the relief of Lee, that he did nothing. By the exertions of Major McIlvain, Binney and Reynolds, on the 19th the body was transported to Frederick, thence to Sweet Air, and buried.

Although high officials, in order to shield themselves, have denounced his surrender as disgraceful, yet those with him who knew the facts will remember Colonel Miles as a patriot and a hero, who gave his life for his country and the cause he defended, and can testify that not a traitorous hair grew on his head.

The responsibility for his surrender lies entirely upon the shoulders of others.

NUMBER OF GUNS USED IN THE DEFENSE OF HARPER'S FERRY
AND TURNED OVER TO THE ENEMY.

24-pounder howitzers.....	6
20-pounder Parrotts.....	4
12-pounder guns.....	6
6-pounder smooth guns.....	6
12-pounder light howitzers.....	2
3-inch rifled pieces.....	10
3-inch rifled James.....	6

The following guns were spiked:

10-inch Dahlgrens.....	2
50-pounder Parrotts	1
12-pounder light howitzers.....	2
12-pounder guns.....	2
Total.....	47

CHAPTER XIV.

AS PRISONERS OF WAR.

On our way to Chicago, as we passed through that part of Indiana that was the home of many of the battery boys, some slipped off to pay a visit to their folks and the girls they had left behind them. But nearly all reported in a few days, at Camp Douglas, where we quartered, preparatory to being sent to Minnesota to subdue the Indians. No sooner had we been made comfortable than a swarm of Chicago newspaper reporters sought interviews with each of the men who cared to talk. The *Chicago Times*, at that time a disloyal and pro-British sheet, printed the most treasonable articles that were ever permitted during the war, and tried to infuse the idea into the men that their officers had absolutely no control over them; that they could do as they pleased, and were at liberty to go home; that the Indian insurrection was in sympathy with the rebellion, and if we went to Minnesota we were violating our paroles.

Such tirades appeared daily in the Democratic press of the country, now that President Lincoln had issued the emancipation proclamation, but the good discipline of our men was so deeply rooted that few of them paid any attention to these disloyal advisers. As soon as the Indian uprising had been put down and our services in Minnesota no longer needed, the men were furloughed for thirty days in squads, and returning, generally brought some few recruits with them. This continued during October and November.

Others who had been on furlough and desired to work were given permission to go down to the lumber district of Chicago and help unload lumber, thereby earning some extra money. On the 1st of October Captain Von Sehlen was ordered to report to Washington before the Court of Inquiry reviewing the surrender of Harper's Ferry.

Lieutenant Torr was in command of the battery in Camp Douglas, and Lieutenants Harvey and Schlarb with him. I received a leave of absence and went at once to Indianapolis. The second day after my arrival I met by accident, on the street, General Lazarus Noble, then Adjutant General of Indiana. We were well acquainted, and, saluting him, he said: "Orderly, please come to my office to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock." I called, as requested, and after some questions about Harper's Ferry fight he read to me Colonel Miles' death-bed recommendation and asked me to tell him all about my reopening the fire and about the Austrian Lieutenant from the Garibaldi Guards. I gave him a true and straight story. He asked me to wait a few minutes, and shortly returned with my commission as Second Lieutenant in the Fifteenth Indiana Battery, to date from the resignation of Lieutenant Mueller, in August. He told me where to go and be mustered. I lost no time calling on Lieutenant Morris, the then muster-in officer at Indianapolis, and promptly became an officer. I called again on General Noble and thanked him. Taking his pen knife, he cut the chevrons of an orderly sergeant from my sleeves, and suggested that I now buy a fine uniform, that of a Second Lieutenant. The position I had well earned, but as I had spent every spare dollar early in the year recruiting the battery, I had no money to buy the uniform. I met an old friend, Dr. Espey of Palestine. I told him of my good luck, but also of my poverty, and, thanks to him, he handed me thirty dollars, to pay it back when I could. With this money I started off to get the uniform in a ready-made clothing store. The dealer had no trouble to fit me, and all of my friends claimed it was most becoming. I at once wrote the Lieutenant in command of the battery, at Chicago, of what had happened. Captain Von Sehlen, on his return, appeared to have been greatly surprised, but was unable to change what had been done. My being commissioned put a stop to future traffic in Lieutenant commissions. I was credibly informed that several promises were still out, but they could not be fulfilled. However, soon after we went into the field, a fight was made on Lieutenant Schlarb, which was both unjust and disgraceful.

To give no cause for complaint, I returned to the battery long before my furlough as orderly sergeant had expired and remained in camp until about November 15, when a furlough as Second Lieuten-

ant was given me. After the expiration of this leave I was ordered to recruit. The records will show that I brought more recruits to the battery in that one month than Lieutenant Harvey sent forward in the whole eleven months of 1863. I reported to the battery in December. Just then the battle of Fredericksburg had been fought and the press, both Republican and Democratic, pounced upon Lincoln for having placed an incompetent General at the head of the Army of the Potomac. The *Chicago Times* declared the Union was now dissolved and the Confederacy a fixed fact. But while the tirade was still going on Rosecrans, at Stone River, gained a single victory in a three-days' fight over Bragg and caused him to evacuate Murfreesboro.

As the emancipation proclamation had gone into effect, many soldiers were encouraged by their Southern sympathizing friends to desert, and for about two months the list of deserters in the Union Army was greater than before or after. As an excuse they claimed that now it was only a war to free the slaves and not for the Union. But drastic measures by the Government soon put an end to the practice, and those who had been led astray returned under the amnesty proclamation of the President.

In December our exchange was perfected, and the Eastern troops captured at Harper's Ferry were sent to the Army of the Potomac, while those from Indiana and Illinois received orders to go to Camp Butler, at Springfield, Illinois. I now received transportation, with a sergeant, to go after some absentees. A few of our men who had grown tired of waiting had joined the Sixteenth Illinois Cavalry, under Colonel Capron, then in camp at Peoria. I was sent there with Sergeant Crawford. On the way our train met with an accident that came nearly making an end of our future usefulness. The track had been washed out, and the whole train, except the rear car, went in the ditch. We found our men, but Colonel Capron did not want to give them up, claiming that we would easily fill their places with others.

The old veteran was so agreeable about it that I left the men and returned to Chicago. As I found the battery no longer there I followed on to Springfield, and on my arrival I found that the battery had been ordered to Indianapolis to be remounted. Camp Butler was some distance from Springfield, but, at the time of our visit was the dirtiest camp we had seen up to that date. On reaching Indianapolis I found the men of the battery in fine quar-

ters, at Camp Morton. We soon had a new outfit of guns and horses and were once again ready for the field. The commander of Camp Morton was an aide-de-camp on the staff of Governor Morton, with the rank of Major in the Indiana State Militia. Being in the United States service, we did not recognize his authority. All the batteries from Indiana were independent, but the Major had been helping to organize certain batteries still in that camp, and therefore assumed an authority over us.

Finally this matter came to focus by our refusing to appear on dress parade with the other batteries. He sent his adjutant to put us all under arrest, demanding our swords. These we refused to give up, and one evening, after supper, the Major called. He was greeted and offered some hot punch, made himself very agreeable and remained with us for over an hour. Finally he broached the subject of our arrest. The Captain and Lieutenant Torr had been expecting this and were prepared with their arguments, which completely convinced the Major that he had no authority over us. For the sake of the discipline of the other batteries, he asked that, as a courtesy, we should appear in dress parade while at Camp Morton. This was done, and the matter ended satisfactorily. During the fine weather in February and the early part of March we again resumed battery maneuvers and gun drill, and of the six batteries in camp it was common talk that our maneuvers were letter perfect.

As a divertimento, the men off duty enjoyed themselves at the expense of a trim young officer who was sporting a new moustache, and often a chorus of voices would call on him to "take those mice out of his mouth, and "No use saying they are not there, for we see their tails hanging out." Others with great beards would be urged to come out of that bunch of hair. We know you are in there; we see your ears a-working," etc., etc. In this way the soldiers had their fun with the dandies and none escaped pranks and jokes. The camp rang with laughter, fun and frolic, and these brave fighters behaved like school boys, little thinking of the hardships on the march and in the field awaiting them, and soon to be endured and shared by each.

On the 22nd of February our battery of six guns was called on to fire the salute, it being Washington's birthday. At noon we fired 101 rounds at the State House yard, in about four and one-half minutes, but in the evening, at dress parade, the Major

had a large party of ladies to see all the batteries salute. The first thirty rounds were fired for the Union of States, the second for the State of Indiana, the third for the Governor of Indiana, and the fourth for the ladies of Indiana.

After the fourth round a driver named Lanning jumped out of the line on a stump in our front, and at the top of his voice shouted: "Now, boys, let's fire one round for the pie-women of Indianapolis." Lanning immediately jumped back into the ranks, but the adjutant came and wanted to know who it was made that remark, and insisted that we arrest him; but of course none knew the party. As soon as the dress parade was dismissed the boys had a hearty laugh over the occurrence, believing that the "pie-women" were as much entitled to a salute as any others in the Union, for they were regular in their attendance to supply the boys with the national delicatessen, and it is claimed that several made quite a little fortune out of their "home bakeries" during the Civil War.

CHAPTER XV.—MARCH, 1863.

GENERAL BURNSIDE ASSUMES COMMAND OF THE DEPARTMENT OF THE OHIO.—THE NINTH CORPS ARRIVES AT COVINGTON.—THE FIFTEENTH INDIANA BATTERY LEAVES FOR THE FIELD AGAIN AND IS ORDERED TO REPORT TO BURNSIDE.

After our muster for pay on the 1st of March the paymaster put in an appearance, and once more we were flushed with money, and the first few days many a dollar went to buy such nick-nacks as the Government did not furnish. I bought myself a nice young horse, but it was totally unfit for the service as a saddle horse; also a fine outfit of saddle and bridle. We passed time in camp with the usual duty of drill and battery maneuvers until the 15th, when orders reached us to at once proceed to Cincinnati and report to General Burnside, who shortly before had been placed in command of the Department of the Ohio, including the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Kentucky, with such parts of Tennessee as he might occupy east of the Cumberland Mountains.

On reaching Cincinnati the Captain at once reported our arrival at department headquarters, and without unhitching we were ordered into camp at Covington, Kentucky, where we found a part of the Ninth Army Corps, which had just arrived from the East, in camp. Lieutenant Harvey and Corporal Zahm had remained at Indianapolis on recruiting duties.

On the 3rd of March Congress had passed an enrollment act to enroll all the able-bodied men between 20 and 45 years of age in each Congressional District, subject to draft, under charge of a provost marshal, having the rank of Captain. Those not having families were to be called first, and those claiming exemption on account of physical defects were examined by a board of three, of which the local provost marshal was chairman, and one a medical man. Substitutes would be accepted, or a payment of three hundred dollars would be taken, in place of personal service. That sum

was thought sufficient to secure a voluntary recruit by the Government. The effect of the law was to fix a market price for substitutes.

The provisions for drafting were wise and were admirably carried out by the chief marshal and administered with patience and honesty. There was no ground for complaint, but in New York hostile authorities provoked a collision between the mob and national authorities on account of the exemption and substitutes; but as new regiments were still received, the benefit the draft could have made by filling up the old organizations was lost. The public looked upon the draft as a disgrace, and great efforts were made to escape it, resulting in extra bounties being paid by counties and towns, and very few men were actually put in the ranks by the draft. This created the crime of bounty jumping, one equaled only by the repeaters at election. With sublime cheek the former now come forward with claims for pensions, and I have met some in the '90s who acknowledged having deserted no less than three times, for no other purpose than to get bounty, and one man confessed, while a convict in the New York State prison at Albany, that he had jumped the bounty thirty-two times. There were other reasons why the draft should have been enforced, but especially a political one. The volunteering of the patriotic young men to the field gave an undue power at home to the dissatisfied opponents of the National Government. This lasted until the State laws allowed the soldier to vote in the field. This was never given to the Indiana soldier, but in many other States the soldier vote was certified to in the field and sent home. The nature of the draft was only a make-shift to cure the mischief that had been done by calling into service new regiments, instead of filling up the old. During the nine months that Lieutenant Harvey was on recruiting service he enlisted twenty-two men. Nine came to the battery, but the other thirteen deserted as soon as they had their bounty, and then sold their uniforms to a species of low characters who dealt in clothing. These would sell the clothing to army contractors, who would buy them for one-third of their value. The State of Indiana paid, for every recruit mustered, seven dollars expense money to the officer on recruiting duty. This gave additional encouragement to enlist bounty-jumpers, and the men enlisted under this arrangement in the State of Indiana would not have formed a brigade.

Permission was also given to recruit from prisoners in Camp Morton, but, fortunately, not one of them ever reached our battery, while two other batteries, then in process of organization, were filled up with them.

We were comfortably fixed in our quarters at Covington, when one evening, early in April, orders came for our battery to proceed to Paris, Kentucky, that section of the State being open to incursions of the Confederates whenever they felt like it. It was by that route that open communication was kept up from sympathizing friends in the North with friends all over the Confederacy, and, as Burnside had not come to the West merely to command and administrate the department, but to suppress the rebellion and its sympathizers and just as soon as he took in the situation he determined to put a stop to this communication and the traffic in contraband goods. Of these quinine and percussion caps formed the principal part.

As Lincoln still had faith in General Burnside, even after his failure at Fredericksburg, he permitted him to bring his old corps, the Ninth, to the West, and issued an order for the other troops then doing duty in Kentucky to be organized into the Twenty-third Corps. With this little army Burnside was to carry out Lincoln's long-cherished idea and hope to reach East Tennessee by way of Lexington, Camp Nelson and Cumberland Gap, while Rosecrans was allowed to carry out his plan, so ably supported by the Corps commanders of the Army of the Cumberland.

In the new Twenty-third Army Corps were many regiments of East Tennesseans who had refugeed and enlisted in the United States service. In the other part of the corps were recent organizations from Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, and some few Kentucky regiments. General Parke, Burnside's former chief of staff, was placed in command of the Ninth Corps; General Harsuff, a former brigade commander in the Ninth Corps, and an officer in the regular army, received the command of the Twenty-third Corps; General Cox, who had commanded the Ninth Corps at Antietam, had been promoted for meritorious service to a Major General, but in the Congress just closed the United States Senate had failed to confirm him, was placed in command of the District of Ohio. He was one of the ablest of volunteer Generals during the entire Civil War, and had been previously sent to Columbus to supervise the draft; and General Wilcox, another division commander of the Ninth

Corps, was given command in the District of Indiana, with General Boyle remaining in command of the District of Kentucky.

At the time of Burnside's arrival Cincinnati was in a curious political and social condition. The raid of Bragg and Kirby Smith had made it a center for Southern sympathizers. The fact that the Confederate Army, in the second year of the war, had occupied the hills that skirted the Ohio River, had revived the hopes and confidence of those that wished success to the Southern Cause, and seemed to have been stimulated to personal activity. Situated as Cincinnati was, there were a considerable number of influential business men of Southern families who had trade connection with the South and personal alliances by marriage, forming a broad basis of sympathy for the Southern independency, and making a large element of the community. The other citizens were ardently and intensely loyal. The sympathizing and disloyal were bitter, and not always restrained by their prudence. Many Southern women that had refugeeed from the theater of active war (among these Mrs. Semes and daughter, wife of Admiral Semes) were very open in their defiance of the Government, and carried on a notoriously large and active contraband mail. Such conditions made a deep impression on General Burnside when he took command of the Department of the Ohio. General Boyle, who was a Kentuckian, had been in command of the department before Burnside, and had struggled against these irregularities, but without avail, and it had come to be looked upon as impossible to stop it, or even to restrain the evil in this half-civil, half-military government of the Kentucky District. After his arrival, Burnside, being convinced of this wide-spread activity of the disloyal elements, issued the famous "General Orders, No. 38," which gave a fair idea of these hostile influences, since every class named therein was numerously represented.

The text of the order is as follows:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF THE OHIO, }
CINCINNATI, OHIO, April 13, 1863. }

General Orders, No. 38.

The Commanding General publishes, for the information of all concerned, that hereafter all persons found within our lines who commit acts for the benefit of the enemies of our Country, will be tried as spies or traitors, and, if convicted, will suffer death. This order includes the following class of persons: Carriers of secret

mails; writers of letters sent by secret mails; secret recruiting officers within the lines; persons who have entered into an agreement to pass our lines for the purpose of joining the enemy; persons found concealed within our lines, belonging to the service of the enemy; and in fact all persons found improperly within our lines who could give private information to the enemy, and all persons within our lines who harbor, protect, conceal, feed, clothe, or in any way aid the enemies of our Country. The habit of declaring sympathy for the enemy will not be allowed in this department. Persons committing such offences will be at once arrested, with a view to being tried as above stated, or sent beyond our lines into the lines of their friends. It must be distinctly understood that treason, expressed or implied, will not be tolerated in this department. All officers and soldiers are strictly charged with the execution of this order.

By command of Major-General Burnside.

LEWIS RICHMOND, *Assistant Adjutant General.*

By these means the Confederate authorities had constant communication with their friends and sympathizers in the Northern States. Many of those that carried on the trade and contraband traffic between the States represented themselves as spies, and no doubt were such, for each side in turn, but there were probably many who were honestly and fanatically devoted to the cause of the South. Of these the women were the most troublesome, and practiced upon the forbearance of the Federal officers to the last degree. Although spies and informers received but little encouragement at headquarters, and were looked upon with contempt, in aggravated cases examples were made, and some few were punished, and a few women sent through the lines to their Southern friends.

We were now again on the march, and soon reached Paris, Ky., the garden spot of the world, with all that this statement implies. There our battery was divided, three guns being placed on the Winchester pike and three remaining on Mount Sterling and Maysville pike. For about two weeks we lay in position, when one evening we were ordered into camp, overlooking the bridge in the town. Nearly all the infantry had been ordered away. We had little time to drill and maneuver, but now since the battery was together again, we turned out every morning

and paraded through the town to our drill grounds. In the town lived a Major Buford, a retired artillery officer of the United States Army, with seven daughters. The Major had noticed our fine military appearance and was now anxious to see us drill. First he came alone, on horseback, without letting us know who he was, but critically viewed every movement of the battery. Next day he came again, alone, but on the third day brought two of his daughters, on saddle horses, out with him. A few days later it had become the fad of the young Blue Grass beauties to ride out and see us maneuver, which generally would open with a salute of six rounds for our lady visitors. This visit became so interesting that some of the ladies, not supplied with saddle horses, would mount the ammunition chests and remain on them during the flying execution of a movement.

Captain Von Sehlen, after he had recommended Lieutenant Schlarb for promotion, discovered that he did not have the military aptness required of an artillery officer, and now wanted to get rid of him. This Schlarb knew and felt. Hence the two were decidedly unfriendly. One morning, as we reached the drill grounds, a number of ladies being seated on the limber chests and caissons, the Captain gave the order: "Forward into line on right piece! Gallop—march!" All the guns moved as if by a clock. The signal for "Left about" was given, and "Commence firing on the right!" All followed in quick succession. The firing of the pieces was carried out, as ordered, but the third piece was fired off quicker than the ramrod could be withdrawn, which, passing through the hand of No. 1, lacerated one of his fingers, knocking the cannoneer down. This gave Schlarb a good chance to even up with the Captain. He rode to him, thinking the cannoneer killed, and told him that he would hold him responsible. Schlarb was at once ordered under arrest and sent to camp. Owing to our own particular instructions, no one could come in front of the muzzle during the loading of the gun, and thus No. 1 escaped with comparatively slight injury to his finger. If we had followed the regular tactics No. 1 would have been ripped in two, and while other batteries have lost by accident, we never had another during the whole of our service. Our maneuvers continued and our audience of beauties was always present, until the beginning of May, when we were called on to do a most disagreeable duty, for which we had never enlisted, and which came nearly demoralizing us, although we obeyed the orders.

One morning, just as we were about to go on our usual drill, the Captain received an order from the post commander to furnish mounted men, armed and equipped, with an officer, to report to one Captain Reed, who held a commission similar to that of Mosby in the Confederate Army, but had no men except one Lieutenant. These were to go to the country to hunt rebel deserters and bushwackers. Reed was a native of Paris, but loyalty had made him many deadly enemies. Our Captain took the first trip, but was disgusted with the duty. On his return Lieutenant Torr went out on the next raid. They had gone over a great deal of country, but had not encountered a single Confederate. Torr was also disgusted with the duties, and as it was my turn next, it seems that we were about sure to catch the spy. He was a young man, of a prominent Southern family, who was reported to have come to pay a visit to his sweetheart, a Miss Talbot. John Throckmorton, a nephew of General Burrbridge, went with us. He knew the country and people. We went to the Talbot plantation, Reed and his Lieutenant with us. On our arrival the young lady came to the door, and was so sweet, agreeable and obliging in her answers, that she promptly disarmed all our suspicion and asked us, fourteen all together, if she could not serve us with something to eat. We accepted, and the negro servants were set to work to prepare a meal. Reed asked the young lady about her love affairs with the young Kentuckian, whom we heard was paying her a visit. But she just laughed and jollied all of us out of any suspicion. The meal was soon prepared, and I had seven to eat and seven to stand guard to prevent a surprise. All were anxious to eat, but I would not permit it until the first seven had finished the meal and then exchanged places. I remarked to John Throckmorton, "Isn't she lovely?" "Yes," he answered, "entirely too lovely to be true. You don't know the arts of these Kentucky women, that they employ to deceive. I believe that man we are hunting is at a near neighbor's, and she just dished up, to detain us so he can escape."

Captain Reed soon joined us, and he thought like Throckmorton, and concluded to make a call upon all the neighbors. We rode away from our hostess, who was all smiles and politeness, inviting us to be sure and call again, if we ever passed that way. Leisurely, but with eyes wide open, we left the place for the next plantation, about three-quarters of a mile distant. We surrounded the place, asked the negroes and looked the premises over. Just as John

Throckmorton and myself cast a glance back at the Talbot farm, we saw the young man leave the Talbot house and dash for a thick brush nearby. There was only one fence between us and the Talbot mansion; so we, as quick as lightning, were over the fence and through the fields for the Talbot homestead. We called the lady out, and some went to the brush. They found the place where the horse had been hid, but horse and rider were now gone. Miss Talbot would give us no facts, but one of the colored servants who had waited on us told us that the young man had been hidden in the large fireplace while we were in the house and eating our meal. Captain Reed now read to her "Order No. 38," under which she was arrested. John Throckmorton asked her to have the family carriage hitched and have her coachman drive her to town, as it was now getting dark. She asked us if we, Throckmorton and myself, would not accompany her in the carriage, but our sympathy for her prevented our acceptance of the generous offer. The distance we had to make was about ten miles, on the Mount Sterling road, and it was nearly ten o'clock when we reached Paris, with our fair prisoner, where she was locked in jail.

At the time General Burnside issued "Order No. 38" he organized a military commission, of which General Potter, one of his division commanders, became president. He was a brother of Clarkson M. Potter, a Democratic member of Congress, after the war, and a son of the Episcopal Bishop Potter of Pennsylvania. The character of the whole court was high in intelligence and standing, and before this court the young lady was arraigned and convicted, to be sent through the lines. During her imprisonment she was treated with the greatest kindness and consideration. I have often regretted that I was ever detailed to perform such a disagreeable duty, as one of my objects in enlisting in the artillery was to meet the enemy in open battle, and I believe that Captain Von Sehlen, Lieutenant Torr and every man detailed for such duties with Captain Reed were equally disgusted,

What became of either our prisoner or her escaped lover I never have learned, but presume they met again, were married, and "lived happily together ever after."

ORDER NO. 38 AND VALLANDINGHAM.

About the same time that these petty arrests were made, Vallandigham, who had been a representative in Congress from the

Dayton, Ohio, District, denounced "Order No. 38" and General Burnside, who, he claimed, had issued the order wholly on his own responsibility. This, of course, was not true. The year before the President had proclaimed against the treasonable practice in very emphatic terms; that the aiders and abettors of the rebellion, and persons that discouraged voluntary enlistment, resisting drafts, or guilty of any disloyal practice, by giving aid and comfort to the enemy of the United States, shall be subjected to martial law, and liable to trial and punishment by court-martial or military commission.

Burnside, therefore, was carrying out in his department the purpose of the administration. General Wright, who had commanded the Department of the Ohio, had been obliged to put a stop to the treasonable editorials and publications of military information that would be of benefit to the enemy. The same had also been done about that time by General Sherman (when he was in command at Memphis) to the editors of the *Memphis Appeal*. Burnside, therefore, carried out the administration views by issuing such an order. Vallandigham, with his extreme views of Mr. Lincoln and the war, advocated peace at any price.

Although he was not a Secessionist, he would have prevented secession by yielding to every demand that the Southern States could have made. This made him oppose every effort to suppress the rebellion, believing that the war was unconstitutional, on the part of the National Government. He believed that if the Southern people were let alone a reconstruction of the Union could be effected by yielding to the slavery faction, and that the interest of the Western States was with the South. He was a Northern man, with Southern principle, and had a violent temper of personal hatred and opposition to the leaders of the party in power at the North. In his denunciation he was most extreme, and his expressions wholly unbridled. He claimed that he was within the limits of constitutional opposition, because he refused to encourage armed resistance to the Government. In the early part of May he made a speech at Mount Vernon, Ohio, denouncing the Lincoln administration, and also attacked "Order No. 38" and Burnside.

As it happened, a Captain of volunteers was there, on leave of absence from the army in the field, who took down the speech in shorthand. Other reputable witnesses corroborated the report, charging the administration with design to erect a despotic form of

Government, and refusing to restore the Union when it could be done, and that the war was carried on for the simple purpose of liberating the slaves, and declaring that the Provost Marshals for the Congressional Districts were intended to destroy the liberties of the people; that courts-martial were usurping power and trying citizens contrary to law; that he would never submit to the orders of a military dictator, such as Burnside, and his subordinates, and that if the party in power would be allowed to accomplish its object, the people would be deprived of their liberty and a monarchy established. Such were his expressions, and they were supplemented by the disgraceful action of trampling under his feet a copy of "Order No. 38."

As soon as Burnside learned the truth, he promptly accepted a challenge to test the order, and ordered the arrest of Vallandigham. Without consulting with any one, he sent his own aide-de-camp, with a guard, to make the arrest at Dayton. Burnside's reason for prompt action was that he did not want to meet failure or be baffled in the arrest, to give Vallandigham a chance to raise a mob, which there would have been had the purpose of General Burnside become known in advance.

Early on the morning of May 5 the prisoner was taken in charge and brought to Cincinnati, to the Burnett House, where he breakfasted, and was then taken to the military prison connected with the barracks, for the troops in the city. On the same day he was brought before the military commission, of which General Potter was president, on charges of publicly expressing sympathy with those in arms against the Government and uttering disloyal sentiments and opinions, with the intention and purpose of weakening the power of the Government in its efforts to suppress the rebellion.

After Vallandigham had consulted with a number of lawyers, among them George E. Pugh, he adopted the course of protesting against the jurisdiction of the court, and against the authority of his arrest, claiming that he was not amenable to military authority, and that his speech did not constitute an offense against the Constitution and laws. At the trial his counsel failed to appear, and so Mr. Vallandigham cross-examined the witnesses himself, calling on some to testify for him. He tried to prove that he had not advised any forcible resistance to the Government, but had urged his hearers to defeat the party in power at the polls. The commission thought he intended to arouse an outbreak of sympathy for the

armed enemies of the country. The trial ended on the 7th of May, but on account of a *habeas corpus* proceedings the judgment was not promulgated until the 16th, when the court found that the prisoner was guilty, as charged, and the sentence was close confinement at Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, during the continuance of the war.

The proceedings of the writ of *habeas corpus* were set for the 11th of May and ably argued by the District Attorney, for General Burnside. The decision was given by Judge Leavitt, refusing the writ, on the ground that civil war being in the land, and Ohio being under the military command of General Burnside, by the appointment of the President, the acts and offenses described in "General Order No. 38" were cognizable by the military commission. But three days later the President commuted the sentence, by directing that Vallandigham be sent, under a secure guard, to the headquarters of General Rosecrans, to be forwarded by him beyond our military line. That in case of his return within our line, he be arrested and confined for the term specified in the sentence. Under these instructions he reached the Confederate lines. The Southern officials treated him kindly, and though they did not acknowledge that he was one of themselves, facilities were given him for running the blockade to reach Canada. There he placed himself in communication with the Democratic Convention, and during that year received the nomination for the Governorship of Ohio.

This case caused considerable embarrassment to the Government, but Mr. Lincoln showed his shrewd and practical judgment in dealing with Vallandigham so that it finally resulted to the political advantage of the national cause. Sending Vallandigham across the line deprived him of the personal sympathy which would have been aroused had he been confined at Fort Warren, and he could now only be considered as one of the enemies of the country, from which the cautious treatment of the Confederates could not relieve him, even by helping him on his way to Canada, though they regarded him as a friend, and expected that he would prove considerable trouble, at that place, to the National Government.

When certain politicians asked the President to rescind the sentence, he made it a condition that Vallandigham should make certain declarations of support to the National Government in a vigorous prosecution of the war. This was done for him by Mr. McDonald of Indiana, then the nominee for Governor of that State. The conditions exacted were a fine piece of policy on the part of Mr.

Lincoln, as they relieved him of the sting and accusation of tyranny and oppression, but it placed Burnside in an unfortunate position. When Vallandigham was arrested, the Secretary of War telegraphed his approval, saying to Burnside: "In your determination to support the Government, and to suppress treason in your department, you can count on the firm support of the President." But a little later Burnside suppressed the *Chicago Times* for similar utterances, on the request of Senator Trumbull, backed by prominent citizens of Chicago. The President directed Burnside to revoke "Order No. 38." This he did by issuing "Order No. 91." Secretary Stanton also wrote him not to arrest civilians, until he had first conferred with the War Department. These instructions should have been sent to Burnside when he first took command of the Department of the Ohio, and not until outside political pressure had thus forced him to contradict his own well-defined policy. It put Burnside in a bad light, and he promptly declined any further responsibility for such affairs in his department.

FURTHER RAIDS.

During the month of May we made several raids in the neighborhood, under Captain Reed and Lieutenant Pettit, but no more arrests were made. On one of these excursions I was ordered to search the house of a planter where the men were not at home. While the rest of the squad, some ten men, stood guard outside, that no one could pass or repass, the Captain sent me in, with three men, to find a rebel deserter, a son who had come home, either to pay a visit or to take the oath of allegiance. With drawn revolvers, we made our duty known and told the lady what we were looking for. Having searched in the cellar without result, she showed us through the first floor of the mansion, then to the next, and finally the third floor. Here was a closet to which she said she had no key, but on her honor as a lady there was nothing in it but a lot of tobacco; but on her repeated assurances that there was nothing in the closet, in the shape of a human being, I accepted her word for it. After withdrawing from the house, and reporting that nothing had been found we rode away. The Corporal with me reported to the Captain, the incident of the closet, together with the assurance given by the mistress. I was promptly reprimanded, but I reminded the officer that I had enlisted for the artillery, and such duties as searching for fugitives belonged to Captain Reed and his Lieutenant.

Nothing further was said about this affair until, an hour later, we reached the Armstrong plantation, which was deserted, not a soul was in the house, and all the doors were open and closets unlocked. We carefully examined the premises, and as it was about noon, having been in the saddle all morning, we were hungry. We found the smoke-house well supplied, as was also the wine cellar, but for bread found only a few corncakes. One of the men looked through the cellar and found a lot of empty fruit jars, also one that seemed to have something in it and was sealed up with wax. The jar was brought up and opened, and, to our great surprise, it contained a silk Confederate flag. A thorough search was made for other contraband goods, but none were found. We feasted the best we could on the wine, bacon and corncakes, and, without seeing any one or disturbing anything, left the place. On our return we passed the other mansion I had searched but failed to get into the upper closet, and now found the neighbors had all gathered there for a party, and were present in large numbers. The fugitive that we had wanted had not been in the house that morning, but the closet contained a large number of letters from friends and relatives in the Confederate Army. The owner had taken the key with him, but after we passed there the Confederate warrior had come home and joined the party in merry-making, as they now felt sure that he would not be disturbed.

About seven miles from Paris, on the Mount Sterling pike, there lived a Mr. Sandusky, who owned a large farm near what is now Irvington, a suburb of Indianapolis. His son was in the Confederate Army, and he, as a native Hoosier, made us feel at home. As soon as he knew from whence we came, and whose children we were, every time we called he had his slaves, who had remained with him, attend to our wants. Nothing was too good for us, not even his best and oldest bourbon, of which nearly every planter then had a generous supply. In fact, we were his friends, and he was our friend, as much as friendship could make it. The elder Sandusky never tired telling of the early settling of Indianapolis, of which he was one of the first families that had settled in the woods on White River, in the early '20s. On one of our calls, one of the negroes repeated the remarks of a near neighbor, a Mrs. Lea, whose men folks (several sons) were also in the Confederate Army, that she would not treat the Yankees with Kentucky courtesy, although they were the sons of former neighbors, as the Sanduskys were do-

ing. This irritated the officers in command of the post (Colonel Pierce of the Twenty-ninth Massachusetts) so he ordered me to go to the Lea plantation, one of the finest in the State, and bring in as much corn as I could get teams to haul.

I set out, and reached the farm about 2 p. m. The lady and her daughter were the only occupants, excepting some house slaves that were at home. I told my mission to the lady and asked how many teams she could arrange for. She said none, as she had none. I told her that was strange, but promptly detailed five men to look for them, and they soon brought mules and oxen to fit out four wagons. These were loaded by the numerous slaves that now swarmed around the mansion. I asked her that, as it would be late before we returned, whether she would not get us some supper. This she reluctantly did.

We had our supper, and I offered to pay for it, but she declined to accept. We drove to town with the corn. Mrs. Lea accepted my receipt, which she was at liberty to present to the Quartermaster and get pay, providing she or her husband proved their loyalty.

As Mrs. Lea was still wagging her tongue about the Indiana Yankees, Colonel Pierce one afternoon called for thirty horses and saddles. On these he mounted his men and rode to the Lea mansion. As he rode up to the front portico Mrs. Lea and her daughter appeared. The Colonel notified her that he had come to stay all night, expected supper for his men and quarters in the house. She could select a room for herself and family, and he desired the rest to test her true Kentucky hospitality. He further stated that he did not come on account of her sons being in the Confederate Army; but as she had complained of Indiana Yankees, he would make her acquainted with some of the real dreaded Massachusetts Yankees.

That Mrs. Lea was horrified can be imagined, but the servants were set to work, and Mrs. Lea and family retired, and Colonel Pierce, who had lost an arm at Fair Oaks, had charge of the house. Next morning, after breakfast, they all left, but before Colonel Pierce departed he gave Mrs. Lea and her daughters a lecture, cautioning them not to make another visit necessary, and she took the hint. It was afterwards that she complimented the Massachusetts soldiers for their gentlemanly behavior, while quartered in her house. She found nothing disturbed nor anything taken, but Colonel Pierce's harsh language she ascribed to the loss of his right arm in the conflict.

The Government, as well as the people and soldiers, had seen

the operation of "Order No. 38" for a month, and its opposition and results made General Burnside disgusted, so that when he arranged to start for the field, about June 1st, he became indifferent as to how it was carried out. Although Captain Reed had a special commission issued to him, on account of this order to my knowledge he never overstepped his instruction, at least while we were with him, and at no time did the men under him commit any overt act against citizens on account of their relatives being in the Confederate Army. Reed's object was to break up the contraband mail between the Confederates and their friends in the North. So well and systematically was this arranged that during the early part of June a Confederate Captain, whose home was within a mile of Paris, Ky., rode up one Sunday afternoon to his gate, picked up the mail deposited under the cap-stone of the gate post, and rode away before the alarm was given. No one had suspected that a stone pillar would serve as a mail depository for the Confederates, but such was the truth. Not a horse was taken by Reed's men from over-loyal Confederates. Although his men were not in uniform, he always carried his authority with him, while Mosby's victims were loyal Virginians, and for their own protection. Nearly all the horse-thieves in the Confederacy joined him. It is claimed they were very active when even a sutler's train was in sight; but when Mosby was called on for the actual fighters, which was seldom and far between, General Lee tells us that he was only able to bring a few to the front. They were, however, very active to waylay and kill small parties from ambush, and executed all the forms of guerilla warfare, while on the Union side nothing of the kind was ever encouraged.

About the time Burnside reached Cincinnati, General John Pegram, of the Confederate Army, had entered Kentucky from East Tennessee with some 2,000 mounted troops, and reached Danville, Ky., on the 23rd of March. He spread the report that he was the advance of a large force of all armies, intending a serious invasion of the State.

This caused a considerable disturbance in the Department of Ohio. The troops stationed at Danville retreated to the northern side of the Kentucky River at Hickman's Bridge. Brigadier General Quincy A. Gilmore was in command of the district in Central Kentucky, and soon concentrated a sufficient force to resume the offensive against Pegram. Re-enforcements reached Gilmore from all

parts of Kentucky, and as Pegram had entered Kentucky for beef, cattle, horses and mules, he was soon pushed by Gilmore, who recaptured a large part of the cattle and horses he had collected and overtook the principal column at Somerset, thoroughly routing him and driving him beyond the Cumberland River.

The weather during the month of March was pleasant and springlike. In the early part of that month General Wright had written to Halleck that the enemy would probably invade Kentucky, if Rosecrans did not resume the aggressive against Bragg in Tennessee. In Halleck's letter of instruction to General Burnside, as the latter was leaving Washington to relieve General Wright, a plan of advance into East Tennessee, in connection with Rosecrans' movement toward Chattanooga, had been outlined. Halleck acknowledged that the supply of an army in East Tennessee by wagon was improbable, and pointed out to Burnside the number and size of the garrisons he was to leave in the rear, and, bending everything on the object of having a strong army for active service against the enemy in the field, he recommended building block-houses to protect the railroad bridges in his rear, but gave no positive instructions for General Burnside to obtain a definite object, which leads us to believe that Halleck did not intend the organization of a separate army in the Department of the Ohio. But Burnside was acting on an understanding with President Lincoln, who ardently wished to send a column for the relief of the loyal people in East Tennessee, and was beginning to doubt whether Rosecrans' army would ever be able to accomplish that object. The uneasiness at Washington over the action of the Army of the Cumberland was becoming acute, and Lincoln hoped that Burnside, with his great energy would make the movement. In this hope Burnside had been sent West, and the Ninth, his corps, with him. As the question of transportation was an important one, the President had requested Congress to pass an act to construct a railroad, after Burnside's advance from Danville, Kentucky, to Knoxville, Tennessee, but no appropriation to build it had been made, as the scheme was not considered practical through such a difficult country as the Cumberland Mountains, which could only be satisfactorily made when the country was at peace. The only thing to do was to push Rosecrans to Chattanooga and beyond, and with the Tennessee Valley held by our troops, with a new base of supplies at Chattanooga, the holding of East Tennessee by a column from

Kentucky would be comparatively easy. Without this, all efforts as to holding Knoxville and the Halston Valley were visionary. It would be an easy matter to get there, but the trouble would be to remain. When Burnside started to organize his little army for a march over the mountains, he surprised the Quartermaster by his large requisition for mules and wagons, and ordered able engineers to survey the proposed railroad for actual construction, the pay for which the Quartermaster afterwards declined to honor. As soon as Halleck learned that Burnside had organized the troops, exclusive of the Ninth Corps, into the Twenty-third Corps, he objected to this, but the President directed it to be done, and General Hartsuff was appointed to command it. At the beginning of May the latter was sent to General Rosecrans to arrange for an aggressive campaign. As Hartsuff had served with Rosecrans, on the latter's staff in West Virginia, he was the fit person to negotiate the arrangements.

But Rosecrans was not ready, and called on his principal officer for advice. The result was that Rosecrans suggested that the Ninth Corps be sent down to Glasgow, near the Tennessee line, and the Twenty-third Corps remain scattered in Kentucky. But Burnside intended to take the field with both corps, which he had organized under the name of Army of the Ohio, assuring Rosecrans that in case the two armies came together he would waive his older rank, and serve under Rosecrans while they should remain in Tennessee. This was about the 15th of May, and Burnside once more sent a staff officer to Rosecrans to try and arrange a common plan of operation.

The Washington authorities had learned that Bragg had sent 10,000 re-enforcements to Johnston, with which the latter was to relieve Pemberton at Vicksburg. They became urgent for Rosecrans and Burnside to make a forward movement, as that would be the best way to protect the rear from the intending raids of the Confederate mounted troops, as also to crush their now diminished opponents.

Burnside hastened his preparation for the movement, and substituted pack mules for the want of wagons, and his detachments were concentrated. He asked for the Third Division (Getty's) of the Ninth Army Corps, which was still with the Army of the Potomac, to be sent to him, and on June 1 he was ready, and in person left for the front. He arrived at Lexington on June 3, to start the

movement into East Tennessee, but there an order reached him from Washington to send at once 8,000 men to re-enforce General Grant at Vicksburg. As soon as the troops were no longer needed at Vicksburg they were to be returned to Kentucky, but the order for sending the troops was imperative, and Burnside never hesitated to obey it. The two divisions of the Ninth Corps were immediately turned back to the Ohio River and ordered to be shipped at once, by steamboats, to General Grant.

Burnside had requested to go with his men, but was informed that duties in his department were so important that he could not be spared from them. Major General Parke was sent in command of the corps. Burnside and his staff returned to Cincinnati, as this was just at the time when he was directed to recall his "Order No. 38" and stop suppressing disloyal newspapers and to cease arresting civilians. His duties were not to his liking, but he enjoyed the confidence of the President and Secretary Stanton, for they were not pleased by Halleck having taken the Ninth Corps from Burnside, but as Rosecrans was making no effort to advance on Bragg to prevent the latter sending re-enforcements to General Joseph E. Johnston, Halleck saw no other alternative to help Grant than by sending the Ninth Corps to his relief.

Every effort was made to urge Rosecrans to active service, but the latter always found a plausible excuse for delay. His leading Generals, he claimed, were adverse to a movement at that time. Then he wanted more cavalry, but Halleck had no cavalry to give him. He wanted his commission antedated, so he would outrank Grant, Burnside and others. Finally he claimed that he was waiting for Burnside to be ready, on the 4th of June. He notified Burnside that his army was moving, and wanted the Army of the Ohio to come up as quickly as possible, but he had sent no notice to Washington of his moving and no advance had been made, and no indication of any purpose to make one. On the 3rd of June Halleck notified Rosecrans that if he did not advance and hurt the enemy, the latter would soon hurt him. This was followed by Halleck ordering the Ninth Corps to Grant, and the rest of the troops in Kentucky, to remain on the defensive.

Rosecrans' inaction had led the Confederates to send two divisions of infantry, with artillery, and one division of cavalry, to re-enforce Johnston. If Rosecrans had marched, General Bragg could not have sent any troops away, and Bragg would have been beaten

before he was able to reach the Tennessee River, and without Longstreet to help Bragg, but it was the same inaction of Meade, after the battle of Gettysburg, that enabled Longstreet to be with Bragg at Chickamauga, and if Rosecrans could have gained a most probable victory over Bragg, the same as Grant did at Vicksburg, the war would probably have ended a year sooner.

It has often been related by Confederates, when they were asked why they kept up the fight, after Vicksburg and Gettysburg, that their hopes were revived by their success at Chickamauga.

Bragg's army, before he sent any troops to Johnston, numbered 37,000 infantry, 3,000 artillery and 15,000 cavalry—total, 55,000 men of all arms. Ten thousand were sent to Johnston. This left Bragg 45,000 men. Garfield claims that Rosecrans had a force at the same time of 82,700 men of all arms, with 3,000 more on the way, but required 15,000 for the posts and garrisons in his rear. In drawing his balance he shows that Rosecrans had 65,000 against Bragg's 41,500. Garfield was about the only General with Rosecrans that urged an aggressive movement, and claimed that delay would give the enemy time to have his detachment returned. With no hope for further increase for Rosecrans' army during the rest of the season, he also urged on Rosecrans military and civil reasons for active movements, believing that he would be successful, and that the authorities in Washington, as also the people, had a right to expect the army to try it. On the 11th of June Rosecrans sent to Halleck the opinion of his corps and division commanders, which was against an early advance, but on the 16th Halleck asked Rosecrans whether he would make an immediate forward movement. Rosecrans answered that if it meant as soon as all were ready, yes. He evidently had received a plain intimation that if he did not move, action in Washington would be taken to relieve him.

We now know that the advice of Garfield had great weight with Rosecrans, as to the feasibility to turn the enemy's flank, which he adopted and carried out to final success, and which gave Rosecrans a claim as a great military strategist. General Rosecrans had already disappointed the administration, before the battle of Stone River, at the time he succeeded Buell, and when Bragg was retreating to the Tennessee River. A vigorous pursuit was expected and a reoccupation of the country held by us in the early summer. This was necessary to prevent foreign intervention, then trembling in the balance, to let Europe know that we had not lost what had

been gained from our advance from Donaldson. For this reason the Washington authorities had chosen Rosecrans to supersede Buell, believing that his character was better adapted than the slow but more solid qualities of Thomas, the second in command of the Army of the Cumberland of that time. Halleck soon reminded him that he had given the decisive advice to the President, when the question as to who was to succeed Buell was being considered. But when the Army of the Cumberland was again at Nashville, Rosecrans made urgent demands for the means to reorganize the same.

He wanted his cavalry force increased and armed with repeating arms of the most approved pattern, and horses for a select corps of mounted infantry, which would take months before his army would be in condition to resume the campaign. While Rosecrans spent his energy to supply his wants, Bragg stopped his flight and retraced his steps until he reached the vicinity of Murfreesboro, Tennessee. In early December Rosecrans was notified that the administration was disappointed and dissatisfied, and that unless he would at once make a forward movement another change in the commanders would be made. To this Rosecrans paid no attention. Halleck gave his reason and claimed the demand for activity was a reasonable one, and added that his appointment had been made because it was believed that he would move more rapidly than Buell.

After a great effort to furnish Rosecrans with all that he desired in arms, equipment and horses, he moved on Bragg, at Stone's River, where, during three days, an indecisive engagement was being fought, but the retreat of the Confederates made it a victory for the Union Army. The Army of the Cumberland, after this battle, was not in a condition to resume active operations at once, the troops requiring rest and re-enforcements.

Congratulations and thanks for officers and men from the Government and a grateful people came in abundance, and promotions were given in profusion to encourage an aggressive campaign, with as little delay as possible, and sufficient supplies and means were promptly furnished to carry it out. Rosecrans had at the close of January a force of 65,000 men, while Bragg's army numbered at the same time 40,400 men. By the 1st of March Rosecrans showed the national forces to be 80,000, the enemy's force numbering 43,600. Bragg's army now increased rapidly and by the 1st of June numbered 57,000 men of all arms, and Rosecrans counted his force

to be 84,000. The enemy had a larger force of mounted troops, but was much weaker in infantry than the National Army. The latter was the decisive arm in battle. With such odds in favor of Rosecrans the Government at Washington insisted on an aggressive campaign. As the weather was favorable, the movement should have begun on the 1st of March, just about the time when the Confederates were sending Pegram into Kentucky and Wheeler to Fort Donaldson. They were also active on the flank and rear of Rosecrans. At the same time Van Dorn captured a brigade at Spring Hill, and Forrest, within eight miles of Nashville, and at Brentwood Hills, captured Colonel Bloodgood with 800 men. Rosecrans mounted a brigade of infantry on mules, under Colonel Streight, and sent them south to cut the railroad in the rear of Bragg's army. It did not get off until the end of April, and the whole command was captured near Rome, Ga. During all of this time the Army of the Cumberland lay still near Murfreesboro, and the commander complained that he was not getting his share of the supplies, while rifles, carbines, revolvers and horses reached him daily. His readiness seemed to be as far off as ever, and there was nothing to urge him to action, not even the inducement of a promotion to be a Major General in the regular army; but he rather scorned the hint, as if it had been an insult, as he called it the "auction of an honor." Halleck, however, reminded him that he himself had asked for promotions on account of services rendered while in West Virginia, and he answered this by his grievances that he had not been promoted, as requested, and had failed to get his commission antedated, by which he would have outranked Grant, Buell and Burnside.

Every effort having failed to move him to action, Grant was compelled to take his chances, with part of Bragg's army under Johnston in his rear, or the Government must send him re-enforcements from Burnside, which could easily be spared at that time, so by good judgment they sent him the Ninth Army Corps, instead of reducing the Army of the Cumberland, for the latter should have been in active service when the National forces in Virginia and Mississippi were drawing the attention of the enemy by their forward movement.

Although Burnside had but few troops at his disposal on his arrival from the East, the administration gave him such a force that at the end of May he had an army of nearly 40,000 men for duty in his whole department, including the four great States, Ohio,

Illinois, Indiana and Michigan; also the eastern half of Kentucky. The several camps of prisoners north of the Ohio River required a garrison of about 8,000 men. This left him 30,000 south of the Ohio River. He expected his active column to number 25,000; this left him 5,000 to cover his communication. The advance had begun when he was ordered to suspend it, as related, by sending the Ninth Corps to General Grant.

The Confederates had placed General Simon B. Buckner, of Fort Donaldson fame, in command at Knoxville, to oppose him, and on May 31 had about 17,000 men of all arms present for duty. He was very accurately informed about our movements and numbers, as he counted on Burnside's army to be about 20,000 men, and believed himself able to deal with that number, as the passes in the mountains were few and not easy to cross, he being on the interior line, which was much in his favor, and as Bragg was in position between the Armies of the Ohio and Cumberland, they intended to concentrate against Burnside and crush him, before a decisive action would take place. This was the weak point of the two independent armies, in their attempt to co-operate.

If Rosecrans had only opened his campaign early in March, all the troops in Kentucky would have been ordered to him, instead of being organized into a separate army. The President had not intended to create the Army of the Ohio, under Burnside, until Rosecrans made a conspicuous and continued failure to move.

CHAPTER XVI.—JUNE, 1863.

A SHORT CAMPAIGN.—THE NINTH CORPS ORDERED TO VICKSBURG.
 COLONEL SAUNDERS' RAID TO KNOXVILLE.—GENERAL WHITE'S
 RAID ON EASTERN KENTUCKY AND SOUTHWESTERN VIRGINIA.
 COLONEL KAUTZ' RAID TO MONTICELLO, KY.—THE FIFTEENTH
 INDIANA BATTERY AT LEXINGTON.

In Cincinnati, General Burnside and his staff cut quite a swath in society. The young men were of fine appearance, well educated and social lions. On the evening before they left for the field a public reception was given them, and a special train held until it was over. They appeared at the affair in the fine regulation uniform of cavalry boots, booted and spurred, with trim, round riding jackets, and with every eye in the gathering upon them. They bade their fair friends farewell and went on their way to Lexington that night, but on their arrival there, the order to send the Ninth Army Corps to Grant spoiled the campaign, and before another week they returned to Cincinnati, disgusted at their bad luck, and to make things more discomfoting, their lady friends poked fun at the boys on account of their early return and the quick termination of their brilliant campaign, all of which they had to grin at and bear; but they were a good-natured lot and stood the chaffing very well, and were as much amused as were their fair friends.

Burnside not being able to lead a solid column into East Tennessee, at that time, he organized two expeditions, and were commanded, one under Brigadier General Julius White, into Southwestern Virginia, where a number of deserters and skulkers from the Confederate Army had formed themselves into guerrilla bands (cut-throats and thieves), that preyed upon the Union people in that section.

On General White's advance they were forced back upon the Confederate Army, and the Union people relieved. The other expe-

dition, under Colonel W. P. Saunders, a graduate of West Point, but now Colonel of the Fifth Kentucky Cavalry, was one of the boldest, longest and most successful raids during the Civil War, and kept the enemy busy and destroyed considerable military stores and railroad bridges important to the enemy. And this raid served as a preliminary reconnaissance through the Cumberland Mountains into East Tennessee.

With a picked force, consisting of 400 men of Colonel Byrd's First Tennessee Union Regiment, and 400 of the Forty-fifth Ohio Mounted Infantry, two hundred of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois Mounted Infantry, 150 of the Seventh Ohio Cavalry, 150 of the Second Ohio Cavalry, and 100 of the First Kentucky Cavalry, he started from Mount Vernon, Kentucky, on the 14th day of June, and passed the neighborhood of Huntsville, Scott County, and Montgomery, Morgan County, leaving Loudon and Kingston in succession to his right, and at Lenoirs made quite a capture, and reached Knoxville at daylight of the 20th.

The Confederate General, Simon Bolivar Buckner, was in command of the enemy's army in East Tennessee. He was sent to concentrate a force at Clinton with which to capture Saunders. Great preparations were made to repel Saunders, as it was believed the latter would assault the town of Knoxville, and capture it. But Saunders stated afterwards that he had no such intention, as he could not have held the place if captured, and only made the demonstration to have the Confederate troops brought from above. His attack was on the Confederate battery, on Summit Hill, southwest of the town and overlooking the depot. His own guns (only two) were posted on elevated ground opposite, near the junction of Fifth avenue and Crosier street, in North Knoxville.

The artillery practice on either side showed but little result, except to frighten the women and children, as the projectiles passed through the air. But one of the shells seemed to have killed a Lieutenant of a Florida regiment and a Sergeant who came out of the hospital, sitting on a fence watching the fight; and also wounded the Captain of a company of citizen volunteers who had unnecessarily exposed themselves by not taking the precaution to drop for safety into the ditch, when the flash of Saunders' guns was seen. He would stand upright and exclaim: "Don't be afraid, boys; there is no danger," but at that instant a shell hit him and badly mutilated his body. He was borne to his kinsmen in

town, surgical aid summoned to alleviate his sufferings, but nothing could save his life.

He was surrounded by his wife and children, and, being a Christian, prayed for the forgiveness of his enemies. Whether these were the men he had been fighting in the morning, or those that were accountable for and had inaugurated the bloody Civil War, I do not know; but the forgiveness prayed for will be determined by the Son of Man, whom God has appointed to judge the living and the dead. Sleep on, then, until the great day, but may your sons heed well the lesson taught by brothers, and avoid the awful consequences of a quarrel. This young Captain, who thus gave his life for the Confederate cause, was a great grandson of William Blount, Governor of the territory south of the Ohio River from 1792 to 1796 and also of James White, the founder of Knoxville.

Colonel Saunders, after an hour's fighting with the Confederates under command of Colonel E. C. Trigg, marched on to Strawberry Plains and Mossy Creek, where he destroyed the bridges and trestle work of the East Tennessee and Virginia railroad. He captured much valuable property, which he destroyed, and also many prisoners that he paroled. Being pressed on all sides by the enemy he was forced to hastily withdraw, through Smith's Gap, into Kentucky, which was not a road, only a bridle path.

He had to abandon his artillery (two guns), which he completely destroyed. On the 24th, just ten days after he had started, he reached Boston, Kentucky, with the loss of two killed, four wounded and thirteen missing. He had taken and paroled 461 prisoners. Saunders' escape was due to Sergeant Reynolds, of the First Tennessee Volunteers, who knew the country and served as a reliable and invaluable guide, and to the energy of his men, who at all times were ready for the march or the fight. At the same time the Union garrison at Cumberland was forced to evacuate that thoroughfare for lack of water and supplies.

General White, with his expedition, afforded considerable assistance to Colonel Saunders by sending Major Brown up to the Virginia State Line, through Pond Gap, on the Big Sandy River, with the Second Battalion of the Tenth Kentucky Cavalry and a squadron of the First Ohio Cavalry, who attacked the enemy, killing fourteen, wounding twenty, and brought in 127 prisoners, including the Colonel in command.

Another column, led by General White himself, from Pikeville up the Louisa Fork, on the Big Sandy River, to Gladesville, W. Va., skirmished all the way, but at Gladesville surprised and routed the enemy. A number were killed and eighteen commissioned officers and ninety-nine privates surrendered. But the object of the raid, to reach Bristol on the railroad, was frustrated by the concentration of a superior force of the enemy.

Still another little force was detached against the enemy, under Colonel May, near the State Line, in the direction of the Salt Works, but the enemy retreated before May's force were able to come up with them.

A small force was sent in the direction of Tug Fork, under Colonel Cameron. The enemy attacked Cameron at Pond Creek, but part of the Thirty-ninth Kentucky Mounted Infantry and Sixty-fifth Illinois (Cameron's own regiment) routed them, and having nothing further in their front, they marched back to Pikeville. They had penetrated into a section where no Union forces had been before.

A column under Colonel August V. Kautz of the regular army, with about 400 men and a battery of artillery, was sent to Monticello. At the intersection of the Mill Spring Road he was joined by Lieutenant Colonel Adams with about 300 more men. Unfortunately Adams' men had driven in the enemy's pickets and notified them of their coming, and three miles further on met them in line of battle. After a little skirmishing the enemy retreated, and were pursued by the combined forces under Kautz through Monticello, beyond Beaver Creek. Kautz captured some arms and stores and destroyed them and then returned to West's. On his retreat the enemy pursued him, which caused Kautz to come to a halt and drive them off and punish them severely. The Confederates fell back. Kautz returned to Simpson's Creek and encamped for the night. The next morning they recrossed to the north bank of the Cumberland River. Kautz lost seven killed, six missing and thirty-four wounded, but has no definite information of the loss of the enemy. These raids kept the enemy occupied, and were in every way successful. Saunders' raid was one of the boldest and most successful during the whole war. General White's several expeditions, also Kautz's at Monticello, cleared the mountains from a bad set of guerrillas, that were a menace to the community, and friends of neither the Confederates nor the Union people.

THE BATTERY AT LEXINGTON

At the time that the several expeditions were started under Colonel Saunders into East Tennessee, and General White and Kautz, an order was received at the battery headquarters for four guns to report to the post commander at Lexington. The Captain, with the right and center section, at once proceeded to carry out the order, and as the distance was only about eighteen miles through the most lovely part of the Blue Grass Valley, the change was quite a treat, and highly appreciated by the men that were with the two sections. We went into camp on the southern part of the town in a fine grove of tall trees, one of the most lovely spots on God's green earth, and during our two weeks' stay the men as well as officers enjoyed soldier's life as never before. There was no duty, other than that of camp guard, and battery maneuvers were not executed, only a short exercise of the guns in the morning was required of the men. Passes were freely given to visit the Clay Monument, and to Ashland, the home of Henry Clay, for whom all Americans had a veneration. Everything connected with Ashland was charming. James B. Clay, the son of the great statesman, was now the owner of Ashland, but had foolishly taken the Southern side in the conflict and gone South with Kirby Smith, but his family had remained at home. Mr. Thomas Clay, another heir, and his son were staunch Union men. The sacred estate was treated with great respect and veneration of feeling by the soldiers. It was learned that one of our wheel drivers, "George W. Stith," was distantly related to the Clays, his ancestor, one Stith, having been the second Governor of the Colony of Virginia in the seventeenth century. He made himself known, and was kindly and courteously treated by the Clays, and while Stith was in town he never tired of doing all he could for the Clays.

The line between the people of Lexington, for or against the great cause, was sharply drawn. The disloyal were the most bitter, as also were they the large majority. But there was no small number of true and loyal women, brave and fearless to the Union cause, and after the Confederates had left they visited and cared for the Union troops in the hospitals. It required no little courage for a woman in Lexington, despite the snare and tirades of her Southern neighbors, to be known as a friend to the Union. If Henry Clay had lived in 1861 there would probably have been no secession and no



GEORGE W. STITH.

neutrality, but Kentucky would have stood solid for the Union. In and around Ashland there had been a combat between the Confederate horsemen under Morgan and some Union troops, and the beautiful trees were filled with bullets.

The men received full rations, but their mess and kitchens were filled with the best that the farms produced, and one day's supply would have, later on, been sufficient for a week. Eggs, sweet milk, lamb chops, veal cutlets and spring chickens were found daily on their table. Their well-behaved and soldierly appearance won for them the respect of friend and enemy, as no complaint of any kind was made against the men during our stay in that cultured city. The officers found a place to board with a private family, and our table was supplied with the best.

On or about the 1st of July we returned to Paris, where Lieutenant Schlarb had been left in charge with the left section.

CHAPTER XVII.—JULY, 1863.

THE MORGAN RAID.—SCOTT'S RAID INTO KENTUCKY.

It was a few days before Rosecrans moved forward to Tahoma that the Confederate cavalry leader, John Morgan, received permission to make a raid. He was to cross the Cumberland Mountains near Burkesville, and make rapid marches on to Louisville, with the object of capturing it, with its depot of supplies and military stores, and which his sympathizing friends advised him, since Louisville was barren of troops, could be done. He started with 2,600 horsemen and expected large additions from recruits that would join him on his march northward. As Bragg had been stripped of some of his troops to re-enforce Johnston in Mississippi, Morgan was instructed to make a rapid movement and get back to Bragg's army as quickly as possible. Morgan had the reputation for boldness and activity, but had no great liking for a hard fight. He would get near the danger, but turn aside without getting into it, and any small body of brave men was generally sufficient to change his route. If we compare him with Forrest, another Confederate raider, we find the latter had no social prestige in his favor, as his calling before the war had been that of a slave trader, which socially ostracized him in the South. While both were fond of adventure, Forrest was really the daring soldier, and ready at any time to force a stubborn fight. Morgan showed a great deal of bluster, but was not feared by anybody, either in an open-field fight or at close quarters, but Morgan had been encouraged by Northern sympathizers.

As the battle of "Pogues Run," at Indianapolis, played a leading part, and was probably the cause of Morgan extending his raid to Indiana, I have given it space in this narrative.

Immediately after the battle of Stone River, and about the

time when Lincoln's proclamation was to go into effect, the secret organizations in sympathy with the enemies of our country, such as the Knights of the Golden Circle and Sons of Liberty, were very active, and, under the guise of a great Democratic mass meeting held a State gathering at Indianapolis on May 20, 1863. They had advertised a number of prominent speakers, among them Vallandigham, Seymour, Hendricks and McDonald. Every camp of the secret societies was to be represented, and not a man missing. All had instructions to come prepared, with weapons concealed on their persons. General Hascall, with a small Federal force, was in command at Indianapolis at the time. He, as also Governor Morton, was informed of these preparations and of the intentions of those who commanded the secret organizations that they would attempt to seize the Government arms, arsenal and stores. Just at that time there were a number of paroled prisoners at Camp Carrington. These were placed under command of General Coburn. These men, together with other regular troops were stationed at various places in the city to protect Government property and suppress any riotous demonstration. There were several companies at the "circle," where now the great soldier monument stands, and two blocks distant from the State House yard, where the meeting was to be held, a section of artillery was located, being in position to cover the place of the meeting.

On the day of the gathering special trains were run from all parts of the State. The meeting was a large one, and some twelve to fifteen thousand were present, and no less than five thousand were armed, but as they were not thoroughly organized, the outcome proved ridiculous, and the mass meeting was a failure. Seymour and Cox were not there. Vallandigham was in prison, ready to be sent to his friends across the lines. Pendleton was in the city, but his friends advised him not to attend the meeting. Dan Voorhees was present, and presided over the meeting, which he opened very much like Jeremiah in "Lamentations." He said: "Confusion and disorder darken the sky; the very earth is laden with the sorrows of our people; the voice of woe comes up from every portion of our people. The angel of death has spread his wings on the blast, and there has been no blood sprinkled on the door posts of our homes to stay the hand of the destroyer. There would have been an invited and honored guest (Vallandigham), one whom you all expected to see here, upon this occasion, but he has fallen a little sooner than

any of the rest of us, a victim to the Cause usurpation which has taken the place of public rights and of the Constitution."

A Committee on Resolutions was appointed and speeches were made by Mr. Merrick and Mr. Eden, as well as by McDonald and Hendricks. About 4 p. m., while Mr. Hendricks was speaking, some dozen soldiers, with fixed bayonets and rifles cocked, entered the crowd and advanced slowly towards the stands. A great commotion occurred, and multitudes scattered in every direction. A high fence on the east side of the State House was pushed down by the rushing crowd. To add to the tumult, a squad of cavalry galloped along the street near by. The soldiers who advanced towards the stand came to halt by order of General Coburn, who had been guarding the Quartermaster's stores, north of the State House, but who rushed forward when he heard of the disturbance. He asked what they were doing. They said that they were going for Tom Hendricks, who had said too much, and they were going to kill him. Coburn expostulated with them, and they desisted. There was great confusion on the stand. Hendricks closed his remarks prematurely, suggesting that the resolutions be read, and the meeting dismissed. The resolutions declared that the Federal Government had two wars on its hands, one against the rebels and the other against the Constitution.

The Republicans in the Legislature who had broken the quorum were denounced, and it was declared that the Governor could not clear himself from complicity except by taking steps to prevent repudiation (i. e. by calling a special session). When the resolutions were passed great numbers shouted "No!" and cheers were given for Lincoln, for the war and the Conscription Act.

General Hascall had given orders for the soldiers to stay away from the State House. It was not easy, however, to restrain the men. Many were at the meeting and mingled with the throng. The torn flags of two Indiana regiments were upon the stand. These were cheered by the soldiers, who also cheered the Governor and the war, in which the Union men present joined them; but those in sympathy with the meeting stood silent and angry. After the resolution had been adopted the meeting adjourned, but a great number of Union men remained, took possession of the stand and made Union speeches. About the close of the day, if the soldiers in the crowd would hear any one talking against the war, they would seize the culprit, march him up the street, with a great rabble following.

Others were taken to the police station and charged with carrying concealed weapons, and about forty pistols were gathered in from such arrests.

After the meeting was over and the trains were leaving the city, many shots were fired by the passengers on the Terre Haute and the Lafayette trains. That they had intended to create a disturbance was now clear, and the soldiers determined to give those that remained a lesson. When the Indiana Central train, now the Pennsylvania road, had left the Union Station a short distance, it came upon a piece of artillery that had been placed in front of the train. On stopping, a small body of soldiers, under General Hascall, and a policeman, in company with them, demanded that the passengers hand over their firearms of every description. About 200 were given up. On the Cincinnati train, now the Big Four, an equal number were taken, and a still larger number were thrown into Pogues Run, a little, dirty stream that ran through the city at that time. Many pistols had been given to the women on the train, in the belief that they would not be searched. Seven revolvers were found upon a woman, a two-foot knife was found in a stove of the car, and about 600 revolvers were taken from those that attended the meeting. Thus ended the battle of Pogues Run, without the shedding of a drop of blood, but with firearms cast away, that bloodshed might be avoided. That a few men could disarm such a multitude aroused laughter and contempt. They had come to the meeting, armed, for the purpose of making trouble and not one had the courage to strike a blow, not even when they were arrested and searched. Next morning, in glaring headlines, appeared the following: "It is with a feeling of sorrow, humiliation and degradation that we witnessed the scenes of yesterday. Indiana is completely under military rule," said *The Sentinel*, the Democratic paper. But *The Journal* retorted: "We implore you not to despair. There is hope, a glimmer, a ray, a beam, a whole dawn of hope, if you will only open your eyes and see. You did not consider the liberty you enjoyed when writing your denunciation of the Government and assisting the rebellion. Do you want any more liberty of abuse than you exercised yesterday morning?"

The Union men had acquired valuable information, and had discovered the courage of their defamers; and the Union-loving people of the State were no longer in fear.

It had been intended to start Morgan on the 18th of June, but

it was near the end of that month before he got off. He was first heard from on the north side of the Cumberland Mountains on July 2, near Burkesville, and marching on Columbia. As he had full knowledge of the position of our detachment, he was able to get the start of them and avoid them. After a slight skirmish at Columbia, Morgan made for the Green River bridge, an important crossing on the Louisville Railroad. Colonel Moore, with part of the Twenty-fifth Michigan Infantry, had entrenched himself across the neck, at the bend in front of the stockade at the bridge. Morgan reached the place on the 4th of July, and sent one of his staff officers, Lieutenant Elliott, in to demand the surrender of the place, Moore's forces amounting to only 200 men. Moore told Lieutenant Elliott that the 4th of July was a d——d bad day for the loyal people of the United States to surrender, and he did not propose to celebrate the day that way. Elliott told his chief that from appearances Moore had considerable fight in him, but as Morgan did not want to lose the time to march around the place by a distance of five miles—(this I was told by Elliott after the war)—he formed his best men into a line of battle and advanced on Moore, who beat him off, with a loss of six killed and twenty-three wounded. Morgan's loss was fifty killed, of the best men he had, and 200 wounded, and Elliott told the writer, in addition, that they were laughed and hooted at by the Michigan boys, who now invited them to celebrate the 4th of July with them. But Morgan found the day no more auspicious than Pemberton, at Vicksburg, or Lee, at Gettysburg. The raiders now marched around Moore, and next day reached Lebanon, where, some one blundering, Colonel Hansen, with 400 men of the Twenty-third Kentucky, after putting a good fight against Morgan, had to surrender to save the village from destruction. The loss to the Twenty-third Kentucky was four killed and fifteen wounded. Morgan left twenty-nine dead on the field. Among the killed was his youngest brother, Thomas, First Lieutenant in the Second Kentucky Confederate Regiment. On the 6th, at dark, he captured a train thirty miles from Louisville and tapped the telegraph wires, which he had a habit of doing, and thereby learned the position of the Union forces, if possible, to avoid them, or attack them, as he deemed best. As a large force was concentrating at Louisville, he left the place to his right, and on the morning of the 7th, after crossing Salt River, sent two companies forward to the Ohio River to capture the steamboat, to carry

his division over into the State of Indiana, as he then believed that the supposed 135,000 armed Southern sympathizers in that State would flock to his standard. He having learned of the "battle of Pogues Run," hoped to wipe out the disgrace and humiliation his friends had suffered in that affair. His original orders had been to capture Louisville and return to the army in Tennessee.

He reached Brandenburg with his main force on the 8th. Some troops of the Indiana legion had collected on the north side of the river, but Morgan's artillery drove them away, and with two captured steamers soon landed two regiments on the Indiana shore. A wooden gunboat appeared on the river and shelled Morgan's troops for several hours, but without doing any damage, and then retired. Morgan's troops, by midnight, were all on the Indiana side.

Just at this time Indiana was stripped of Union troops, and the legion was too feeble to offer much resistance. There was only a small force of mounted men in the State, and Governor Morton sent a dispatch to General Boyle for some of the troops in his district, as Morgan was at Corrydon, on his way to Salem and Indianapolis. After capturing Corrydon and the legion that opposed him there, he levied a contribution of \$1,000 on each of the mills, but later compromised on \$2,100 for the three of them. As he reached Salem he levied another contribution, burned bridges, tore up the track, exchanged horses for fresh ones and plundered everything they could lay their hands on, and sent false reports in every direction that General Buckner had crossed the Ohio with a force of 20,000 to support him in Indiana, but the pistol Democracy that had been so valiant at the "battle of Pogues Run" did not materialize as an ally to these raiders.

On the night of the 10th they reached Vienna, on the Indianapolis and Jeffersonville Railroad, tapped the wires and learned of the preparations to receive him. Then he advanced on Vernon, where Colonel Williams of the One Hundred and Fifth Regiment of Indiana legion had gathered a large force to meet him. Among those waiting for Morgan was our battery, which had been sent from Kentucky, where we had been, as already stated, at Paris. On the 3rd of July we were fully informed that Morgan would probably reach Paris, on his march northward, and preparations were made to receive him. On the 4th the ladies of Paris gave the garrison, then the One Hundred and Eighteenth Ohio and our battery, a royal dinner. We fired a national salute before dinner

was served. The Declaration of Independence was read to us. On the 6th we received marching orders and transportation to Cincinnati, and reached that place on the 7th, remained at the depot all day, and on the 8th were sent to Indianapolis. While in Cincinnati, late at night, we received the news that the enemy at Vicksburg had surrendered to General Grant with 30,000 troops.

When this became known the next morning the loyal people were overjoyed, and faith that the war would end with the preservation of the Union seemed now to be assured. The Union soldiers after Morgan received the most liberal reception everywhere. The same was the case in Indianapolis, but the excitement about Morgan being so near the city must have been seen to be believed. On the night of the 9th we were sent to Vernon, and reported to Colonel Williams about midnight. I found the Colonel to be the Color Sergeant from my company in the three-months' service in the Seventh Indiana Infantry. He had re-enlisted in the Seventh Indiana three-years' service, and held the rank of Captain. He had been in Virginia, but just then was on a short leave of absence, at home, in Rising Sun, Indiana. The Governor had appointed him Colonel of the One Hundred and Fifth Regiment of the Indiana Legion. It was to him that Morgan sent, demanding a surrender. Williams, of course, refused this, for he was considerable of a bluff himself, and ready to go one better than Morgan. He told the officer with the flag of truce that all he asked was a little time to remove the non-combatants. Morgan granted him half an hour. Our guns were now in position on a hill, and we expected the combat to begin. Just then General John A. Love arrived from Indianapolis. Williams told him what had occurred, and Love promptly sent out a flag of truce, and demanded Morgan's surrender. But Morgan, who, up to the time he met Williams, had everything his own way in Indiana, now improved the time granted him by promptly leaving Vernon by another route. He next was heard from at Dupont, where there was a large packing house. When they left the place each man had a ham slung at his saddle.

Bazill Duke tells us that although the weather was hot, for three days a man carried seven pairs of skates that he had plundered from a store in Salem. Another carried a load of sleigh bells, a good-sized Dutch clock, a green decanter, with goblets, a keg of butter, a chandelier, a bird cage, with three canaries, and baby shoes and calico were also some of the articles carried along for several

days, and then thrown away, to be replaced by provisions and other things.

As they did not find an uprising or any recruits to join them, they would ask the women that stayed at home, "Where is the old man?" The good housewife would answer: "The men have all gone to the rally. You will see them soon." Morgan then made a rapid march through Sunman, on the Indianapolis and Cincinnati Railroad, and on the 13th reached Harrison, where he entered Ohio. During his march he sent detachments in every direction, burned bridges and tore up railroad tracks.

At Madison he intended to cross again into Kentucky, as also at Lawrenceburg, but at both places found the steamboats and transports on the Ohio loaded with troops. He had no time to delay, as Hobson's mounted troops were close after him. It was no longer a raid but a supreme effort to get away from the Federal troops that were following him. On the morning of the 12th we marched back to the depot, to take the cars to Lawrenceburg, but there was no train to carry us, and great confusion everywhere. So we were placed in a column of infantry of minute men, and marched to Sunman's Station, and reached there too late to be of any service. General Wallace had collected a force there of about 5,500 troops, all except a few were minute men, and made as such a fairly good showing. If the column had not been detained by some freshly-mounted troops that claimed the right of way, we could probably have come up with the raiders, as they were completely worn out, and many had dropped out and were picked up by Hobson's men at Sunman.

Our battery remained there on the 13th, and in the evening was sent to Indianapolis, where the greatest confusion still existed. A brigade of minute men were at the depot, Colonel Carrington in command, to be sent by the Indiana Central to Dayton, Ohio; but he had taken so many drinks to re-enforce his courage that for five hours he delayed his departure, and then, by order of General Wilcox, was relieved, and General Hascall placed in command. Among the minute men I found two acquaintances, wholesale liquor dealers, armed with muskets, forty rounds of cartridges and a haversack full of rations. Knowing that they were bitter opponents to the war, I asked them: "Hello, John — and Charlie —! How is this? Morgan counted on you to do battle with him. You must be on the wrong side." No," they said. "Morgan is on the wrong

side. He should stay where he was, on the south side of the Ohio River." I met another man that I had reason to believe belonged to the pistol Democracy of "Pogues Run" fame. I asked him: "Henry —, how did you get those equipments? They bear the name of U. S. It was expected by Morgan that the kind you would wear would be C. S." "Well," he answered, "I have changed my mind." "That is correct," I replied. "Just keep it changed." These were prominent business men, and the smaller fry of the same political stripe followed in their wake and instead of furnishing Morgan recruits, they were now enlisting to drive him out of the State. We remained in Indianapolis until the evening of the 14th, and were again loaded on the cars for Cincinnati. We crossed the pontoon bridge, over to Covington, and were placed into camp on night of the 15th, but as General Burnside had declared martial law in the southern counties of Ohio, an order came for the battery to cross the river at once to Cincinnati. The Captain and Lieutenant had gone on a social call to former friends, and I had the battery hitched and brought over to Cincinnati, and placed in position near a public garden where political gatherings had been held. It was somewhere on Eleventh street, and the Captain and Lieutenant Torr soon joined us, but we remained in position all night.

About 11 p. m., while walking along the street near where we were in position, several Germans that had been at some secret meeting, came along. They talked Low Dutch, and I understood every word they said. They complained of the draft, and discussed a mode by which they could get out of it. Having heard their conversation, and knowing that they would get into trouble, I stepped up to them and told them, as they appeared to be Germans, from near my birthplace in the old country, I would offer them my friendly advice, and urged them to go home at once, and not trouble themselves about the resistance of the draft, for such was useless. They had scarcely heard the last of my remarks, in their own language, when each took a route away from the other, and promptly parted.

The next morning more was learned of this meeting, which had proven to be one of the pistol Democracy in Ohio, on which Morgan had relied for aid in an uprising against the Government. At about 9 a. m., we returned to the Kentucky side of the river, but at 3 p. m. an order came from General Burnside for an officer and three guns to report at the Little Miami De-



LIEUT. WILLIAM H. TORR.

pot, at once. Lieutenant Torr and guns 1, 2 and 3, with their men, were sent over to the Ohio side. A train of cars awaited them, already loaded with a battalion of cavalry, under Major Roe, to be sent north to head off Morgan in the northern part of Ohio. During our stay in Cincinnati, on our way to and through Indiana, the men of our battery had been treated to the greatest hospitality, and free lunches and beer and whisky were dealt out to them in profusion. The same was the case in Indiana—everything was free. "Just clean out Morgan and prevent him from coming near us," was their cry. The change in the manner of treatment of our boys, with Morgan at the head of 3,000 troops and Morgan fleeing and a prisoner at Columbus, was remarkable. In Cincinnati they were tired and sick of seeing us, and had no use whatever for the blue coats; and this was the case everywhere that we had been and passed through since Morgan was fleeing from them. He had, after leaving Sunman's Station, marched ninety-five miles in thirty-five hours, in order to get away and ahead of the Union troops, then closing in on him on all sides.

Manson and Saunders were at Cincinnati, Judah and Hobson on his trail only fifteen miles in his rear. But it was a stern chase and a long chase with the latter. Morgan, after crossing the Ohio line, rested a few hours near Harrison, the first he enjoyed since leaving Vernon, and then marched on the road to Cincinnati. He reached Glendale, thirteen miles northwest of the city, in a condition that men would drop out of the saddle for want of sleep; but Morgan kept on until he reached Camp Dennison, where Colonel Neff had blockaded the road and caused Morgan to halt. Morgan threw a few shells at the camp, but before Neff could reply, he again broke away and was forced to make a tour of about ten miles to the north. The raiders reached Williamsburg, Clermont County, twenty-eight miles east of Cincinnati, and there rested for the first time in three days. Morgan had expected to be cut off by the regular forces at Cincinnati, and thought it best to make a night march, to get far enough ahead to enable him to take the long-needed rest. In expectation of Morgan's appearance at Lawrenceburg, Saunders, with his mounted troops, had been kept at Cincinnati, but when Morgan had crossed the Little Miami River, Saunders was ordered to join the pursuit. The whole track that Morgan had passed over was lined with broken-down animals left behind by the raiders, taking fresh ones as they went on. When Hobson

came up there was nothing with which to replace his worn-out horses; but he kept on, not more than ten to fifteen miles behind Morgan, expecting that some of the militia would blockade the road, when he would close up and annihilate his opponent. In Clermont County it became evident that the raiders were making for Maysville, with the intention of crossing the river at that point; but Manson's brigade, on river transports, were near the place.

The order to the militia to destroy bridges and blockade the road had not been carried out, but a few days later the obstructions were more efficient. Part of Judah's troops were mounted and sent north by a steamer to Portsmouth, to head off the enemy's column. Scammon, in West Virginia, concentrated troops at Gallopis and Pomeroy, Ohio, and the militia rallied at Marietta, Hobson marching forty miles a day trying to overtake the enemy. As the river was patrolled and all the ferries well guarded, Morgan knew that he could not cross by boats, but now relied on the ford at Buffington Island, between Marietta and Pomeroy. But at the latter place he found Scammon, with troops of the Kanawha Division, and not militia. As soon as he learned what he was up against, he avoided them and moved around them. Hobson and Judah's men were near and approaching Buffington. Morgan reached the ford in the dark of the night, but as the crossing was guarded by a permanent garrison in a small fort, he waited for daylight, and found that the work had been abandoned a few days before. He was, however, attacked by Hobson's men, on two sides, and Judah from the south, and the river gunboats were within range of the fort. Hobson made a vigorous charge and captured Morgan's artillery, resulting in the surrender of about 700 to Shackleford and 200 to Hobson's other brigade, and the remaining force, under Morgan, escaped capture, by fleeing under the protection of the fog. Shackleford, with his command, followed promptly, and Judah had also come up to Morgan in the fog, but before he could bring up his troops several of his staff officers were captured and Major Dan McCook mortally wounded, and a piece of artillery taken.

Morgan turned now in the opposite direction, and the lost gun of Judah, as also his prisoners, were recaptured, and Morgan driven in confusion northward. Some squabble arose as to who was to command (between Hobson and Judah), but Shackleford had followed Morgan and was in independent command till Mor-

gan's capture. Shackleford overtook the enemy sixty miles north of Buffington, when Morgan was forced to halt to defend himself. Shackleford had nearly surrounded Morgan, and after a short skirmish 1300 surrendered. Morgan, with 600 men, evaded Shackleford who now took 500 of his best men and followed for four days of continuous riding, in hot pursuit, and, in Jefferson County, fifteen miles northwest of Stuebenville, the enemy was overtaken. Here were Major W. B. Wade of the Ninth Michigan and Major G. W. Roe of the Ninth Kentucky Cavalry and Lieutenant William Torr with three guns of the Fifteenth Indiana Battery that had been sent by rail from Cincinnati, with fresh horses, to join Shackleford. With these 600 men they intercepted Morgan's course at Smith's Ferry, close to Columbia County, near Salineville, and forced him to surrender with 400 men, all that was left of the proud division with which he had started across the Ohio River at Brandenburg.

It is claimed that 300 of his men escaped into West Virginia, but, as Burnside reported 3,000 prisoners captured, very few of his division escaped. When Shackleford came up to Morgan the latter was just handing the canteen to his capturers, and everybody pressed near to see what he had to say. One of the artillerymen, Joel —, slipped in with a sharp knife, and cut off his spurs, while he was excited, taking drinks and talking. On Shackleford's approach he offered him his sword, pistol and silver spurs, but when it came to turn over the spurs they were gone. "Well," he remarked to Shackleford, "I thought I had the d——st thieves in all America for trinkets, but I see your's beat me."

The captured private soldiers were sent to Camp Chase, at Columbus, and Camp Morton, in Indianapolis, and, by orders from Washington, the officers were confined in the Ohio Penitentiary. The loss on the Union side during this whole raid was nineteen killed, forty-seven wounded and eight missing. During the whole campaign, beginning July 2, until the final surrender, with the cost to the Confederates of a whole cavalry division, his march after he met Colonel Williams at Vernon, Indiana, was simply a race for life. He did not delay Burnside's march to East Tennessee, nor was Rosecrans cut short of any rations. He closed his raid with a farce, by pressing into service a justice of the peace, whom he made commander of all the United States forces near him, and then surrendered to him and demanded to be paroled. But Shackleford would not listen to the arrangement, and would

accept only an unconditional surrender. The distance which Morgan traveled in the two States, Indiana and Ohio, was about 600 miles. To sum up the whole Morgan episode, it was a raid, a flight, and a failure.

During the Morgan raid 20,000 men had been mustered in at Indianapolis, 45,000 more had gathered in various parts of the State, ready for service, at a loss of half a million dollars, which the National Government paid to reimburse Indiana; but at the final surrender the only troops present from Indiana were three guns of the Fifteenth Indiana Battery.

After the first half of our battery had left, with freshly-mounted troops, to go to Northern Ohio, the other three guns, under Captain Von Sehlen, were sent to Paris, Kentucky, to meet a small detachment of the enemy belonging to General Scott's Confederate forces that had been sent to Paris to burn the railroad and wagon bridges. As soon as we learned of his coming, I was sent out with two guns on the Mount Sterling pike, and the Captain had gone forward with one gun on the Winchester pike. The enemy, about 200 strong, made the attack, but finding us in position, wisely withdrew. We expended about thirty rounds of ammunition, and the infantry, part of the One Hundred and Eighteenth Ohio, were not required to fire. The other part of Scott's command had been defeated by General Saunders, who had gathered a force of 2,400 mounted troops at Lexington, driving Scott through Lancaster, Stanford and Somerset, and captured about 700 prisoners, following and recaptured about 200 of our men which had been taken in the first part of the raid. Saunders followed Scott until he reached the Cumberland River, where Scott had succeeded in crossing by abandoning his train. During this operation Burnside sent forward all of his troops and made ready for his march to East Tennessee. The other three guns having rejoined the rest at Paris, we were at once sent to Lexington. Captain Von Sehlen became sick, and remained at Paris, and the only officers present for the hard march into East Tennessee with our battery were Lieutenant Torr and myself.

A LOVE AFFAIR, WITH SERIOUS RESULTS.

After our return from Lexington, in the latter part of June, to Paris, Ky., an incident occurred that came nearly ending my military life. We were very well acquainted with the young men

of the town, those who, during the war, intended to be neutral, many evenings one or another of us were invited out to supper. Among those quite friendly was a young society man named Boyd. For sympathizing expressions made in the early part of the year he had been sent up to Johnson's Island. After enjoying the hospitality of that bastille for a short time, he concluded that Uncle Sam was too big a man to fool with, and took the oath of allegiance to be a good boy thereafter. He had returned home, and now speculated in Bourbon whiskey, waiting for the Government to put more tax on the corn juice, to pay for the cost of the war. So, one moonlight evening, while out with him, he asked me for a favor. I asked the nature of the same, and he said there were two young people at Mount Sterling that wanted to get married. The young woman, an heiress, but yet a minor, could not get the consent of her uncle, the guardian, and they determined to run away and marry on the Ohio River, near Maysville. (That town was at that time the Gretna Green of all Kentucky lovers). He stated that, as Paris was guarded, they could not get through and to go to Maysville by another route they would be overhauled by the uncle and his big son. If I would pass them into town and pass them out again, on their way to Maysville, it would be a great favor to him and to the young people and to the youth of both sexes of Bourbon County. I told him that I would let him know next day early. There was no time to be lost, so I called on Colonel Pierce, the post commander, and told him of the plot to fool the old uncle. I received his permission, and Boyd was happy.

He sent word to the parties that I would go out with Boyd to the outpost to meet them. He, of course, had supplied himself with a bottle of the best Bourbon, although he did not drink a drop. About half-past ten we heard the carriage on the Winchester pike approaching rapidly. They were halted and inspected and passed in. The outposts were let into the secret, and instructed to detain any one that came along until daylight. Boyd and myself went with the couple to the groom's parents, who lived in Paris, and after lunch and some changes in clothing they were driven out to the Maysville pike, over the wagon bridge, where I gave the countersign, and to the outpost, where I again gave the password, and left the prospective lovers go on to their happiness and glory. They did not wait for an order to go, but went at a fast Kentucky trot.

Early, and before daylight, two mounted men approached the sentinel on the Winchester pike. They were halted, and proved to be Mr. Armstrong and his son, after the fugitives. They were held until daylight, and then permitted to enter the town. They expected to find the runaways still in Paris, but soon learned that they were on the way to the Ohio River. They hunted the telegraph operator, but he was in the plot, and would not get up until 8 o'clock. They tried to get over the bridge, to follow them, but the guard would not let them pass; so there was nothing to do but wait for the operator, and at 8 a. m., when the latter arrived at his keyboard, they sent a message to stop the fugitives, but received a prompt answer that the parties had been married on board of the ferry boat at 6 a. m., and had gone into the interior of Ohio.

The old gentleman ripped around Paris, swearing vengeance against the Dutch Lieutenant that had passed them through the lines, and was overjoyed by the thought that they did not have much money and would soon return. Two weeks later the couple arrived, and the society people of Paris gave them a grand reception. I was invited and was present; so was Mr. Armstrong and his son, and all was happiness, at least for the time being. But after the Atlanta campaign was over and I on a twenty-days' furlough at Indianapolis, General Noble, then Adjutant General of Indiana stopped me on the street and said: "Lieutenant, come to my office. I have something that will surprise you." I called, and to my horror found charges preferred against me by the late Lieutenant Schlarb, for disloyalty, he having gone on a furlough just about the time this marriage took place, and as he was not able to reach Captain Von Sehlen or Lieutenant Torr, with charges, he picked on me and made the passage of this couple through the lines the subject of attack. Schlarb had been in politics, a Democrat, before the war, but intensely loyal to the Union. Yet, like many Democrats, during the war, he idolized the State Government, from which all power to the Union originated. I, also, was a Democrat at the time, and, as the party in power offered many opportunities for criticism as to the carrying on of the war. I may have expressed myself imprudently; but Schlarb had forgotten that the proper place to file charges was not with the State authorities, but with the Captain of the battery, who would then have been compelled to forward them to the district commander. But as he had filed them with the Adjutant General

of the State, who had no longer any jurisdiction over us, we being in the United States service, and not in the State, and as Noble knew how I had earned and received my promotion, he, fortunately, permitted these charges to rest in the pigeon-hole of his office, and that was the end of it. Schlarb was discharged from the service August, 1863.

CHAPTER XVIII.—AUGUST, 1863.

BURNSIDE'S MARCH INTO EAST TENNESSEE.—THE JELICO MOUNTAIN.—KINGSTON AND KNOXVILLE.

General Burnside took command of the Department, consisting of Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, and Kentucky, excepting the part west of the Tennessee River, but all east of the Tennessee River that he might at any time occupy during his expedition into East Tennessee. On the above date General Pegram of the Confederate Army occupied, with a formidable cavalry force, that part of Kentucky south of the Kentucky River, with headquarters at Danville. A few days after Burnside's arrival, General Gilmore received orders to drive Pegram south, and out of the State. The opposing forces met at Somerset, and with the assistance of General Manson, who commanded a part of Boyles' force, Gilmore completely destroyed Pegram and drove him to the Cumberland River, which again became the dividing line, and Central Kentucky, was relieved of the Confederate forces.

The troops then in the State of Kentucky had been organized into the Twenty-third Army Corps, and General G. L. Hartsuff was made its commander, and General Burnside, the department commander, commenced to prepare a campaign into East Tennessee. Everything so far had progressed so favorably that on June 3 he left Cincinnati with his staff to take personal command of the troops in the field.

His little army for the movement was composed of two divisions of the Ninth Corps, under General Wilcox, and part of the Twenty-third Corps, under General Hartsuff, but as he reached Lexington he received an order to send re-enforcements to General Grant at Vicksburg. As a result, the movement into East Tennessee, for the time, had to be abandoned. Just about this

time General Saunders, who had made a raid into East Tennessee with about 1,500 mounted troops and a battery of artillery, returned minus his guns, which he had to abandon on account of having to retreat over a bridle path through the mountains; but the raid had been a success, so far as to scare the Confederates, and gave Burnside the assurance that he could enter East Tennessee by many ways. His preparations, therefore, were continued, with the hope to still enter that State with the remaining force.

Just then the rebel General Morgan started with a large force on his raid through Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio, that resulted, as already stated in another chapter, in the raiders' capture, near Steubenville, Ohio. At the same time another raid, under Colonel John S. Scott, was made from East Tennessee to the Ohio, to assist the former to return. But after Morgan was disposed of the last column was driven out of the State by Colonel Saunders.

The latter routed the enemy at Lancaster, when two hundred surrendered. Saunders followed them up with vigor and destroyed their train, making 500 more of them prisoners, but was compelled to halt at the Cumberland River on account of having been out of rations for four days. Scott claimed to have taken and paroled 200 prisoners in the early part of the raid, but the parole was irregular and not recognized, and the men returned to their commands. Saunders' casualties were only trifling, except for the wearing out of his mounted troops, but the Confederates being completely defeated.

Burnside pressed forward from every direction, and his column was soon in readiness for an advance. On August 4th he notified the War Department that 12,000 of his men were concentrated at Lebanon, Stanford and Glasgow. Upon this report orders were issued to Rosecrans to advance, and a few days later, like orders were sent to Burnside to go forward with his column 12,000 strong upon Knoxville, and from there make an effort to connect with the forces under Rosecrans.

Burnside's troops had, by these raids, become much scattered, fatigued and worn by marches and hard service, but by much labor the organization for the invasion into East Tennessee was at last perfected, and General J. D. Cox, an officer of ability and determination, was placed in charge of the headquarters at Cincinnati.

Our battery, after Lieutenant Torr had returned from service

chasing the Confederate General John Morgan, was reunited at Lexington, where we remained a few days. We were now ordered to Camp Nelson, where we noticed, to our delight, the New York rioters beating rock and doing other hard manual labor, something that their appearance and hands indicated they had never done; but it must also be remembered that they had come in conflict with national authority. As Camp Nelson was the base of supplies, we changed as best we could our wornout horses for better teams, and with a fine new outfit for guns and wagons, we moved the whole battery to Stanford.

After Rosecrans had quarreled with about all his superiors and found that delay of a forward movement was no longer possible, he asked Halleck whether Burnside was ready to come up on his left flank into East Tennessee. Halleck now urged Burnside forward, stating that there must be no further delay in the movement, asking for reports on position and number of troops organized and ready for the march, having forgotten that a part of Burnside's forces had been after Morgan, who surrendered on the 26th day of July; but no time was lost in bringing these troops back, some of them 300 miles north of Cincinnati.

We remained here several days, and one evening I received an order signed by Colonel Byrd to proceed at once to Camp Nelson, to Burnside's headquarters and draw an ambulance. Colonel Byrd, who was placed in command of the brigade, was an East Tennessean, and was to lead the column of invasion. His own regiment, the First Tennessee, the Forty-fifth Ohio, the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois, the Eighth Michigan Cavalry and the Fifteenth Indiana Battery had the honor to belong to this brigade. As I reached the camp late in the night, I had to hunt up General Burnside and his staff, and found them away from headquarters, enjoying themselves at the home of a Kentucky Blue Grass beauty, at a dance while the Sambos furnished the music. After making my errand known, the General signed my requisition, and I now hunted up the army quartermaster, who growled because I disturbed his slumbers, and in an austere manner informed me that he had no more ambulances that he could issue. This made my trip useless, and in the early morning, after nearly an all-night ride, I reached the battery, where I had left it, camping in a cemetery, at Sanford. I now caught a few hours' rest, and about 6 a. m. we were in brigade column, on our way to Crab Orchard, where

our mounted division, commanded by General Carter, also a Tennessean, rendezvoused for the march. The other divisions of the Twenty-third Corps were located, on the 17th of August, as follows: White's division at Columbia, Kentucky, Hascall's division at Stanford, Graham's cavalry at Gleason, and Woolford's cavalry at Somerset. General Hartsuff commanded the corps and issued the order for Hascall's division to march to Kingston, Tennessee, by way of Somerset, Chitwood, Huntsville and Montgomery. White's division to march from Columbia to Montgomery, Tenn., by way of Keatsboro and Albany, Ky., and Jamestown, Tenn., and Grahame's cavalry to join White's and Woolford's cavalry to guard the supplies and ammunition train that was with Hascall's division. Carter's cavalry division, with General Burnside's headquarters, was to march by way of Mount Vernon, London and Williamsburg, Ky., over to the Jollico Mountains, to Chitwood, Huntsville, Montgomery and Kingston, Tenn.

As all the troops of our brigade were not yet mounted, some had to make the distance on foot. It was a depressing, hot day, and a number of them gave out and rested on the wayside as we marched by. We reached camp in the early evening, located near a nice stream of water, and remained for three days, making complete the preparations for the grand forward movement. While in camp the second division of our boys passed by and all the roads leading to East Tennessee were filled with troops. The supply train following the division covered miles of road almost in endless column, indicating the vast resources of our Government.

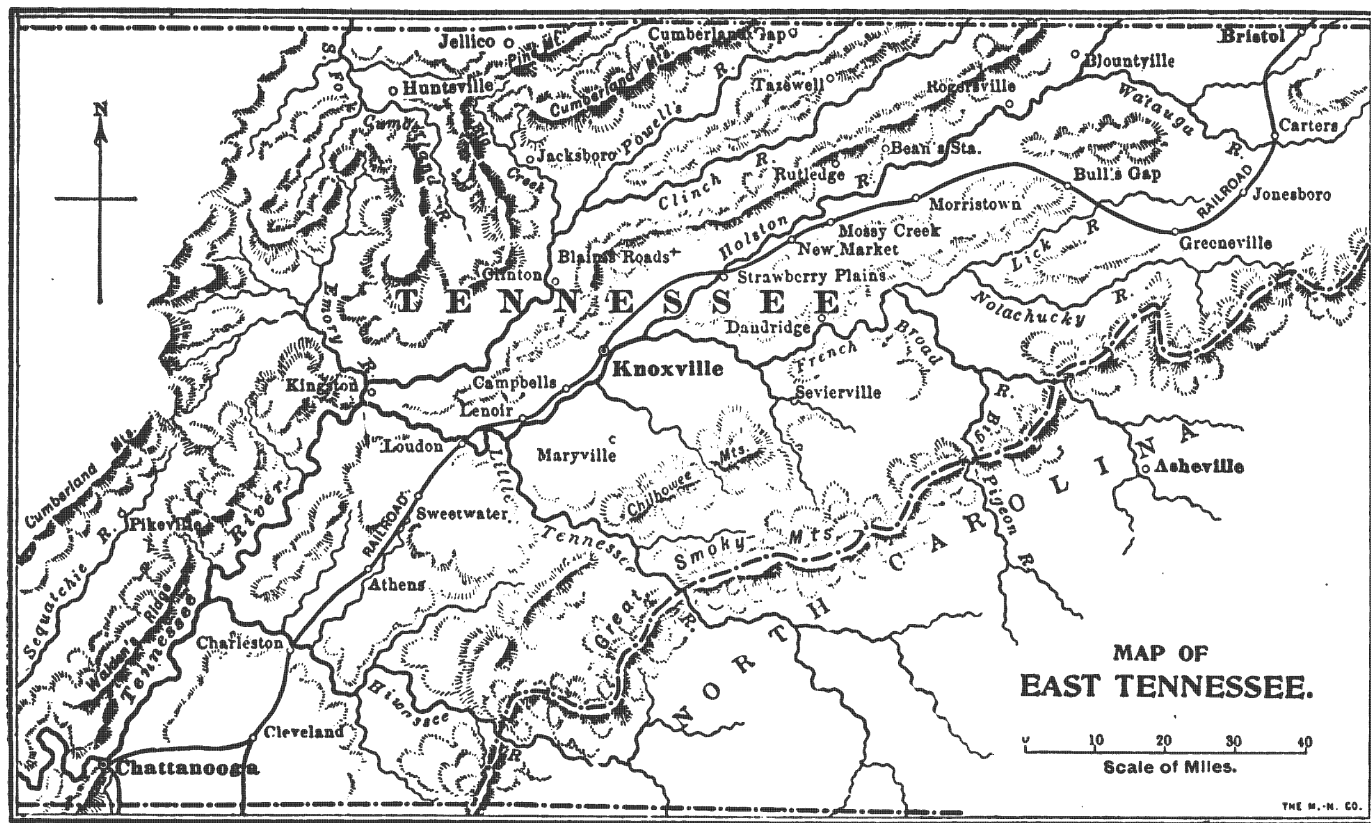
On August 20 our brigade started with its supply train of sixty headquarter wagons, containing supplies and baggage for the General and staff only. Our movements over the rough and rocky road were necessarily slow, but at sundown we reached Mount Vernon to camp for the night. The heavily loaded supply train moved all night and did not reach our camp until next morning. Here some of the loads were rearranged, and some of the boys had a chance to visit the town, which they supposed, from its historic name, would be quite a village.

But we soon found out that there was nothing in the name, and whatever romance there was about the place was drowned by the musical noise of the mule drivers, over whom our Mr. Joel Lanning already had become quite the boss. His shouts and laughter could be heard over the braying of the mules, and his voice

did more to inspire the wornout animals with new courage than all the beating blows bestowed on the unfortunate brutes. To the boys raised on the prairies of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Michigan, who knew little about mules or mountains, all of this was interesting, and no mule of that column ever reached animal heaven, if the curses they received kept them from it. The people of Mount Vernon were the usual dull, indolent and indifferent mountain inhabitants. Their wants were few and their surroundings in keeping with them. But little vegetation met the eye, and there was nothing to invite the soldier possessing an empty stomach. There were, however, several places where liquor was sold, but as the selling was prohibited by an order (which was not strictly obeyed) the provost marshal on Colonel Byrd's staff took possession, and confiscated the liquor and brought it to the brigade headquarters for *purely medicinal purposes*, as it was reported the mountains were alive with rattlesnakes, and the liquor would become valuable to cure the bites. Strange as it may seem, the "medicine" rapidly disappeared, although not a single case of "snake bite" was discovered among the men (of the genuine kind).

At 6 o'clock on the morning of the 22nd, we were again on the road to the Wild Cat Mountains, more lifeless and dead than the country we had just passed through. If the contractor who furnished the wagons to Uncle Sam had not been honest, the bounding of those vehicles over the rocks in the road would have crushed the wagons like egg shells before we could have marched a mile. Slowly, but surely, we reached the foot of the Wild Cat Mountains about noon. The name of these mountains was very proper, for a more desolate and wild place cannot well be imagined, and they are fit only for the inhabitation of very wild cats. On the top of this mountain General Buell and General Bragg had met when the latter had retreated from Kentucky in 1862. The earthworks of Bragg that had been occupied by his batteries to retard Buell were still intact. The descent over the mountain by a narrow road was very difficult, but after we reached the foot of the mountain we had for a few miles good road, and in the evening reached Rock Castle River, but on the other side was another large hill. Yet, with determination and iron will, we climbed on, with our wagons, the battery and nearly wornout teams.

After working all night, it was 10 a. m. the next day before the battery and trains finally reached the top of that hill. That



MAP OF EAST TENNESSEE.

our horses and mules were all exhausted is not surprising, for the last ten days they had been kept on half rations, and mostly hay. Necessity compelled us to do that, as grain was scarce, and all that could be obtained was held in the wagons, to be fed when on top of the mountains, where no forage was to be had. We moved on that day six miles beyond London, but the wagons did not reach us until next morning at 8 o'clock, with some of the mules having entirely given out. At London the Eighth Michigan Cavalry was detached from the brigade to rejoin us again, at Williamsburg, being placed in the rear of the train, and by order of General Carter was made the rear guard, which carried with it the job of assisting the battery and wagons to get over the Cumberland Mountains, and they were not again with the brigade until we reached Chitwood, in East Tennessee. We left our camping ground six miles south of London at 4 p. m. and marched all night over a very rough road and a wild country, about midnight we reached within six miles of Williamsburg. Early next morning we started on our march again, and arrived at Williamsburg at 9 o'clock, Generals Burnside and Carter having reached the place ahead of us. Here we were to cross the Cumberland Mountains. The place was romantic and picturesque in the extreme, but with our tired and wornout bodies, and empty stomachs, we did not appreciate the beauties of nature. Our eyes and thoughts were more on the roasting ears in the corn fields, to satisfy the inner man, and on the fodder and stocks for our hungry horses and mules; and a result, with the consequence that we left nothing but the stumps visible in the fields. This was the case all along the road of our march, but the Government did not allow the loyal people to suffer, without the intervention of a claim agent. A paymaster was present with the ever-welcome greenback to pay them in full for everything, every ear of corn and fodder that the men had consumed and taken, and in many instances they were overpaid. Many of these mountaineers would look over his small field of corn and a stack of fodder or hay in the morning, and at night sit down to count his greenbacks, with his fields well harvested. Large droves of cattle had to be fed, and hundreds of pack mules, besides the teams, consumed an immense amount of forage. As we passed over many by-ways, we reached a class of people that never had received much for their farm products. After our horses and mules had been rested and well fed, and we ourselves

had filled our bread baskets, we again started forward on our march at 1 p. m., and proceeded to a place called Jones.

Here we rested for the night, to start next morning into Tennessee through Big Creek Gap, but during the night news reached headquarters that the enemy had blockaded the road, and so next morning we had to take another course. The First Tennessee passed on over another route, a bridle path by way of Jacksboro. This movement was made to mislead the enemy, and we marched on unobstructed, but the next morning we took another route that had not been much used. For several miles we had fairly good traveling, not hilly, but rough. We had believed that the worst of the road had been passed, but how often had we been disappointed and deceived.

As we issued out of the woods we discovered a long range of mountains, which proved to be, upon inquiry, the Jellico Mountains, and that our road ran directly over the highest peak, and that the roads were extremely bad. There was no sign of a human inhabitant near, the trees and rocks peered at us, but nothing was to defy us, for we were bound to go into East Tennessee, and no mountain, ever so high, could keep us from getting there. About sundown, the first piece, with double teams, and a company of the Forty-fifth Ohio, pulling on ropes, by a patent pulley invented by Artificer Stegdsall, reached the top, and, considering that a hill at an angle of forty-five degrees was to be climbed, we got along fairly well. But it was daylight before the last wagon of our battery landed on top of the mountains, but without the assistance of the Forty-fifth Ohio and the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois Infantry the movement never would have been accomplished. There were six gun carriages, six caissons, a forge and battery wagon and five six-mule army wagons alone for our battery, and many times we had twenty-four horses to a carriage. Several horses gave out and fell down in the road. As the passage was narrow, we could only take the harness off and roll the dying animal down the steep cliff.

The labor was confined to only two officers, present for duty, in the battery, while five of them were drawing pay. When the top of the mountain was reached the descent was at once commenced, which proved quite as difficult. The road was narrow, and ropes had to be attached to the guns, caissons and wagons to keep them from going down too fast and from turning over, and

after twenty-four hours of the hardest work ever performed by officers, men and beasts, we succeeded in getting the battery and wagons over the Jellico Mountains. The other troops of Burnside's army had better roads and not so many hills to climb. That night we camped at a place called "The Well," some eight miles from the foot, on the south side of the Jellico Mountains. The well is 450 feet deep, and the water is known for its medicinal qualities. As the division supply train had not reached us, we had to draw rations, for man and beast, from the corn fields. At early dawn we proceeded on our march, and at 10 a. m. passed General Hascall's camp at Chitwood. We marched six miles further and rested for the next twenty-four hours, awaiting the arrival of the Eighth Michigan Cavalry and the First East Tennessee Mounted Infantry. They rejoined us, after detached service. At this place many of our teams gave out, but as we had passed the worst part of the road, we felt hopeful and encouraged.

Our trains had come up and their loads had become much lightened, although we had been on half rations on the trip. We now had to rely almost wholly on corn fields for our supply, and in the mountains they had become less numerous. To relieve the condition, we moved on as fast as possible, and as our weak, half-starved horses and mules would permit, in order to get into the valley, where forage was more abundant. As we were in Scott County, Tenn., a very inhospitable section of the country, it required a high grade of morals to keep up good spirits, for we could travel for miles and not see a single human habitation, and then it would be but a little hut, secluded among the tall trees and rocks, with an occasional small patch of corn and a few hills of potatoes, that, on our approach, would disappear like magic. The horses and mules soon became in such a condition that neither whips nor spurs could urge them to further service, and we naturally lost many a good animal, and our battery became scattered for over a mile on the road.

Just then General Burnside, with his brilliant staff, overtook us, and after sizing up the situation, remarked that this would never do, and rode on at a gallop to the head of the column and halted. A few miles further on we found more forage, but this was fed to the stock, and it seemed to revive them. The people in this part of the country were truly loyal. Their suffering from the effects of war seemed to be beyond all endurance, and they

had borne all the persecution that our enemies could heap upon them. They bore it manfully and heroically, and without a murmur, knowing that, as in all things, the end would come, and the darkest hour before daylight. Why the Government so long delayed in giving protection to this part of the country that was equally as loyal as the most loyal parts in the Northern States, is hard to understand, at this day, when the question of Union and disunion was before the people to be voted on. The majority for the Union was over 60,000 votes. When, in 1862, Congressmen were elected, three of them from the Athens, Knoxville and Greenville Districts were radical Union men, that had as large a majority as any Union Congressman in the North. With this love for the Union, by these people in a slave State, it ought to put to shame any politician in the Northern States, at this day, who by words and acts of sympathy gave encouragement to the insurrection; for the acts of the latter encouraged those that were really Secessionists to hold out, after every chance of success had disappeared. A matter not generally known, and for reasons not so well circulated, shows now, since the great rebellion has passed into history, that only one out of every twelve white voters in the South was a slaveholder, and the other eleven had, therefore, no interest in the war except State pride, but the slaveholder was usually a leading man in the community and carried the other eleven along with him. But returning to the loyal mountaineers in East Tennessee, who, as soon as we reached an open country where habitation was possible, appeared with banners, by families, and greeted us with tears running down their faces, and greeted our advance as their deliverance. Their joy was beyond the power of expression, and they appeared as if hope had once more been born in them. The cross-roads blossomed with national flags, and the people said they had a religious faith that God would not abandon them.

After having marched and camped in Scott County three days and nights, we reached Montgomery, the county seat of Morgan County. Here the enemy had left the town the day before. We expected some resistance from now on, and therefore moved cautiously along the road. About dark some one of our men of the pioneer corps had his horse shot from ambush, but Colonel Byrd sent the First Tennessee forward to clear the road. Major Ellis, in charge of the advance, had not moved far when he came upon some

of the enemy's outposts, and a lively skirmish was the result. As the enemy appeared to have breastworks, and as it was now nearly 11 o'clock at night, it became advisable not to go any further, and we camped for the night. Pickets were sent out on all the roads, and at the dawn of day not an enemy was to be found. They had retreated to Kingston, and from there to Loudon. Without being further molested, our march was continued, and in the afternoon we reached Kingston. The battery was brought forward, on high ground overlooking the little Tennessee or Holston River, which was at this place very wide. The other side was still occupied by the enemy's outpost.

CHAPTER XIX.—SEPTEMBER, 1863.

BURNSIDE REACHES KNOXVILLE.—CAPTURE OF CUMBERLAND GAP.—
BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.—WHEELER'S RAID INTO EAST TEN-
NESSEE.

With a force of about 15,000 men, a wagon train nine miles long and 1,000 pack mules, General Burnside had successfully crossed the mountains, and on the first day of September Colonel Byrd reached his home, from which the enemy had retreated in great haste. As the last boat that crossed the river was overloaded (with the enemy) the boat sank, and twenty men were drowned. Under the protection of our guns the boat was raised, and afterwards did good service to ferry us across the river. Some of the drowned came to the surface of the water along with the boat, and one of our cannoneers (Summerfield) pulled them on shore, where they received a proper burial. Colonel Byrd occupied the same house for his headquarters that had just done similar duty for General Forrest. Lieutenant John L. Dow of Company "A," One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois Infantry, was made provost marshal of Kingston, and he made himself immensely popular by treating all Unionists and Confederates with the greatest courtesy. Some of the Confederate storekeepers had, on our approach, abandoned their goods. These were taken charge of and distributed to the citizens. One of these, a Mr. Yost, had left a large stock and gone south with the enemy. Our advance reached Knoxville on the 2nd of September, and Burnside entered on the 3rd. The troops of the Twenty-third Corps were complimented by General Burnside very highly.

From the time we left Camp Nelson, in Kentucky, our labors had been under great difficulties, and had been performed with the greatest efficiency. The mountain route, by which the

army had traveled, was nearly two hundred miles from its base, and fifteen to twenty-five miles were marched daily, and both men and animals had lived during this time on less than half rations, but as the supplies had to be drawn from Kentucky and the shortest route was by way of Cumberland Gap, of which the enemy still held possession, Burnside's first duty was to clear that road. Before leaving Kentucky General Burnside had ordered the organization of a new division under Colonel De Courcy to move down from the north to Cumberland Gap and occupy that position. On his arrival he learned that the Gap was still in the enemy's possession. General Burnside now directed General Shackleford to march to the south side, and if possible capture the garrison and General Frazer, 2,500 strong. General Shackleford, on his arrival, communicated with De Courcy on the north, by courier, and learned that the position was too strong to be captured by a small, or any force, excepting starvation. General Burnside, after learning the facts, started at once for the Gap, with Colonel Gilbert's brigade, and made the distance, sixty miles, in fifty-three hours, and reached there on the 9th of September. Preparations were made to assault the place, but before next morning General Frazer, who was in command of the enemy, concluded to surrender. About 2,200 men, with the material and armaments of the fort, were turned over to the Federal forces, and about 400 men escaped into the mountains during the night. This was certainly a very cheap victory, without firing a gun or the loss of a man. The truth was that Frazer's command (as shown by an investigation by the Confederate authorities) consisted of Union loyal Tennesseans, who did not propose to stand and fight the Federal troops.

Those surrendered were sent north, and nearly all later enlisted in the United States Army for the war. Those loyal to the Confederacy (the before-mentioned deserters—about 400) slipped out during the night; but this capture served Burnside in getting great credit from the authorities in Washington, and praise from the loyal North. That the men wanted to surrender was not referred to in the dispatches. Burnside, with Shackleford's and Gilbert's brigade, returned to Knoxville, and De Courcy's brigade, then in command of Colonel Lammert, was left as a garrison at the Gap.

Our boys would sometimes cross the river at Kingston three or four a day. Sergeant Lynam, with several others, rowed across

and called at a farm house to get dinner. To their surprise, the table was occupied by an equal number of Confederates, who at the sight of the Federals, sprang up to open hostilities. Sergeant Lynam assured them that the killing of each other, at that place, would not end the war, and would only be murder, and told them to eat their meal and go their way in peace. The Confederates saw the point and finished their meal. Our boys were served, soon after, by the same hostess, and all had their fill and no blood was shed, thus showing that as individuals they had nothing against each other.

On the morning of the 7th of September the brigade broke camp and crossed the river known as the Little Tennessee or Holston, just about where it joins another stream, the two forming the Tennessee River that at Paducah, Ky., enters the Ohio. We marched about three miles south, thence to Prigmore's mill, where we arrived on the evening of the 8th in a most disagreeably cold rain storm. The mill was set in operation to grind food for our brigade. Prigmore was a thoroughly loyal Confederate, but he furnished us freely with supplies, for men and horses, without the prospect of being paid for the same, for the brigade purchasing agent was not so prompt in turning greenbacks over to him as he had been to the loyal mountaineers. Among the supplies taken were thirty head of beef cattle, which were slaughtered as we needed them. Although he received no cash, yet as a good business man he asked for receipts for everything the Union troops appropriated, even for the top rail of a fence. Colonel Byrd had given strict instructions to look to the rails and not touch them. His orders under the circumstances (cold and rain) received no attention, and the bright fire made by them felt extremely comfortable, as all could testify. Colonel Byrd rode through the camp in high dudgeon, using very bad language for a Christian, but receiving from the officers and men just returns of what he gave them. This had no effect, however, on the enforcement of his order. One of the officers made a remark that if every rail on that farm had to go, his men should use all they needed to keep comfortable. Byrd finally left off, much disgusted, trying to save the top rail. Colonel Byrd had considerable trouble in trying to show kindness to the loyal Confederates. For some little overt act he tied two of the men of our battery by their thumbs, but Sergeant Lynam, with more courage than the rest of us, delib-

erately cut the two men loose, while Prigmore and Colonel Byrd sat on the porch and looked on. He soon came over to us and wanted the men arrested. Lieutenant Torr, the officer in command of the battery, told Byrd that he would attend to the discipline of his men. As some of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois were equally guilty, Colonel Henderson told him about the same thing. Colonel Byrd's intentions were all right, but it occurred to me when he ingloriously fled, at Calhoun, and left us in the lurch, that he did not have full confidence in the restoration of the Union, and was trying to make Confederate friends for the future. Hence his friendship for the rich planter, and it is dollars to doughnuts that Prigmore was paid for everything afterwards, just the same as the loyal mountaineers; loyalty in East Tennessee was easily established. During our stay at Prigmore a detachment of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry reached us, from the Army of the Cumberland, and assured us that all was well with Rosecrans. They carried dispatches for General Burnside, and our mounted troops carried them forward to Knoxville.

HEADQUARTERS, TWENTY-FIRST ARMY CORPS,
CHATTANOOGA, SEPT. 10, 1863, 2 A. M.

MAJOR GENERAL A. E. BURNSIDE,

Commanding Department of Ohio, Tennessee River:

SIR—I am directed by the General commanding the Department of the Cumberland to inform you that I am in full possession of this place, having entered it yesterday at 12 m., without resistance.

The enemy has retreated in the direction of Rome, Ga., the last of his force, a cavalry, having left a few hours before my arrival. At daylight I made a rapid pursuit with my corps, and hope that he will be intercepted by the center and right, the latter of which ~~was~~ at Rome. The General commanding department requests that you will move down your cavalry and occupy the country recently covered by Colonel Minty, who will report particulars to you, and who has been ordered to cross the river.

(Signed) T. L. GRITTENDEN,
Maj. Gen. Commanding.

On the following day a scouting party from the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois was sent to Athens, a beautiful town on the

Tennessee and Virginia Railroad, sixty miles southwest of Knoxville. Its citizens were nearly all intensely loyal and welcomed the advance of the Union Army with joy. The detachment returned the same night with glowing accounts of their reception by the Union people at Athens. On the next day, the 10th, the whole brigade marched to Athens and reached the town about 3 p. m. in the afternoon. Our reception was similar to the one the loyal people of Marietta, Ohio, gave the Seventh Indiana Infantry, on our advance to West Virginia in May, 1861. Nothing was too good for us, and each tried to outdo the other. A Mrs. George W. Ross (her husband was a druggist in the town, and she had two brothers with Stonewall Jackson's division in Virginia—God bless her memory—) came forward with several dishpans full of eatables. We were all hungry, but there was not a battery boy who did not receive a biscuit or two from her supplies, and as busy as this lady was, so were the rest, in supplying us with the best they had. Our camp was established on Forrest Hill, and in honor of Colonel Henderson, of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois, it was named Camp Henderson. At the approach of the Union Army, the Confederates retired, without any resistance to our advance. They had joined Bragg's army at Chickamauga, to be ready for battle with Rosecrans. As we were the first Union troops that passed through this part of the country, in full uniform, we became quite a curiosity to both the Union-loving and the Confederate element. They all turned out *en masse* to see us. The Union people, to greet us, the Confederates to satisfy their curiosity, for the latter had been made to believe that we were not like other human beings, but horrible looking creatures, with horns, and like blood-thirsty savages, and many funny and foolish questions were asked. Our good clothes and appearance surprised most of them. But few able-bodied men were among our visitors, those able to carry arms were fighting on one side or the other, and both sides held radical views, the women being very bitter on either side. There was no conservative principle upon which they would agree, except it might have been on snuff-dipping. The East Tennesseans were probably not all snuff-dippers, but most of the ladies, and many of them beauties, used snuff.

On our march from Prigmore to Athens we had a repetition of the gatherings at the cross-roads of men, women and children, bearing flags that they made themselves, to resemble Old Glory. Many of

them were very poor imitations, and out of proportion. On more than one occasion the color-bearers of the different regiments had to unfurl their flags and let them see the real Stars and Stripes, as we carried them. Between the Union-loving and loyal Confederates, in this part of the country, there was no perceptible difference in appearance and intelligence. Some were smart and good looking, while some were very ignorant.

There had been many daring acts by Union men of East Tennessee in getting away from that section, while under Confederate control, but the Union women were not behind in risking their lives for freedom in the cause they loved. One lady of Athens had crossed the mountains, before our arrival, five times, forded dangerous rivers, traversed dismal forests, climbed steep mountains, by day and night, in storm and sunshine, attended only by a trusty negro woman, to furnish information to the Union Army in Kentucky. A large number of beautiful young ladies, dressed in white, had walked out to meet the Union troops, and amid the waving of handkerchiefs, greeted them with hearty cheers. All of them carried beautiful bouquets of flowers, tied with red, white and blue ribbons. They presented them to the boys, with best wishes of success for the Union cause. Such a reception gladdened the heart and gave courage and energy to endure the dangers and hardships of the campaign. On the following day a large meeting of Union people was held at the Methodist Church. Colonel Byrd of the First Tennessee was the first speaker. The gist of his speech was that the Union must be preserved, with or without the negro. The next speaker was Colonel Worman of the Eighth Michigan Cavalry, who told his hearers that he and his boys came from the most northern part of the United States, and that they came to cure certain ills of the people, with doses of pills, seven at a time. They were easily injected, but with terrible results, but that they intended to stay in the South until the disease of secession was cured. Colonel Thomas Henderson, a native Tennessean, but now a citizen of Illinois, in command of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois Infantry, was called on. He was happy to have met such a reception of the loyal people, and was glad there were so many of them in his native State who understood the situation so well, but regretted that scheming politicians (after the people resisted the secession) had been able to pass the ordinance to separate the State from the Union. He said that Illinois had already sent 130,000

soldiers to the Union Army, and would send as many more to restore the National authority over every acre of the United States. As to the freedom of the slaves, that had become a war measure and would be carried out as such, and the people of the North cared not what became of slavery, so that the Union of the States remained intact and its laws supreme.

Circulars and notices were published for the farmers that lived near by to bring in their produce, and they would be promptly paid for everything they sold to the Government. Captain J. C. Wilkins of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois acted as Provost Marshal, and his company ("I") was detailed as provost guard. A scouting party was sent south to the town of Benton, across the Hiawassia River, but came up with none of the enemy in that direction. Some civilian prisoners were brought in, and after giving bond, released. A large number of citizens visited us daily and many East Tennesseans in Buckner's and Bragg's army, now that the Federals had possession, deserted the Confederate cause and came home to take the oath of allegiance. The occupation of East Tennessee by Burnside had been intended by the Government at Washington to be a support to the Army of the Cumberland, under Rosecrans, and Burnside had received positive instructions, and so apparently understood his orders to keep in touch with Rosecrans, so that in case of necessity he could support him in battle. As our brigade was nearest to the Army of the Cumberland, a note was received by Colonel Byrd, and forwarded to General Burnside, then between Cumberland Gap and Knoxville, from General Halleck, dated at,

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 11th, 1863—2 P. M.

"Hold the gaps of the North Carolina mountains, the line of the Holston River, or some point (if there be one) to prevent access from Virginia, and connect with General Rosecrans, at least with your cavalry."

This gave Burnside the assurance that all was well with Rosecrans, up to that time, and just the information he wanted, for he evidently did not intend to help win Rosecrans' battle. The force under Colonel Byrd (our brigade), Colonel Woolford's Cavalry and White's infantry division were all the troops between Knoxville and Buckner's and Bragg's right flank at that time. Byrd received orders, if possible, to occupy Cleveland, thirty miles from Athens, and about 30 miles from Chattanooga. For this purpose, on Sept. 15, he

sent Captain Dickerson of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois Infantry and two other companies, one of the Eighth Michigan and the other the First Tennessee, to that place. The enemy had been there the day before, but returned and gave the Federals a fight, in which Captain Dickerson was killed, and some prisoners taken, and the others routed. Burnside therefore knew that the Confederates were here in force, yet he moved his principal troops to the east of Knoxville, where no enemy had been found. To support his action he refers to Halleck's orders "to hold the gaps of the North Carolina mountains, etc.

As there was a rumor at the time that the Confederate General Jones was holding some points in the upper part of East Tennessee, he ordered General Hartsuff to order all the infantry of the Twenty-third Corps east of Knoxville, and for Colonel Byrd to connect with Rosecrans in the southwest. Byrd claimed that his brigade only numbered 1,200 men, while Burnside crossed the mountain with 15,000 troops. He therefore put a greater distance between the rest of his troops and Rosecrans' army in Northern Georgia than if he had remained in Kentucky. On the night of the 16th General Burnside received an order from General Halleck dated September 13, which read:

"It is important that all the available forces at your command be pushed forward into East Tennessee, and all your scattered forces should be concentrated there. Move down your infantry as rapidly as possible towards Chattanooga, to connect with Rosecrans."

Next morning Burnside ordered the Ninth Corps, that had rested in Kentucky since the 12th of August, forward. This corps had been with Grant at Vicksburg, and started to return from that place by boat July 8, and reached Cincinnati August 12. The excuse for not bringing the Ninth Army Corps was that it needed rest from its Vicksburg campaign, but it had rested on board the transports for a whole month, an ideal place to rest. The troops not in the presence of the enemy, in upper East Tennessee, were now ordered in great haste to return to Knoxville, and then march to Chattanooga to Rosecrans. Another telegram from Halleck, dated September 14, reached Burnside on the 17th, which read: "There are several reasons why you should re-enforce Rosecrans with all possible dispatch. It is believed the enemy will concentrate to give him battle. You must be there to help him."

On this day we received orders with our brigade at Athens, to

at once move to Calhoun, but Colonel Byrd sent only two companies with Henderson of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois and the Fifteenth Indiana Battery. We reached that place about noon of the 18th and placed the battery on high ground, in the cemetery, in position, ready for action, overlooking the Hiawasi, and up to the hills on the other side. The detachment, or what was left of it, under Captain Dickerson, but now under Lieutenant John Gudgel, recrossed the river and in the night we retreated to Riceville, seven miles east of Calhoun. Here we remained during the day, and heard the terrible noise and roar of the battle of Chickamauga, in which the Washington authorities had intended we should take part, but General Burnside had managed it otherwise, and on the evening of the 19th we fell back to Athens. On the morning of the 20th the fury of battle and roar of artillery, with the rattling of musketry, opened again, and was heard by us until about 4 p. m. of that day. The above is a true story of how near Burnside came to being of some assistance to Rosecrans at Chickamauga, and which it was intended he should render when he left Kentucky with the Army of the Ohio for East Tennessee.

Whether he had fears that, on account of his ranking commission, Rosecrans would have surrendered the command to him, or whether Rosecrans feared that Burnside would assume command when the two met, has never been learned; but as the latter had skulked before, at Antietam, it is most probable that he did not care to help fight the battles and campaigns Rosecrans had planned, and therefore kept at as great a distance from the latter as though he had remained in quarters at Camp Nelson, in Kentucky; for when Burnside was in Upper East Tennessee, hunting for bushwhackers with the Twenty-third Army Corps, he was nearly 200 miles from Chattanooga, where it was intended and expected he would be. Jones' Confederate force in Upper Tennessee could not be an excuse, for he had only about 2,500 men, by report; but Colonel Forster, with a brigade of mounted troops, had already destroyed the railroad bridges, so that no large Confederate force could come that way. If further evidence was needed that Burnside was mistaken, if not intentionally wrong, we may refer to Schofield's campaign in February and March, 1864. Longstreet held Upper East Tennessee with 20,000 men and Schofield just permitted him to stay there, but Longstreet did not disturb Schofield at Knoxville, and the latter, without paying any attention to Longstreet, joined Sherman's grand

army, before Dalton, and East Tennessee was little disturbed, except by raids, until the close of the war.

Late in the evening of the 21st of September a Confederate raiding party came up to Athens, and after a little skirmishing they went their way. The appearance of these raiders was the first indication we had that Rosecrans had met with reverses; but we kept in harness all night, and during the day, in the evening about 5 o'clock, the whole brigade marched down to Calhoun, arriving there at midnight. Next day two companies proceeded south again, as far as Cleveland, without finding the enemy. At Calhoun our battery was again placed in the cemetery, and during the night I slept in a sunken grave. I believed then, and still do, that I never rested better, anywhere.

During the night it was reported that a large body of mounted troops were on the way to attack us. The battery was in position and the cannoneers slept by its side. At 4 in the morning the horses had been fed, harnessed, hitched and were ready for action. Two companies of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois Infantry were sent out to reconnoiter, one on the Dalton road, the other to Cleveland, and another company down the river to Cottonwood to watch the ford at that place, and prevent the enemy from reaching our rear at Calhoun. But our wait, that day, for the enemy had no results, and we rested again for the night as we had done before. Early, about 3 a. m., on the 24th the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois had its full band play the reveille. After the band played, the Martial Band began to play, and after the Martial Band came the bugle. The object was to deceive the enemy, who were then expected to be within hearing distance, as to the number of our regiments and batteries, but if they had intended to call the enemy they could not have had better success.

At daylight Major Dow of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois went out in search of the enemy. He did not have far to go until he found them, and he came back with the Confederates following him with an overwhelming force. Colonel Henderson, with the rest of his regiment, went down to the ford to protect Major Dow and his men in crossing, but the enemy withdrew and did not press the pursuit at this time. On the morning of the 25th we were up and ready at 3:30 o'clock, and Captain Mitchell of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois was again sent across the river to ascertain the approach of the enemy. At the junction of the Dalton and Cleve-

land roads he met them in force, and a severe skirmish ensued. The enemy tried to outflank him and get in his rear, but he retired and recrossed the river.

In the afternoon Colonel Henderson crossed the river and advanced towards Cleveland, where he again found the enemy, and after exchanging a few shots retired to the north side of the river. Early on the morning of the 26th the whole brigade was ready for any movement. A large reconnoitering party was sent across the river. They had not proceeded very far before they met the enemy in force. A severe skirmish ensued, and our detachment was driven back to the main body. A detachment was sent down the river to guard the crossing at the ford. The enemy soon occupied the high bluffs, south of the river, which gave them control of the bottom, on the north side. As soon as the enemy appeared we opened fire with the whole battery (six guns), and the enemy lost no time in bringing their own guns into position. Protected by an old breastworks we kept up the practice until about 2 o'clock, when it was found that the enemy was crossing the river above and below us. The brigade was ordered to fall back. At this time we were under the enemy's fire of canister, and with a little more elevation and better aim they could have destroyed our whole battery. That they did not do this was not the fault of Colonel Byrd, the brigade commander, for he appeared to have lost his mind, and in his order for retreat had not notified Colonel Henderson at the ford.

Just as we reached the road a solid shot from the enemy passed over us, killing the colored servant of Lieutenant Torr by taking off the left half of his head. Our forage wagons were in the bottom to gather corn, and at first paid no attention to the combat, but as soon as the enemy swarmed across the river, Joel Lanning, in charge of the wagons, drove past the fire, and in front of the enemy, and brought up in the rear of our column, without losing a wagon, but we lost all of our tents, that had been unloaded to make room for the forage, and from that day until mustered out of the service, June 30, 1865, we had no cover except tarpaulins.

Colonel Henderson of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois made a miraculous escape, as he was nearly surrounded by the enemy, now crossing and swarming over every part of the river that was fordable. As we reached Riceville we formed a line of battle, in field on the north side of the road, and again opened on our pursuers. This gave Colonel Henderson a chance to come up with his regi-

ment, but we soon limbered up, and retreated to within a few miles of Athens. Here the brigade of Colonel Woolford joined us, and we formed in line again, and for several hours had a lively combat, which lasted until dark. Woolford brought his mountain howitzer into action, and I became convinced that such field guns, then with our army, were out of date. At dark we retreated to Athens and pulled into bivouac, at or near the female seminary. We did not unhitch or unharness, but built large and many camp fires to mislead the enemy, who were still trying to outflank us and get in our rear. In the little affairs at Calhoun, Riceville and Athens, our mounted infantry, with Springfield rifles, and we, with our rifle guns, had the advantage over the enemy, who were armed with smooth-bores and carbines. A detachment, under Lieutenant Brown of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois, that had been sent out on outpost duty, and thought to have been captured, reported at midnight to Colonel Henderson. At 2 o'clock in the morning of the 27th we left our camp fires burning and marched the rest of the night to Sweet Water, and later to Philadelphia. Here we halted and formed in line for a fight. We remained in position all the day and the following night.

At noon on the 28th a detachment made an attack on our outpost, but soon retired, afterwards coming forward with their main force. Information was received that they tried to outflank us, to get in between our brigade and the forces then assembling under General White, at Loudon. By a road near the Tennessee River we retreated to Loudon, and formed in line, on the left of General White's division of infantry, but seeing that we were strong enough to resist any large force, and they being mainly cavalry, did not care to attack us. They came in range of our guns, and for several hours we gave them the best practice of our experience, until night put an end to the affair. On the morning of the 29th we exchanged some of our worn-out and shoulder-sore horses at the quartermaster's, and then leisurely proceeded to Philadelphia, without coming up with the enemy. We returned to Loudon for the night, for rumors kept coming that the enemy was still on our flank, and on the morning of the 30th our brigade and Woolford's mounted troops marched to Philadelphia, and there formed in line of battle. The roads were dry and dusty and the men nearly suffocated. The enemy was in force, east of Philadelphia, parallel with the railroad. Lieutenant Colonel Adams of the First Kentucky, Woolford's brigade, had gone forward

to Sweet Water, and was now in great danger of being cut off and captured. A detachment of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois Infantry was sent to Sweet Water with verbal orders for him to return if necessary on byways and through corn fields, but not to stop to bring on a fight. The detachment returned in the evening, bringing Lieutenant Colonel Adams. They had received a few stray shots from the enemy, as they galloped by them on the road, but without being injured.

Next morning, October 1, we moved forward with the brigade, and after a four-mile march stopped and camped at Mouse Creek, during a cold, drizzling rain, and the next day, October 2, marched to Athens, where we again occupied our old quarters on Forrest Hill.

CHAPTER XX.—OCTOBER, 1863.

ARRIVAL OF THE NINTH ARMY CORPS.—ADVANCE AND RETREAT.— CAPTAIN VON SEHLEN REACHES THE BATTERY.

At Athens we recaptured a number of our sick and wounded, and some of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois that had been left behind at Calhoun, and had fled to the brush, came also to us, but Captain Wilkins and his company were captured by the enemy. When Wilkins first came up with the enemy he struck their ambulance train and made them prisoners. He soon learned, however, that the boot was on the wrong leg, as the main body of the enemy was ahead of him, and he was notified that he and his men were their prisoners. He surrendered with as good grace as the situation would permit, but it was a sore disappointment, and he was compelled to bear it. Wilkins was sent to Libby Prison and the men to Andersonville, of which only a few ever returned to their homes and friends. Captain Wilkins made an attempt early in 1864 to escape from Libby, and did so, but was recaptured. He was then sent to Macon, where he again attempted to escape. This time he succeeded, and reached our line at Dalton about June 5, 1864.

As usual, when a horse is stolen the stable is locked, and so with Burnside, after the battle of Chickamauga. He ordered every able-bodied man in his department to the front. By the 30th of September the whole Ninth Corps, 6,000 strong, had arrived. With them came Captain Von Sehlen, but instead of being a relief he became an additional burden, for he was stricken with typhoid fever while we were yet in camp at Athens. Lieutenant Torr waited on him with the devotion of a true friend. Lieutenant Harvey also came to East Tennessee, with another battery, as its third or fourth Lieutenant.

That battery being an officer short, he took service with them, and as soon as the Lieutenant in whose place he served arrived, he returned to Indiana to resume recruiting. As instructor of maneuvers and tactics, Lieutenant Harvey was not needed in the battery, for our instruction by Von Sehlen was simply perfect, and Harvey did not have instructive ability. He was brave, but in the administration of a battery, officers can make themselves useful otherwise than by the knowledge of tactics, although no one should hold a commission in the army unless he can give a command. Governor Morton, as well as all other Governors who issued commissions, claimed to be imposed on every time they issued a commission secured through influence of others and relatives.

The sickness of Von Sehlen (present in camp) and the return of Lieutenant Harvey to Indiana after he had been within thirty miles of the battery, provoked Lieutenant Torr to write some very interesting and harsh letters to Lieutenant Harvey, letting him know that his services were due the Fifteenth Indiana Battery. Torr proposed other drastic measures, but Captain Von Sehlen would not consent to it.

The One-hundred-and-twelfth Illinois was sent out to find the enemy, going towards Calhoun, but was told not to go into the town. Taking two guns of the battery I was sent with him. Another column, under Lieutenant Griffin, had been ordered by another road, both roads uniting near the town. Captain Dunn acceded his orders and entered the town, and down the river we found the enemy on the opposite side. We sent a few shots into them to let them know we were there, and then retired, but they did not follow us. On Sunday noon, October the 4th, we received orders to march at once, and that afternoon went seven miles toward Sweet Water. On October 5 we marched to Sweet Water, and camped for the night. Early next morning, at 7 o'clock, we were again on the road to Loudon, reaching there in due time, where we halted three hours for our wagons to cross, and then marched until 9 o'clock that night. We started early on the 7th in a cold and drizzling rain, which had kept us company for four days, and by noon reached Kingston.

On October 8th we reached Post Oak Springs. We had been there just one month before, when we left that place for Athens. The distance that we had traveled in the last three days was about seventy miles, in the worst kind of weather, over a broken road, up

and down hill, with sore-shouldered horses, and man and beast on half rations. We suffered from hunger, many days at a time having but one meal per day. But the brigade was now in a good section of the country, and watching the enemy, from the direction of the Sequat-due Valley, with a chance to rest and recuperate and prepare for future action. On October 10 Colonel Byrd issued a sort of farewell order. Whatever the rest of the brigade thought, I do not know, but the Fifteenth Indiana Battery were in a position to thank the Lord for the farewell.

For many reasons Colonel Byrd was not popular with us. He was loyal, but had no military aptness or knowledge. Through his ignorance the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois was too much exposed at Calhoun, and it is a surprise to me that the whole regiment escaped capture, but only by the cool judgment of Colonel Henderson, escaped prison.

As we were now made to believe that we would spend the winter looking into the eyes and watching our enemy, the boys began to make themselves comfortable, and more than once we had fresh roasted pork, also fresh beef, for our mess. The only thing we seriously missed, if our stay was to be of any duration, was our fine outfit of tents, which we had to leave at Calhoun to the tender care of our enemy. In place of the tents our tarpaulins for guns and caisson stood us in good stead, and gave us protection against the weather, with a crackling camp fire, always from the top rail, in our front. We knew the enemy was now at some distance, but the restless spirit of our new brigade commander, Lieutenant Colonel Bond, sent out one expedition after another to find the enemy. Colonel Henderson had gone to Knoxville with the intention of going home on a furlough, and as Colonel Byrd had gone to Kingston, his home, to command the post at that place, we looked for an easy time, at least until spring, but all of this was changed when, on the 14th of October, a detachment was sent down to Washington, Tenn., thirty-two miles south of us, and a section of artillery was to go with them, but Captain Von Sehlen presented the true condition of our horses, and no guns were sent. The object of the scout was to send some messages from Burnside to Rosecrans. The mounted troops made the distance in one day. With artillery they could not have done so, for the weather was simply dreadful. The troops returned the next day to Sulphur Springs, and as the weather was still bad, they enjoyed themselves at the Springs by living on the fat of the land.

As this part had never yet been visited by any of the warriors of either side, they returned with a full supply of commissary stores, enough to last the raiders for a month, but they were liberal and divided with their comrades. But the battery boys were not in the mess. Still they did not suffer. On the 18th another expedition was sent out to Sulphur Springs, with orders to destroy all the boats on both sides of the river. As the soldier's joy is to destroy, this order was carried out with delight and dispatch, and were kept busy for four days. When they returned to Post Oak Springs they found the brigade had moved and was on the march to Kingston. At the river ford, over Clinch River, as the roads were very heavy and the horses worn out and sore, we sent a Sergeant and some men to see if we could not secure some mules or oxen to help the battery across the near-by stream. As the Sergeant made his errand known to the lady of the house, she politely informed him that they had neither horses, oxen nor mules. As the Sergeant was about to leave the colored people, who had been in the field, came in from their day's work with enough mules and oxen to have pulled three batteries.

Without asking the lady's permission the colored overseer, Lorenzen, was politely invited to follow the battery squad, and they soon reached us, where we were hard at work trying to get the first gun up the slippery hill. Lorenzen surveyed the field and took in the situation. He hitched on, and the guns and caissons were moved in regular order on high and dry ground. As we took a liking to our new-made colored friend, we asked if he would not prefer to go with us, and he could cook for the officers' mess. He said he would go, and so Lorenzen stayed with us, while we returned the rest of the colored help and the teams. We reached Kingston on the 20th, and found that a brigade of the enemy's mounted troops were on the other side, across the Tennessee River. On the 21st scouting parties were again sent in the direction of Post Oak Springs, and brought in rumors that Longstreet's forces were coming into Sweet Water Valley. In the morning of the 22d another scouting party was sent out. They met some of the enemy and an Orderly Sergeant of the Eighth Michigan Cavalry was killed and several others wounded of the pickets captured. A report was also received that a large force of the enemy were passing through Athens for Loudon. At 10 o'clock that night I was the only commissioned officer in camp with the battery. The Captain and Lieutenant Torr had been invited to some social gathering. We received orders to be ready for the march at once. The bugles sounding the necessary calls.

A LONG RIDE AND CHASING THE ENEMY.

All was ready in a short time, and when the Captain reached the battery he simply gave the command forward, and we were on our way to Loudon. The night was densely dark. Six miles from Kingston, as we crossed Powell River, our teams were completely broken down. The river, at the crossing, was very wide, and on the further side was an inclination over rocks and ledges hard to ascend. Captain Von Sehlen's horse stumbled. He fell and received an injury that made it necessary for him to keep the ambulance until we reached Loudon. With herculean labor we succeeded in getting the battery and battery wagons across the stream, by daylight, and now marched on, up one hill and down another, until late in the evening we turned into camp at Loudon. The march had been one of the worst that we had gone through up to that time, a cold and drizzling rain all the way, but we were happy that hereafter we were not to be disturbed by Colonel Byrd. His regiment remained at Kingston. The Sixth Indiana Cavalry was added to the brigade in place of the First Tennessee. At Loudon Colonel Saunders, a brilliant young cavalry officer, was placed in command of the brigade, and on the following day, October 29, the battery was ordered to accompany an expedition across the river to Philadelphia to find and come in touch with the enemy, on presentation to General Burnside, who came up from Lenoirs with his staff. Captain Von Sehlen stated that no more than one section could be properly mounted, and fit for service, and to make it serviceable he would hitch eight horses to each carriage and leave the rest in camp. The Captain's recommendations were accepted and Lieutenant Torr crossed the river with the section, and in company with the brigade, under Saunders, proceeded to Philadelphia, drove the enemy's outpost to his principal lines, returned in the evening and recrossed the river. The following day I was sent out with another section, also with eight horses to a carriage, and the same maneuver of the previous day was expected; but the enemy were more daring and offered greater resistance. On the 26th the brigade had gone out as usual, and Torr was again out with a section. The melee became more active, and there were more dead, among these a friend of ours, Lieutenant Jones of the Fifty-fifth Ohio, on the staff of General Saunders, who was killed. Our eight-horse service appeared to convince General Burnside that he could maneuver with cavalry, if an additional team was given us; but he forgot that the

resting of one day helped the horses at the guns to gain more strength than the additional teams, and we used no horses on the expedition that had sore shoulders. On the 27th an order was received to discharge George Collins, a private in our battery, he having received an appointment as cadet to West Point. Captain Von Sehlen, who was very anxious to bring the battery to the highest perfection, asked General Burnside for an additional team to each carriage. A requisition was made and an order issued for one of the officers to proceed to Cincinnati to draw the harness, also another order for Lieutenant Harvey, then on recruiting service in Indianapolis, to at once report to the battery. The question now was who was to go. Lieutenant Torr wanted to go, but his home was in Philadelphia, and no time was to be lost by furlough, and whoever went had to return at once. My home was in Indianapolis, and this offered me a chance to be there a few days, and for Lieutenant Torr to a sixty or ninety days' furlough on our return. On the morning of the 28th, about 5 o'clock, I started and George Collins, the cadet, started with me, both mounted on fairly good horses, and reached Knoxville about thirty miles distant, by 9 a. m. Here we breakfasted and fed the horses. We soon were on our way again, and a little after dinner stepped at a farmer's, and without asking his permission went to his corn crib and fed our horses. While doing this we were called to halt, and a number of videttes station at the house leveled their guns, ready for our execution. We showed our orders and asked the owner to prepare something for us to eat. This he did, and his good-looking daughters waited on us. We paid for horse feed and our meal and rode on. About 4 p. m. we neared Clinch River, about a mile south of this place, a young man dressed as a farmer met us, mounted on a fairly good horse, but a poor saddle and bridle, and asked where we were going. We eyed him with drawn revolvers. When he said if we intended to cross the Clinch River we would probably find our way barred, as the enemy was just passing on the other side. After some more talk, I told Collins: "George, let us go on and see about this." We rode on until we came within 300 yards of the ford. Here a German shoemaker, with his apron in his hand, came towards us and motioned for us not to come, but we rode up to him, when he told us, greatly excited, that the enemy marched on the other side. I asked him closely how they marched, and about the number. Pulling out my map, I saw the parting of the road, one along the river and the other towards Tazewell, about a mile ahead of us. So I told



GEORGE COLLINS.



LIEUT.-GEN. JAMES LONGSTREET, C. S. A.

Collins that we would follow them, as, according to our best information, they were only a small battalion that would follow the river road. We plunged into the river, then not very deep, but wide. I drew my saber and gave Collins an additional revolver. With the sling of the sabre on my wrist and revolver in hand, we spurred our jaded horses and followed the enemy. The dust created by their march was plainly visible. As we approached in their rear, at the top of my voice I called the command: "Charge them, boys! Charge them!" George and I charged, firing, and soon reached the parting of the road.

We turned to the right and rode a short distance, when, zip, zip, the bullets passed us, fired by our own vidette post, some 600 yards away. We at once dismounted, and I raised the white handkerchief and approached the outpost. The Sergeant in charge claimed us as his prisoners, and I called for the Lieutenant, who now came up and recognized my orders and identity. We gave them all the information obtained and went on our way to Tazewell. Soon after we met Colonel Capron, in charge of a cavalry column, told him our story, and he marched on to head them off. In this he succeeded, for large numbers came in to Tazewell that evening, as prisoners of war. We tried to get quarters of the many Union people in Tazewell for the night, but they all appeared to be protected by some order from one or the other Generals that had stopped or passed through there. The only thing we could do was to try and reach the Cumberland Gap, where our forces had a post.

Collins and I marched on. We then had made about ninety miles since morning, and George was shifting his seat uncomfortably, from one side to the other, in his saddle, and there were still ten miles to be made, and it was already after 9 o'clock. After we had covered about five of it, we looked up into the hills, and in one of the coves saw a bright light only 200 yards away. We rode up and were politely received by an elderly lady. We asked if we could stay there over night. She agreed to keep us if we were content to sleep on the floor. The beds she had were already occupied by some East Tennesseans that had returned from the north. We were ever so glad to get any kind of a place to rest, and a boy about 12 years old took charge of our horses. He brought us our saddles and blankets, to be used for a head rest and bed. As we had some coffee in our saddle bags, we made the lady accept it, and her good-looking daughters prepared us a hot cup, that night. As it

was now midnight, and we had ridden since 4 a. m., about ninety-three miles, we had no trouble in falling asleep, and did not awake until 8 a. m. next day. The refugees that had occupied the bed were already gone. The two daughters of our host had prepared a breakfast consisting of fried chickens, sweet potatoes and coffee, and never was a meal more relished than on that morning in this humble cottage. Our conversation revealed the fact that her husband and two elder sons were in the Confederate army. After the meal I asked what my obligations were. She said nothing. Reminding her that she had better take the money offered (two dollars), for neither she nor we could tell how the fortunes of war would change, she finally accepted, and asked that as I returned I should bring her some winter clothing and shoes for her daughters. I told her not to rely on that, for the reason that I might not come by that route, on my return, and this was what occurred. After bidding the old lady, daughters and son an affectionate good-bye, and pressing another dollar into the hands of the boy, for the care of our horses, we parted, and soon crossed the Cumberland Mountains at the Gap. We rode fifty-four miles and stopped for the night, but early next morning were again in the saddle, and rode thirty-five miles, as an easy ride for that day. On the fourth day, about 2 p. m., we reached Nicholville. I turned over the Government horse and saddle that George had been using, and gave my private horse to him to ride to Cincinnati, from there to be shipped to Indianapolis, and left myself on the afternoon train. From that day to this writing I have not seen George, but have been in correspondence with him. He went to West Point, but for some reason left the Academy, and again entered the army and served to the close of the war. He is now a prosperous farmer in Ingo County, Cal.

I reached Cincinnati that night, and at once went to the headquarters of General Cox, delivered my dispatches, went to the Burnett House, took a bath and had a first-class supper. Next morning after breakfast I called on Paymaster Will Cumbach, and drew my pay for six months. After buying necessary articles and presenting my requisition for the extra harness and ambulance, I left for Indianapolis, having made the trip from Loudon via Knoxville to Cincinnati in four days, one of the quickest on record at that time.

Our coming up with the enemy on Clinch River came very near preventing us from performing further service for the Government; but in war there is always risk, so I risked, and succeeded.

Immediately after the battle of Chickamauga, when our brigade first arrived at Calhoun, there was a rumor that Longstreet was marching against us. The same rumor was current when we were marching from Post Oak Springs to Kingston, but how these rumors that had some foundation of truth reached us before any movement was started is a mystery to-day. Just after the battle of Chickamauga Longstreet apparently gave the advice to Bragg, either to transfer his (Bragg's) base to Rome, Ga., and then move, by way of Stevenson, in the rear of Rosecrans, and make the latter abandon Chattanooga or starve him into surrender by breaking his lines of communication, or permit him (Longstreet) with 15,000 or 20,000 men, to march into East Tennessee and destroy or capture Burnside.

Bragg answered that Rosecrans would have to surrender, and he would be able to enter Chattanooga at the head of his army, where the ladies would greet him with flags and handkerchiefs as the hero, and his men as victors of the great cause, and that his (Longstreet's) further advice was out of order.

There had already been some friction between Bragg and Longstreet on the first day's battle at Chickamauga, when Longstreet asked Bragg whether his divisions should go in. Bragg answered this by issuing orders for Longstreet's troops, to the division commanders, instead of to Longstreet. Things did not move very smoothly in the Confederate camp, and the visit of Mr. Davis, their president, did not add oil to the troubled waters. To please Bragg, Rosecrans did not surrender, and as the National Government found it necessary to have one in authority over the army in the west, General Grant was sent to Chattanooga, and on October 22, while at Louisville, assumed, in addition to the Army of the Tennessee, command over the Cumberland Army, under Rosecrans, and also the Army of the Ohio, under Burnside. The three departments were known thereafter as the Military Division of the Mississippi. If General Grant from that time on had ordered the movements of the Confederates, it could not have better suited his plans than Bragg and Longstreet executed them. These Generals being still at loggerheads, to please Longstreet, he was permitted to carry out the invasion of East Tennessee, against Burnside. These rumors reached us, as stated, at Kingston, a week or ten days before Longstreet knew of it; hence our march to Loudon and the affairs from the 22nd to the 27th, near Philadelphia. Longstreet claims that rumors of his intended

movement reached him about November 1. On the 3rd he called on General Bragg to inquire what it meant. He claims that Hardee and Breckenridge were present, and gave it as his opinion that the movement should be made, but with a force large enough to overwhelm Burnside, so as to be back to Chattanooga before General Grant could get his re-enforcements up; and that Bragg ought to retire during the meantime to a defensive position east of Chickamagua Creek. As to his retirement east of Chickamauga Creek, Bragg would not hear to it, but cut the meeting short, and next day issued final orders for Longstreet's movements, which, no doubt, the latter willingly accepted, as he was ready to play any part in the game of war that would separate him from Bragg. Longstreet claimed that he could ruin or capture Burnside with a large force. In this he was right, as we shall see in our narrative of the battle of Campbells Station. He also claimed that East Tennessee was a point of strategy in the campaign, as its possession brought them close to Kentucky and West Virginia, and in the rear of the Federal line of communication, but his opinion as to the latter was not endorsed by Generals Grant and Sheridan, who also knew a thing or two about strategy. The latter claims that Longstreet's movement was only made for him to get away from Bragg and by the shortest route back to Lee's army in Virginia. The enemy's cavalry, now under General Martin, had already closed in upon the river, above and below London, and on the 28th our troops from the south side of the river where withdrawn and the infantry sent to Lenoirs, seven miles in the rear, where the Ninth Corps was resting, and on the 31st there was an inspection and muster, for pay, of all the troops. Immediately after General Grant took charge of the military division Burnside reported his forces as 22,500, with ninety-six guns, of all arms, in East Tennessee. A month later, in November, he claims 25,500 men and 108 guns ready for service. On the 5th Longstreet's first troops arrived by the cars at Sweet Water, and on the 12th his last troop landed at that place.

During the interval Longstreet wrote a letter to Buckner, who, was to assist him, in which it appeared that he did not have much faith in the success of his campaign, as then ordered by Bragg, for his force was too small; but with a larger force and rapid movement it might yet be possible to capture Burnside. He claims that when he left Chattanooga an abundance of supplies were assured him at Sweet Water; but when he reached there, General Stevenson, in

command of the Confederate outpost, gathered all he could lay hands on and sent them to Chattanooga to Bragg's army, and after he had done this he retired and rejoined Bragg's army. So Longstreet found himself in a new country with a large army and not a day's rations at hand, and was at the same time urged by both authorities at Richmond and Chattanooga to make haste with his work. His foragers were very busy gathering rations while he perfected plans to cross the Little Tennessee, above its confluence with the greater river, by way of Marysville, to the heights above Knoxville, and by forced marches to bring Burnside's troop to defend that town on open ground. He was ill prepared for the march, but when his pontoon train came up by the cars, he had no wagon train to haul them, and therefore had to change his plans. He found a point in the river, near the railroad, where he could cross, and at dark pushed up the cars by hand, and a little further up the river found fords where the cavalry had no trouble in crossing. But close up to Kingston the enemy had pickets. With his main mounted force, under Wheeler, he was moving to Maryville, and from there to the southeast side of Knoxville, there to try and hold our forces at that place.

CHAPTER XXI.—NOVEMBER, 1863.

LONGSTREET'S INVASION OF EAST TENNESSEE.—BATTLE OF CAMP-BELL'S STATION.—SIEGE OF KNOXVILLE.—ASSAULT ON FORT SAUNDERS.

On the 4th of November a sutler of the Ninth Corps brought his goods to the front. Although the men had no money, it was not long before the stock was sold out, with poor prospects for pay. At the same time the Ninth Army Corps were preparing to stay all winter. The weather being bad, they built the usual huts to make themselves comfortable. The Twenty-third Corps was not so previous, and waited to see what was coming. The rumors that Longstreet would move into East Tennessee had reached Washington about as early as they did us at Kingston, on the 22nd of October, and now since Grant was in command and the move actually on, Grant was almost hourly appealed to to do something for Burnside. To have a thorough understanding with Burnside, Grant had sent Assistant Secretary of War Dana, with a staff officer, from his headquarters, to Burnside; but as Grant could do nothing until Sherman arrived, Burnside was to draw and entertain Longstreet in East Tennessee, so that the latter could not get back to Bragg, at Chattanooga, which would make it easier for Grant to meet and destroy Bragg.

After Dana and his party had finished their mission they were escorted, by the way of Lenoir and Kingston, thence on the west side of Tennessee, to the lines of the Army of the Cumberland. At this time a paymaster reported at Cumberland Gap, and a party of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois was sent out to give him safe escort to Knoxville. But he was not permitted to pay off just then, although the pay rolls of every organization were ready; but he

kept his greenbacks in such a position that at any time, in case Longstreet captured the town a match could be applied and the money burned. We had been glad that we passed from under the command of Colonel Byrd, who was now at Kingston, his old home, commanding the post with his regiment, as post commander. He found that he could not get along without artillery, so on the 5th Orderly Sergeant Adam Kuntz of our battery, with three pieces, escorted by a company of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois Mounted Infantry, was sent to him, and remained there until after the siege.

Kuntz was quite an able artilleryist, and while in command made a fine record. That Grant was highly pleased with Bragg's movement is shown by his letter, in which he writes that the victory at Chattanooga was more easily accomplished by Bragg's mistake in sending away his ablest corps commander, with 20,000 of his best troops. Burnside therefore had no intention to check Longstreet at the river, and on the morning of the 15th, with the enemy across the river, above and below Loudon, Burnside retreated to Lenoir. Longstreet pursued and had sent Wheeler's cavalry to Marysville, which they captured. General Saunders, who was in command of the Union forces, checked Wheeler, but fell back to the heights south of Knoxville, where he and Parke, with part of the Ninth and Twenty-third Corps, then stationed at Knoxville, defeated Wheeler, who rejoined Longstreet by the way of the little town of Louisville. Up at this place he tried to lay a pontoon bridge, but the current of the river would not permit it.

Burnside, who had come up from Knoxville, received an enthusiastic reception by the troops as he passed them, and by his small success had become popular with them. His presence also intimated that his little army would not enjoy rest in winter quarters at that place. Burnside, with his staff and battle flag, made a fine appearance as they swept by the troops, and cheers arose from regiment to regiment as he passed them. The continued rain had made heavy roads, and the hard work to get the wagons and artillery to the rear caused the troops to become dissipated; but they were encouraged and animated when they saw their General among them with a confidential look on his face, and few corps commanders have ever won the affection of their men as Burnside did here.

The retreat from Loudon to Lenoir, on the 15th, was made with great difficulty, a heavy rain, with a cold northwest wind, continuing during the whole day. The guns that were brought forward

had the service of an infantry regiment, on the ropes, to get them through the deep, stiff mud, and often the horses were held by the tough clay soil until the men came to their relief; and many soldiers would lose their shoes. In hunting for their lost shoes the victim would cause laughter from all his comrades. The infantry halted at Lenoir and the mules of the 100 wagons, loaded with supplies, were taken to bring the artillery to Campbell Station, but Longstreet pressed Burnside so closely at this place that the wagons with supplies became trophies of the enemy. Longstreet claims that he captured eighty wagons, loaded with small stores of coffee and sugar. The former, his men had not tasted for nearly two years. Burnside claims that he had set fire to the wagons and destroyed the stores, and with them the officers' baggage, books and everything that retarded the movement. That part of the train saved was started to Knoxville, guarded by the Seventy-ninth New York (Highlanders). Then the infantry moved and the rear guard was severely pressed by the enemy. They turned and drove them back.

In this affair Colonel Smith of the Twentieth Michigan was killed. The ground they passed over offered great advantages for the defense. It had been expected that Longstreet would pass the mountains, through the lower gap, after he crossed the river; but he moved to our right to get in our rear and cut off the little army from Campbell Station, but the mountains and heavy, muddy roads, through which he also had to pass, protected Burnside against a complete surprise. Just west of Campbell Station, where the road from Kingston forms a junction with the main road to Knoxville, Longstreet was making his great effort to surround and get in the rear of Burnside, but the latter had sent General Hartranft, with Biddle's cavalry, to that point, and they were successful in getting there first, and thereby protecting the passing of the rest of the troops and trains, but not without considerable fighting and some losses in killed and wounded.

But this affair gave Burnside a little time to form and prepare for battle in the village, as it had become necessary to check the enemy, to allow the trains to reach Knoxville. The division of Hartrauft had been sent back to Campbell Station, to cover the junction of the Kingston road, on which the enemy was marching, and expected to surprise and surround the Federals, but Burnside's little army had worked so hard during the night that they were well out of the way of the enemy before the later became aware of the

opening by which Burnside retreated, and by daylight the Union camp at Lenoir was empty. Longstreet had made great preparations to surround Burnside, but as luck was against the former, his guide, instead of bringing a brigade on our flank and rear, had led the enemy away from us, so that they could not hear the chopping of the trees and the noise of our retreat. Burnside and his staff dismounted more than once on this short march to take hold of the wheel of a gun or wagon to help it out of the mud.

Campbell's Station is not a railroad station, but a village of that name, and an old stage station, three miles west of Concord, on the railroad, and on the highway between Knoxville and Kingston, that leads over and through the mountain, by way of Big Creek Gap. The Lenoir and Kingston roads unite at a fork about one mile below Campbell Station. Longstreet claims that General Law, a brigade commander, was to hold Burnside's troops until he, with his superior force, could, during the night, come in on the Union flanks and surround them. Law had not acted in good faith, and had let Burnside get away from him, but, as one of Longstreet's flanking columns had lost its way, it would have made no difference if Law had pressed forward; he would have found himself repulsed. The cannonading on the evening of the 15th, at Lenoir, had served as a notice to the outpost that the main columns of the opposing army had met, and several of the videttes had a narrow escape from capture. The Union forces had been so far cleverly arranged, and the only regret was the loss of 100 wagons, with supplies that had been hauled with great labor for several hundred miles over the mountains, and of which we had not received half rations since we left Kentucky. It appeared to most of the men a matter of greatest neglect that these stores had been lost.

Burnside had no intention to risk a battle, but intended to retreat and retard Longstreet's advance until Grant could get to Bragg at Chattanooga. The Union line had barely passed the cross roads when the enemy pressed forward on all sides; but, as Burnside was more careful of his right flank, he placed nearly all of his forces, with about forty guns, on the right of the road and Roemer's battery of six guns on the left of the road. The road runs in the center of the valley a mile wide, and the hills or mountains on each side gave them a fine opportunity to deploy on the flank of Burnside's little army, which he had disposed to check the enemy's advance. His infantry was drawn in line, across the valley, between the two ranges

of the hills. General Ferreros Ninth Corps Division was on the right; White's Twenty-third Corps Division held the center, and General Hartranft's Ninth Corps Division on the left of the road. The batteries were posted as already stated, the most on the right of the road. At noon Longstreet was up and advanced to attack with a double line on our right, Alexander's Confederate battery on his left, and a heavy cannonade from both sides was at once begun, but the enemy's ammunition was bad, and a large amount of shell exploded as they left the muzzles of their guns.

When McLaw came up and deployed on our right, his batteries soon opened, but the result was the same as on our left. Their ammunition was poor and only created a noise, as so much blank ammunition would have done. As all this occurred about noon, Longstreet had plenty of time to deploy his large force, which was now all present, to surround Burnside and gain the victory. He displayed great energy to make and win at least one successful battle under his own leadership while away from the Army of Virginia. The work so far done by him had been good, and if Burnside would only stay where he was, he would be in the enemy's hands. He had sent a brigade of infantry, with a brigade of cavalry, well to our right to draw our attention and outflank us in that direction; but Burnside had his eyes open and noticed a movement that would outflank him on the left by more than a brigade in length. As the enemy's movements were well covered by the hills, it surprised him that they had not already assaulted his rear. General Law, in charge of the Confederate column, did not, as it appears, follow the close instructions, and instead of assaulting our rear with his own and Anderson's brigade, had veered to his left and reached our flank, which he found well prepared to receive him. As Burnside had now shifted a large part of his troops from his right to the left of the road, he was in no danger of being outflanked, but the enemy immediately pressed forward with his center, and the noise of the artillery, with the rattling fire of the small arms, on both sides, gave the combat the appearance of a battle, which Longstreet says was cleverly conducted on the Union side.

As Burnside now held a strong position, further movements on the Confederate side would have been made necessary. Longstreet was very active to still make another combination, and therefore kept his artillery busy, no doubt with an object to have the Union artillery spend at least an equal amount of ammunition, of which they

were getting short. But Burnside kept up his part of the show and then merely retreated over a very bad road, in the worst of winter weather, to Knoxville. Whatever he had saved of the train was ahead of him. A combat at Campbell Station was simply an artillery duel. The Union cannoneers had much the advantage over the enemy's artillery in guns, ammunition and men. The superiority of the Federal artillery has often been acknowledged by the best of Confederate authorities, while the advantage in cavalry was decidedly with the enemy, for they had been used to the riding of horses on bridle paths, while our people, even the farmers, would seldom mount the animals.

Wherever there is a failure, the party responsible usually looks around for an excuse. In Longstreet's failure he blamed General Law for not attacking the rear of Burnside, and produces a statement from Law that he had no intention to win a Major General commission for Jenkins. But with all the facts before us, it appears that Burnside, after his blunder at Lenoir Station, had his eyes opened and simply outgeneraled Longstreet, who was confident of success, for he had by far the larger force at his disposal. The highest number claimed to have been under Burnside was 6,000, and more than double that number were under Longstreet. The Union killed was twenty-six, and 166 wounded and fifty-seven missing. The rebellion record gives the confederate loss, as they were the attacking party, at 1,000 killed and wounded. The physical endurance that Burnside's little army had to undergo after another night's hard work and marching caused some to fall asleep while marching, only waking up when they reached an uneven place in the road that would trip them. The artillery were still with the army, and many times in the short eighteen miles the infantry had to give a helping hand to bring the guns out of the mire. On one place General Burnside, with his staff, was hard at work, after midnight, getting one of Roemer's guns forward. Neither horses nor men were able to do this, when the drivers of our battery came forward and asked to be permitted to bring their teams, and that they would pull the gun out. The permission was granted, the gun quickly pulled out and saved. With the thanks of General Burnside, they returned to their gun, and about 4 o'clock on Monday morning, November 17, the head of Burnside's infantry column reached Knoxville.

When the rumors were circulated on Saturday, the 15th, that

a large body of Confederate cavalry had appeared on the south side, opposite Knoxville, and part of Woolford's command had been captured, and General Shackleford, with re-enforcements, crossed the river on the pontoon bridge, the excitement in town reached a white heat, as it was believed that Wheeler already had possession of the heights surrounding the place, but the coolness and self-possession of Shackleford did much to allay the fears of the thinking people. As he rode along he composedly smoked a short-stem pipe, without bringing his horse to a gallop, and on reaching the field made such disposition of his troops that repelled the enemy's effort to get possession of the hills. General Carter, who acted as provost marshal, was advised of the danger. That the small army of Burnside would hardly be able to hold the town against Longstreet's twenty thousand veterans, and as he had a high regard for the safety of certain prominent Union citizens, then in Knoxville, he sent them word of the contingency ahead, and if they chose to escape, he would provide them an escort on their way to a more favored clime, into Kentucky, and that such locomotion might deliver them from imprisonment and probably death. Although they did not like to travel by night over unbridged rivers, they were also sensitive to ridicule for imputed cowardice; but their love for personal liberty and life was strong enough to overcome all objection. Nearly all who received the kindly advice of the provost marshal speedily took their leave of home and comfort, and were escorted by Captain Ricks eight miles out of town to the picket line. Among these refugees were Judge John Baxter, "Parson" or William G. Brownlow, Samuel R. Rodgers, Thomas A. R. Nelson, O. P. Temple, John M. Fleming, Samuel Morrow, M. M. Miller of Knoxville and John Netherland and Absalon A. Kyle of Rodgersville.

It was after night and a heavy rain was falling when they started, and over a road shortly before traveled by 7,000 hogs that had been driven in to supply the army. Despite peril and great difficulty, the journey was safely accomplished. Some of the lesser lights were already setting their sails to the Confederate wind that they expected now to come, and therefore remained to take their chances if the town should change masters. But to one of General Carter's friends, he sent his aide, with the instructions that he must leave town, for fear that something might occur that would deprive him of liberty and life. The friend had already deliberated a whole night whether to go or not, although Carter had said he must go.

He did not like to leave home, wife and children, yet he would obey his military friend and get ready for the journey, but was not in a hurry. So on the morning when Burnside had returned from Campbell Station, he called on the General to bid him good-bye. Seeing the General mount his horse and go out to the fight, he did not speak to him, as he saw the General self-composed, and a conviction came over the would-be refugee that Burnside would be able to hold the town. So he went home, returned the horses that were to carry him to Kentucky, and he remained with his family during the siege.

During the time that Longstreet was halted and entertained at Campbell Station by Burnside, his cavalry, then under command of General Martin, had marched forward to the city to capture the town, which was defended by a mounted force under General Saunders. During the battle of Campbell Station, Burnside tried to open communication with General Saunders, and sent an operator to Concord, but the wires were cut, and a mounted messenger was intrusted with the duty to personally deliver the communication to Saunders. The young man who carried this message afterwards received a medal of honor for his voluntary service, and a handsome cash present from General Burnside. On our retreat from Campbell Station a vidette post in charge of Sergeant Nixon of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois had been forgotten, on the river, and not being relieved, were, of course, captured. Out of the fourteen sent to a Southern prison, twelve died in the enemy's bastille, one died after exchange, in the hospital at Baltimore, and the last one was sent to the insane hospital.

After an all-night's march over wretched roads, the little army of Burnside began to arrive at Knoxville. On the morning of the 17th Colonel Woolford, with his own regiment, the First Kentucky, and the Forty-fifth Ohio, moved out on the Kingston road to meet the enemy. They had not far to go, as the fierce rattle of musketry indicated the enemy were coming closer, and showed that our troops were being driven in. Woolford retired until he reached his reserve, the Eleventh and Twelfth Kentucky Regiments, but the enemy came on and attacked and drove back the Union outpost on the main body, and with overpowering numbers continued the charge, causing Woolford to withdraw in disorder, and carry the rest of the Union line with him. But the colors of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois were planted on the hill, and the rest of

the regiment rallied around the flag. The enemy's guns being empty and of short range, gave the Illinois boys a chance to deliver a volley with their long-range guns, which sent the enemy reeling back to his own line.

The rest of the Union troops recovered their line and held the hill that day, but not without considerable loss. During the night the troops rested and drew rations, for the first time since the 15th, before the battle of Campbell Station. Early in the morning the Forty-fifth Ohio Infantry, the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois Infantry and the Eighth Michigan Cavalry, all under command of General Saunders, moved out on foot to the front, leaving every fifth man to hold the horses. A short distance in the front was a ravine, crowned on the west side with hills higher than the ones occupied by Saunders' troops. The high hills or bluffs were held by the enemy, overlooking the Union advance and outpost. Near the road, on the east side, and about a mile out from the fortification, was a fine brick residence. The whole force with Saunders holding the enemy was not over 600 men. The morning was foggy and the contending forces could not see each other, but at 10 a. m. the fog raised, and both sides at once opened a vigorous fusillade. The enemy's sharpshooters entered the brick house, and after an hour's combat the column of the enemy moved down to the ravine and prepared for a charge. Under the protection of the bluff, they were secure from the Union fire while they prepared for the charge. When all was ready, they, with their peculiar yell, came rushing upon the bluffs, but, receiving such a withering fire from Saunders they recoiled into the ravine, and for nearly two hours firing ceased, watching each other for the next move. Saunders could have safely withdrawn into our lines, but his success had been so great that he felt confident he could hold the enemy in check, to give more time to complete the defenses of the city. About half-past one the enemy brought up a four-gun battery and planted it near the brick building, and for the next hour and-a half kept up a destructive fire on our line, of which the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois and Forty-fifth Ohio suffered the most. About 3:30 the enemy formed in columns of three lines, and made a fierce charge upon Saunders' gallant defenders,, but were repulsed with heavy loss. They reformed to charge again. The Union troops were ordered to hold their fire until they came within easy range and then took aim and fired to kill.

The enemy misunderstood the motive of this silence, and believed the Union troops ready to surrender. A Confederate officer rode to the front and right up to the Federal line, demanding their surrender, asking them to lay down their arms, as they surely could not get out, and would all be killed, and promised good care of them if they would surrender. But for answer a demand was made on him to surrender, when he wheeled his horse to ride away. Just then a dozen Union bullets reached him, and rider and horse lay lifeless on the ground. Maddened at the death of their brave officer, who proved to be a Colonel, the enemy charged with double fury, but were repulsed as before. Another column had formed on our right, and charged down to the rear. The former column came up again to the front and renewed their attack. In this attack General Saunders was wounded and carried from the field.

It was now 4 p. m. and the Forty-fifth Ohio, being overpowered and outflanked, gave way, and as it now became apparent that the whole force would be captured, Major Dow gave the order in a clear, ringing voice to retire. They rushed through the orchard, followed by shot and shell, across Second Creek. Most of the Eighth Michigan Cavalry and some of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois Infantry reached the woods, where they found some protection, and rejoined the rest on a hill in front of the fort. The enemy established their line on the bluff of the third creek. The Union outpost occupied the brick house, afterwards burned, and the fighting ceased for the day. The loss in killed and wounded was about one-third of the force engaged, and some few, nearly all wounded, were taken prisoners.

General Saunders died the next day, popular with the whole army, and especially so with his own troops. Captain Lee of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois died, after the most intense suffering, on the evening of the 18th, and only regretted that the country would lose his service.

BURIAL OF GENERAL SAUNDERS.

Death had no terror for him. He had done his duty and served his country as well as he could. These were all the few and simple words he had to say. When informed that the end of his life was near, he asked for a Christian minister, to be baptized in that religion. Rev. Mr. Ruler, the post chaplain, performed the duty. General Burnside and his staff were present, kneeling around the bed. When the prayer was ended the dying hero took General

Burnside by the hand, and tears dropped down the bronzed cheeks of the chief, as he listened to the dying man's last words. The sacrament of the Lord's supper was about to be administered, when suddenly the strength of the dying soldier failed, and like a child he gently fell asleep. Greater love hath no man than this: that a man lay down his life for his country.

As the funeral could not be held by day, for Longstreet had advanced to within easy range of our lines of defense, and the north-west of the town was now fairly besieged from the river above to the river below, General Burnside therefore requested that the funeral take place after nightfall. A resident minister was present. At the commander's headquarters a number of officers had gathered, among them Captain Poe, the chief engineer of the Army of the Ohio, and who had been a class mate at West Point and a personal friend of the deceased. To Captain Poe General Saunders had communicated the premonition that he had, that on that day he would fall in battle, and had left a few personal treasures in the Captain's care, among these a few letters from a young lady he had hoped to make his bride. The General was young, dying at the age of 28.

General Burnside had cautioned Saunders not to expose himself, but he would do it. As the path to glory leads even to the grave, we had here a hero who with dauntless courage refused to surrender to the enemy, in superior numbers, but had now given up his sword and surrendered to his God, the great ruler of the army of the heavens, and who sees that not a sparrow falls to the ground without His will or wish. At the head of the funeral procession walked General Burnside, with the minister. By their side was the medical director of the army, bearing a lighted lantern in his hand. That lantern did duty at the grave, as the body was committed—earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust—in the hope of the resurrection of the dead. When all was over every one went his way, but probably few of that company has ever forgotten the night burial of General R. M. Saunders, the hero of Knoxville.

*Not a drum was heard for our funeral note,
As his corpse to the ramparts we hurried,
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.*

*Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.*

*But half our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring,
And we knew by the distant random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.*

*Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh with glory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But his life tells the whole of the story.*

DEFENSE OF KNOXVILLE.

On an inspection, from October 23d to 27th, with a reconnoissance from Loudon to Sweet Water, Burnside had concluded to abandon Loudon, and adopt for his line of defense the road from Kingston to Knoxville. Kingston, therefore, became a point of some importance, as it was near the Cumberland Mountains, and a position not so easily outflanked. General Mott was sent there with a brigade and the left half of the Fifteenth Indiana Battery had been sent to him on the 6th of November. After General Longstreet had crossed the river he made a rapid movement to cut and prohibit Burnside's retreat to Knoxville, but was, by the latter, outgeneraled and beaten at Campbell Station, by an inferior force, that gave Burnside a hot retreat to Knoxville, which point the head of his army reached, early on the morning of the 17th, after one of the most fearful marches through darkness and mud known in the history of all wars, without losing a gun. After his return from the Loudon inspection, Captain Poe, chief engineer of the Army of the Ohio, had been instructed to prepare the defenses of Knoxville. When Loudon was abandoned on the 28th of October, Captain Poe had taken up the pontoon at that place, transported it by wagon to the railroad at the east of the Loudon bridge, where the boats, some forty in numbers, the chess and the anchorage were loaded on the cars and sent to Knoxville, and thrown across the Holston River at the mouth of the first creek, in condition to permit General Saunders to cross his command with baggage, about November 2. A

bridge across the Holston at Lenoir was not saved, but destroyed at the time of our retreat. While in Knoxville, preparing the defenses, Poe received instructions to build another pontoon bridge that could be transported on wagons, with the material still in the woods and the iron in the scrap pile; but the will and determination of the chief engineer soon had another bridge ready for service. The work to build it involved an immense amount of labor, but the usefulness of the bridges had been so great, in this campaign, that one hundred times as much labor would have been well spent. As soon as notice was received that the enemy had crossed at Loudon, all the other work of the entire battalion was suspended, and the line of defense selected by the chief engineer. The troops were given position as they arrived.

Roemer's battery of four three-inch rifle guns was placed on University Hill and supported by Morrison's brigade of the First Division, Ninth Army Corps. Benjamin's regular battery of four twenty-pound Parrotts, and Buckley's volunteer Rhode Island battery of six twelve-pound Napoleon guns were in Fort Saunders, supported by two brigades of Humphrey's and Crist's of the First Division, Ninth Army Corps. This division occupied the ground from the Holston River, near Second Creek, around to the point where the East Tennessee and Georgia Railroad crosses Second Creek. This line was nearly at right angles with the river, west of the town, and thence turned parallel to the river. Gidding's regular battery of four ten-pound Parrotts occupied a small earthwork on Vine street near the depot. The Fifteenth Indiana Battery of three three-inch rifle guns occupied the ridge between Gay street and First Creek, and had some protection from cotton bales, that served as embrasures. These two batteries were supported by the Second Division, Ninth Army Corps. The line runs parallel to the railroad. The Twenty-fourth Indiana Battery, Captain Simes, with six James rifles, and three eight-inch caliber, and Henshaw's battery, with two James rifles and four six-pounder brass guns, occupied the fort on Temperance Hill, and the ridge adjoining it, supported by Chapin's brigade of White's Division and Riley's brigade of Haskell's Division of the Twenty-third Corps, extending from First Creek east to Bell House; Shields' Nineteenth Ohio Battery of six twelve-pound Napoleon, and one section of Wilder's Twenty-fifth Indiana Battery of three-inch rifle guns were on Mabry's Hill, supported by the brigade of Colonel Haskins and Casement of the Twenty-third Corps, the

brigades extending from Bell House to the Holston River, at a point a little below the glass works. Two sections of the Wilder Indiana Battery, four three-inch rifle guns, and Konkle's battery of four three-inch rifle guns, were on the heights south of the river, supported by Cameron's brigade of Hascall's Division, Twenty-third Army Corps. One section of twelve-pound howitzers was on Flint Hill, covering the bridge head, and manned by a detail of soldiers from loyal Tennesseens.

During the whole of the siege there was scarcely a change of position, either of artillery or infantry. As soon as they arrived and were in position, without any rest, they were set to work to intrench themselves, but there were not tools enough to supply the demand, and the work was done by relays, with eight hours at a shift, except for about 200 colored citizens. They worked all night and rested in daytime, as also did some white citizens and refugees; but the most of the white people, on account of blistered hands, were excused as soon as fairly good protection had been constructed. The first defenses, except where the batteries were placed, were nothing but rifle pits, four feet wide and two feet deep, giving a breastwork of four and one-half feet high on the inside.

Two forts, one on Temperance Hill, the other Fort Saunders, had been built by the engineers and in a defensible condition. So rapid and hard had been the work that on the morning of the 18th the troops were fairly well protected, but the work was continued, as the enemy was held at bay on the Kingston road by General Saunders' cavalry, and on the Clinton road by Colonel Pennebacker's brigade of mounted troops. The holding back of the enemy by these gallant troops was worth thousands of men to Burnside in the defense. The damming of First Creek made an obstacle in front of and parallel to Temperance Hill, for over a third of a mile, which could not be crossed only by a bridge. On the morning of the 19th our position was secure, and we were confident of being able to hold the same, but work was kept up and the citizens in the town, with all the contrabands, were kept at the trenches. An interior line of works was begun from Temperance Hill to the river at Flint Hill. The enemy placed a battery on the Tazewell road, and from it threw the first shell into the city, directly in front of the Fifteenth Indiana Battery. On Friday, the 20th, the enemy erected lines of rifle pits across the Kingston road, which General Saunders had occupied, and erected batteries on the hill south of Fort Saunders, a mile

distant. The enemy again fired from the Tazewell Battery, and was replied to by the Fifteenth Indiana and Gidding's regular Batteries. The brick house occupied by the enemy in front of Fort Saunders was charged on by the Seventeenth Michigan and burned. While this was going on, the enemy opened from all their batteries, but without damage to us.

Saturday, November 21st, was quiet, but work on the trenches was kept up. Sunday, November 22, was quiet except the information that the enemy was constructing a raft at Boyd's Ferry, which they intended to float down the river to carry away our pontoons and break our communication with the south side. Capatin Poe constructed a boom by stretching an iron cable across the river above the bridge 1,000 feet long and prevented the break.

Monday, November 23—Everything quiet on the Holston. In the evening the enemy advanced on our skirmishers. They retired, but set fire to a number of buildings to prevent the enemy using them for protection.

Tuesday, November 24—The Michigan volunteers charged and carried the most advanced rifle pits, but not being supported, were driven back. Another interior line was laid out, from Fort Saunders to College Hill and to the river south of Second Creek. The enemy crossed the river with some force two miles below the pontoon, as it became rumored that Grant was operating against Bragg. The absence of enthusiasm among the troops of the enemy indicated to us that Grant's operations at Chattanooga had been successful.

Wednesday, November 25—The enemy pressed forward on the south side of the river to occupy the heights south of Knoxville, but was driven back by Colonel Cameron with considerable loss. The enemy fired on Fort Saunders at a distance of 2,800 yards without results. More rumors about another raft came in, and another boom had to be erected to prevent the pontoon bridge from being carried off.

Thursday, November 26—General Burnside made an inspection of the defense on the south side, and found the enemy had advanced to within 600 yards of our forces. Captain Poe, the chief engineer, caused a telegraph wire to be stretched from stump to stump in front of Fort Saunders, and made a *cheval-de-frise* from pikes in front of Colonel Haskins' position, fastening the pikes in place with telegraph wire.

Friday, November 27—The enemy appeared to threaten the south side. Works for a two-gun battery were commenced, and rifle pits west of the Maryville Railroad were begun. The enemy erected works on the ridge north of Fort Saunders, consisting only of light rifle pits. The enemy was active all day, but on account of the shortage of ammunition, our batteries did not reply.

Saturday, November 28—Both armies were hard at work all along the line, the enemy placed a six-gun battery on the south side of the river, and opened fire on Roemer's battery, on College Hill, and an occasional shot at Fort Saunders, but without doing any damage. About midnight the enemy made a furious assault on our picket lines and occupied them, and advanced to within about 120 yards of Fort Saunders. Skirmishing was continued all night, with a slow cannonade from the enemy's right, on Fort Saunders, which served as a notice that an assault was to be made soon. If they had intended to notify us of an intended assault, they could not have done it more openly than to keep up the cannonade during the night, and early Sunday morning, November 29, under cover of a heavy fog, the enemy moved along the capital of the northwestern bastion and gallantly and persistently charged our works, which was handsomely repulsed, with a loss to the enemy of the entire brigade that led the assault.

Longstreet reported about 1,300 killed and wounded, while our loss was four killed and eleven wounded. Very few instances in history show where a storming party was so nearly annihilated. The capture was three battle-flags, about 300 prisoners and 500 small arms. The garrison in Fort Saunders was Benjamin's four-gun battery, two guns of Buckley's battery, part of the Seventy-ninth New York Infantry and Second Michigan Volunteers, a total of about 200 men in the fort. Fort Saunders was a bastioned earthwork, in the form of an irregular quadrilateral, with a front of ninety-five yards, and the sides 125 yards to the southern and northern front, and 85 yards eastern front. The eastern front was open, to be closed by a stockade when finished. The southern front was half done, and the northern and western front finished. Each bastion was intended to have a *pan coupe* and the bastion attacked was the only one completely finished, and a light twelve-pounder was mounted at the *pan coupe* and did splendid service. The ditch surrounding the fort was twelve feet wide and in many places eight feet deep. The irregularity of the site was such that the bastion was very

heavy, the relief of the lightest one being twelve feet. The relief of the one attacked was thirteen feet, and with the depth of the ditch of eleven feet, made a height over twenty feet from the bottom of the ditch to the interior crest. Owing to the nature of the soil and the dampness of the morning, the steepness of the slope made the storming of the fort a serious matter, and they had no scaling ladders, the confusion in their ranks was caused by the stumps, wires, entanglement, and brush in front of the fort. The cool and steady fire coming from the best of our troops accounts for the repulse of one of the best divisions in the whole Confederate Army.

A short time after the assault a truce was offered the enemy, which they accepted, to bury their dead and take care of their wounded. sharp fighting took place on other parts of our line, and on the south side of the river; but we were successful everywhere.

KNOXVILLE DURING THE SIEGE.

When Burnside's little army reached Knoxville it was re-enforced by such loyal refugees that had to leave their homes in the rural districts, and had come to town for protection. These were organized into military companies and placed in the trenches to guard them in daytime and strengthen them after night, while the regular volunteer soldier was used for picket and outpost duty. The total available force for defense, including these home guards, was about 12,000 men. To feed these was no small task; but by issuing less than a quarter ration of meat and bread, and no small ration; coffee and sugar was reserved for the hospital, Burnside could hold out ten days, but his good fortune was that the rear door across the river was not closed, and at the end of the siege enough corn and provisions had been brought in to last his 12,000 men for twenty days. There was, however, no fodder for the stock, and the horses ate for roughness, each other's manes and tails, so that we had nothing but bobtails. In order to accumulate a few days' rations ahead, the troops would receive about one ear of corn each per day, for several days, with some fresh pork that had been salted down from a drove of hogs brought in just before the siege; but the loyal people south of Knoxville, and especially in Servier County, took great risk in bringing forward supplies to the army that they themselves needed.

Longstreet did not bombard the city, for the reason that his artillery had no ammunition with which he could reach our lines,

for he had tried that at Campbell Station; but the result as to the destruction of property was about the same, the weather cold and no firewood on hand. At first the fences would be appropriated, and later, when the demand became urgent for the hospital, sheds and dwelling houses would be used—those of the loyal Confederates who first had left town on our approach, and later some of those that had set their sails to catch the wind both ways. The latter would usually have some Union men intercede at headquarters for them for relief that would not always be granted. The hospitals were overcrowded with wounded in the late combats, and daily increased by additions from the skirmish line and sick from the ranks. The enrolled refugees, however, stood the hardships well, and very few of them during the nineteen days of the siege had to seek medical assistance.

The only death in town among the citizens was a child that was killed by the enemy's sharpshooters, but a young man from a prominent Southern family, that belonged to Longstreet's sharpshooters, paid his life for the innocent one in Knoxville. He had perched himself in the tower of the house where Longstreet had his headquarters. The brave Southerner had been reached by our long-ranged rifle cannon, in what he thought a place of safety, and a percussion shell had demolished the tower and fatally wounded him. He was bleeding profusely from the wound as he was carried down the stairs, and all efforts to remove the blood stains from the steps were unavailing.

The provender for the horses became more scarce, as the siege progressed, and many were taken across the river and turned loose. Among the reports made during the latter part of the siege was one of General Manson, in which he states that the mules on that day had eaten up the fifth wheel on the caisson. (I have seen the spokes of a fifth wheel gnawed nearly through.) As mules are generally thought to have their greatest strength in their heels, this report caused a round of laughter among the associates at headquarters.

General Burnside had at first established his headquarters in a large mansion on a prominent street, but the fear that he was in the enemy's line of fire on the Tazewell road, caused him to change his quarters, which were now transferred to a store on a business street. The spirit of cheerfulness was always present at headquarters, and when the day had closed, the younger members of his military family would join in vocal music. A favorite song of the party would be

Mrs. Ward Howe's Battle Hymn of the Republic—"Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory of the Coming of the Lord."

When Union citizens would visit the headquarters they would receive comfort and encouragement from the hopeful words of the General. Some few loyal Southerners were restrained, so as not to give occasion for offense, but after the siege, during General Foster's administration, were sent South and within the Confederate lines. While the trying conditions were very hard on the minds of the Union people, as to the uncertainty of the results—so full for them of weal or woe—they were always reassured by the apparent confidence of Burnside and his soldiers. Finally the night of November 28th was especially disturbing to them. For two hours, about midnight, the skirmishers became very active, and were followed by a fearful cannonading from all parts of Longstreet's line, which continued until daylight; when at that time our own guns in Fort Saunders and on every part of the line took up the fight to repel the assault on Fort Saunders. All occurred in about one hour's time; after which the citizens became as confident as the soldiers. As usual in all actions, many acts of bravery were performed, but this time almost exclusively by the Confederates, who tried to storm the fort without the necessary scaling implements. On the Federal side there was nothing to do but wait the coming of our enemy and then defend ourselves, which was done with promptness by all who were present. Lieutenant Benjamin is credited with lighting a fuse in a shell with his cigar. This is false, as also is the story of his negro chopping down an assailant with an ax.

Benjamin fought with his twenty-pound Parrotts as any other artillery officer would have done, and was his duty to do, and if the defense of the fort had depended on the negro with his ax, the Confederates would have had it easy. The greatest assistance Benjamin and Buckley received was from the batteries on the right, and from the Fifteenth Indiana that was able to sweep to his front, and the infantry support with the gun in the traverse. The assault must have been very disheartening to the enemy, for they had a very poor showing for their efforts. While the burial party kept busy burying the dead and the medical corps attended to the wounded, the veterans of both sides gathered at the railroad track, one side sitting on the southern and the other on the northern rail, discussed the probabilities of success, each claiming the final for his side of the cause.



THE CONFEDERATE ASSAULT ON FORT SAUNDERS AT KNOXVILLE.

The ditch in front of Fort Saunders was filled with dead and dying. William Bowman, one of our gunners, whose shoes had given out, while walking along the ditch, had his eye attracted to a very fine pair of boots on one of the supposed dead men. Bowman sized up the situation, and with an instinct of self-protection began to pull off the boots. At this the owner gave a terrible shriek and asked the gunner to help him out of the ditch. The supposed dead man had come to life. He was readily helped out by the hospital corps and placed on the dressing board, where the best of medical attendance was given, but eight days later he died the death of a brave soldier. During the interval, when delirious, he would call for his mother, sweetheart and sister. He received a Christian burial, with his boots on, and his people were notified of his death through the lines. The Sunday passed quietly, and late in the evening the gun agreed on was fired to notify both sides that the truce was at an end.

The skirmishers were soon in their positions, but did not disturb each other much. It already became rumored that Bragg had been defeated by Grant at Chattanooga, but no official notice had been received, but was expected hourly. The next day was Thanksgiving Day, and the loyal friends of Burnside had provided him with the usual turkey, at least one, or probably more; but the intended one for that day had been stolen during the night previous, and it is claimed was served in the mess of some hungry artillerymen that had been hunting and feasting on additional rations—the grains of corn that the horses and mules were not able to nibble up during their feed. There must have been another turkey on hand, for there was not much said about the loss of the bird at headquarters, and those that fed on turkey did not say anything about their capture.

CAPTAIN VON SEHLEN AT CAMPBELL'S STATION.

Since Captain Von Sehlen received such a high compliment for the maneuvers and practice at Campbell's Station, we will give a more detailed account of the same.

The battery was withdrawn, with the rest of the troops to Lenoirs Station, and had a few days' rest. The horses now received attention and care, and remained so until November 16, when Longstreet tried to cut off Burnside's retreat from Knoxville, and came near doing so, for

Longstreet's 15,000 were able to outflank and mislead Burnside's 6,000, while Burnside had to abandon eighty wagons to get teams to haul his artillery to the rear and destroy ammunition to lighten the load. Von Sehlen received and needed no such assistance, and kept his ammunition chest filled to the brim, and arrived at Campbell's Station in good form for the fight. He was placed on the right and north side of the road to Knoxville, known as the Kingston road, and in the rear of Benjamin's regular battery, in echelon, with his left gun forward.

His practice was the best, which was always good, and never to waste ammunition—it was to hit. As the enemy pushed his left flank forward he came into action, and Alexander's Confederate artillery opened directly in front of him and labored hard, but to no purpose, as their ammunition was bad and would explode as it left the muzzle of the gun. Not so with Von Sehlen. His ammunition was of the best and used with telling effect. He had to retire in echelon, and finally by limber to the rear, had to withdraw three-fourths of a mile in position to the left of the road. Here he opened on the right flank of the enemy and Layden's Confederate artillery opened on him, with no better result than Alexander, while Von Sehlen, with his rifle guns, was the star actor. At first he fired to the front, and next formed his guns in echelon to the left, and finally fired to the left. As the battle was only an artillery duel, in which the Confederates were, on account of their ammunition, at a disadvantage, the victory remained with the Federals, and at 4 p. m. the combat ceased. General Longstreet claimed his orders had not been carried out by General Law to get in our rear.

On the way back to Knoxville some artillery was stuck in the mud, and our battery was next to them on the road. Twenty-four horses and some infantry tried to extricate the piece. Captain Von Sehlen rode up and asked permission to bring one of his teams forward that could pull the piece without assistance. This was granted and with More, Stith and Dennison as drivers, they soon had the piece, and at which General Burnside and his staff took a personal hand, dry upon the ground.

On reaching Knoxville the battery was placed in the center in front of the Tazewell road, and on the morning of the 29th, with a left oblique fire, cleared the front, with Gidding's battery of Fort Saunders.

As soon as Longstreet withdrew from Knoxville the highest compliment was paid Von Sehlen as an artillery officer. An order was issued to Benjamin, Edwards and Giddings, all commanders of regular batteries, to turn their serviceable horses over to Von Sehlen, with a sufficient number of men to fully man his guns, for Von Sehlen to take the field and the regulars to remain in camp. The men of the regulars were not wanted, but the horses were accepted and the battery moved with the army to Strawberry Plains.

LONGSTREET IN EAST TENNESSEE.

The movement made by Longstreet in November had been suggested to Bragg, the day after the battle of Chickamauga, on September 26, but Bragg needed no adviser after he had gained the first victory, if such it can be called, for his Army of the Tennessee since the beginning of the war. It was only when he saw the columns of Hooker coming to the relief of the Army of the Cumberland, and with General Grant in command that he thought of the suggestion of Longstreet. The latter was then started with 15,000 infantry and artillery and 5,000 cavalry, apparently sufficient to capture Burnside's forces of no more than 12,000, then scattered troops. We had marched several times up and down the Sweet Water Valley, parallel with the railroads, in three days easy; but it took Longstreet fully nine days to get from Cleveland to Loudon. But large bodies move slowly, and as Longstreet had the larger body, he no doubt took his own time for infantry and artillery, but his cavalry, under the intrepid Wheeler, was active everywhere, but met with no success in any one of the four efforts it undertook. At Maryville they expected to rout the Union force, and on the heights south of Knoxville. They tried to get a position from which they could command the town. Failing in this, they wanted to capture Loudon Hill, afterward Fort Saunders, but only succeeded in killing a brave Union officer, General Saunders, and last, but not least, they wanted to capture Kingston, where they met with a heavy repulse. These failures were not due to any lack of enterprise, but they were beaten by the bravery and determination of the Union troops, that had come to stay, and establish the national authority over all parts of the State. In his infantry movement he had the same to contend with as the Union forces: bad roads and broken-down teams. If he, however, could have caught Burnside at Lenoir and cut him off from Campbell's Station, his success in

the campaign would have been sure; but the following of Burnside and making a greater distance between his, and Bragg's army, was the greatest of mistakes. While Grant was daily increasing his forces at Chattanooga, Bragg was continually diminishing his forces by sending Longstreet away, and since the latter's movement after Burnside he had not been encouraged by a single success.

Longstreet slowly and carefully came up to Knoxville, formed around that town, but had not troops enough to surround or completely invest it. He therefore urged the authorities to send him re-enforcements from Virginia, where Meade and Lee were playing hide and seek; also to Bragg to send him another division. The latter sent Bushrod R. Johnson, and Virginia re-enforcements were on the way. But on the 23rd Grant had moved forward against Bragg, and on the 25th he had been totally defeated. On the 23rd Bragg had sent his chief engineer to Longstreet to urge him to capture Burnside, if necessary by assault, and at once. This gave Longstreet the excuse to request Ledbetter to locate the position to assault, after looking over the ground. Fort Saunders became the objective point and McLaw's division was to assault. To this McLaw objected, as it would be now, since Bragg had been defeated, a waste of life, and such it proved to be without any result. Longstreet himself intended to have waited for his Virginia re-enforcements and then to have completely invested the place. But this, too, was too late, for Sherman was already on the way with re-enforcements for Burnside. So the campaign of Longstreet had thus far been a complete failure. He, however, took advantage of General Law's remarks at or after the battle of Campbell's Station that the latter had no intention to help win a Major General commission for General Jenkins, and preferred charges against Law for "disobedience of orders in the face of the enemy."

He also placed him under arrest, and at the same time he relieved McLaw, the division commander, and sent him home to South Carolina, charged with "laxity during the battle." But both of the Generals named were honorably acquitted after a full hearing by the court-martial.

THE FIGHT AT KINGSTON.

After it had been agreed by Grant that Burnside's little army should be withdrawn to Knoxville to draw Longstreet's troops in that direction, to weaken Bragg, it became necessary to send a larger



LIEUT. ADAM KUNTZ.

force for strategical reasons to Kingston, and Colonel Byrd, already there with his own regiment, the First Tennessee, was re-enforced by the brigade of Colonel Mott, composed of the Sixteenth Kentucky and the One Hundred and Eighteenth Ohio, the Twentieth Michigan Infantry and the Eightieth Indiana Infantry, the Elgin, Illinois, battery of six twelve-pound Napoleon guns, three three-inch rifles, commanded by Orderly Sergeant Adam Kuntz of the Fifteenth Indiana Battery, made up the force that was sent to that point. The enemy, that now had possession of Sweet Water, posted videttes along the south side of the river as far as Kingston, but did not disturb the garrison. After the unsuccessful attempt of General Wheeler on November 20 to 21 to get possession of the hills on the south side near Knoxville that commanded the town, Longstreet issued an order to him to at once proceed, with forced marches, with his well-equipped cavalry division, to Kingston, forty-six miles distant, and attack the post, composed of a small force and two guns, as reported to him by Colonel Lyon, and capture the same. Pursuant to these instructions he commenced the march at once, but the roads were so bad that on the evening of the 22nd he had made but twenty-six miles, with Kingston still twenty miles away. He proceeded now, with his staff, to that place, and had his command to follow. On arriving in that vicinity he found that the Union troops had been re-enforced with infantry, but did not learn to what extent. About 3 a. m. on the 24th his troops came up, having marched two nights and days, without sleep and on short rations, and were necessarily exhausted. He claims that five of his best regiments had been left at Knoxville, and many of his men had given out on the road, being unable to keep up with the command. After having an hour's rest he drove in the Union pickets three miles from Kingston at an hour before daylight. He had expected to cut off the pickets, but failed, and he had hoped to reach the town, but was disappointed. As he arrived at the foot of the hills near the town he found it covered with a long line of infantry, dismounted cavalry and nine pieces of artillery. Three of these were far-reaching rifle guns and handled with consummate skill by the Fifteenth Indiana Battery men.

The Union line had been formed along the crest of the hill in concave form, with flanks reaching beyond the Confederates, and fired in their rear. Wheeler now intended to charge and break the Union center, and when his troops crossed the open field they were subjected to a cross fire that caused them to halt, and after seven

hours continuous work he finally withdrew. But General Longstreet appears not to have been pleased with the outcome of this affair, as he still maintained that Colonel Byrd had not been re-enforced, and expected an easy victory over Byrd; but as Colonel Mott of the One Hundred and Eighteenth Ohio was in command, matters were different, and Longstreet was not informed of this. Colonel Mott claims that Wheeler lost in this affair 250 killed and wounded, and Colonel Russell of the Fourth Alabama was among the killed, and that Wheeler retreated to Loudon, where he destroyed a large amount of quartermaster and commissary stores and ammunition, also a large train of cars, three engines and a full battery of artillery, claiming that Grants' whole army was after him. Colonel Mott praises the officers and men under him, and especially Captain Murphy of the Sixteenth Kentucky and Orderly Sergeant Kuntz, the latter for the handling of his guns and the way he reached the enemy at a great distance; and he says there were many instances where officers and men performed prodigies of valor. His losses were fifteen wounded.

After the repulse of Wheeler the troops at Kingston for several days had a quiet rest; but on the 3rd of December Brigadier General Spears of Sherman's army reached that place with his brigade, with orders to leave a small garrison at Kingston and march with the rest of his brigade and that of Colonel Mott down the Tennessee River, resting his right on the river bank. In all eight regiments of infantry and cavalry and seventeen pieces of artillery to meet the steamer *Paint Rock* with supplies for Knoxville from Chattanooga. Colonel Byrd was left at Kingston to perform picket duty and assist the steamer to get over the White Creek shoals, where she was aground. An experienced pilot was sent to get it through the channel, but if necessary Colonel Byrd was ordered to have his men unload the steamer and lighten it that way, so as to get her off the shoals. A large force of the enemy's cavalry was still within four miles of Kingston. These were driven back fully ten miles and the boat protected, but during the night Colonel Byrd had taken upon himself the responsibility instead of unloading the boat to order the same back to Chattanooga to reload the stores on a lighter boat.

As General Spears had routed the enemy in the Sweet Water district and no further protection was needed, he marched on to near Loudon, where he awaited further instruction. The enemy

in his flight from Loudon had abandoned six pieces of artillery, as already stated. Three of these he had spiked and the other three thrown in the river. The weather and the roads had now become more favorable, and on the 4th of December Mott's brigade and Orderly Sergeant Kuntz, with three guns, marched twenty miles, besides skirmishing and driving the enemy, and had camped on Kucky's farm for the night. The next day they marched eight miles and camped near Loudon, where they rested for two days, and on the 8th marched to Knoxville and reached that place on the 9th, and rested again for several days, until the 11th, and after many halts Orderly Sergeant Kuntz reached the battery with his three guns on the 16th. At Blain's Cross Roads, the Orderly Sergeant had shown such a capacity for commanding, a recommendation was made out for his promotion, and at the same time my recommendation for First Lieutenant was sent in and dated January 1, 1864, while Kuntz was made a Second Lieutenant, dating from August 12, 1863. When Kuntz reached us with his half of the battery his horses were in a very good condition and his men had not suffered, as the first half of the battery, under Captain Von Sehlen, in Knoxville; and Gun Sergeant Francis M. Hook was promoted to Orderly Sergeant of the battery.

CHAPTER XXII.—DECEMBER, 1863.

DEATH OF LIEUT. TORR.—KNOXVILLE RELIEVED BY SHERMAN.—
 LONGSTREET RETIRES TO STRAWBERRY PLAINS AND BLAIN'S
 CROSS-ROADS.—TERRIBLE SUFFERING OF THE SOLDIERS FOR
 WANT OF CLOTHING, FOOD AND FORAGE.—BURNSIDE RELIEVED
 BY FORSTER.

Lieutenant Torr was an officer of fine acquirements and of a serious, earnest character, whose military service, up to the time of his death, was marked by exclusiveness and modesty. He appeared at first a little haughty in his manner, but one could soon see that it was but an outward reserve, and free from arrogance. He had a highly sensitive organization, and his whole demeanor was quiet and reticent. His hair was auburn and beard sandy. His voice was strong, rather than sonorous; he was brief of speech; his whole character and discipline being based on these peculiarities. He avoided noisy bluster of every sort, and was very firm in enforcing his orders. With consequences of any disobedience, his subordinates recognized his purpose to be just, and they had the greatest confidence in him, as an officer.

Physically, the Lieutenant was not strong, and as a field artillery officer, with its rough and hard service of unusual severity, he soon broke down. Had he been in either the Engineer or Adjutant General Departments, he no doubt would have lived through the war and made his mark as such an officer, or in any position in civil life, thereafter. He had a preference for the first section of the battery, which was almost entirely composed of Germans. These were his ideal artillerymen, and just suited to his nature.

In action he was brave, seldom excited, and practically knew no fear, as demonstrated on the marches in the Sweetwater and King-



MAJOR-GEN. WILLIAM T. SHERMAN..

ston Districts. For 600 miles, up and down the valley and cross ways, with the cavalry under Colonel Byrd, it was the hardest kind of work to keep up, and continually skirmishing with the enemy would wear out the most robust nature in the army; never being able to stop at any place long enough to clean up, and with only half rations, the result could not be otherwise than that his weakened condition would break down, and the march from Kingston to Loudon, during that direful Sunday night, but hastened his demise.

When I left for Cincinnati, and he gave me the parting handshake, his last remarks on that October morning were: "Now, Fout, hurry on and get back, and be sure and bring Harvey with you, for its my turn next, you know, for a three-months' furlough." I promised him I would, and before going to sleep that night, I had covered ninety-five miles to make good my promise.

On the morning after my departure he broke down, and from that time on he was never on duty again. He was placed in the ambulance and taken to Knoxville, and placed in the house of Judge Baxter, where he received the best medical attendance and care of that family. But exposure, overwork and worry had done their deadly work, and on December 2, 1863, he passed away. He had given his life for his country, but not by the bullet, but a thousand times worse than that, and in the darkness of the night he was given a soldier's burial.

Soon after the siege was raised his family was notified by a comrade of a New York regiment, who was instructed to carry the sad news to his people, and although that officer many times faced death and destruction in battle, he lacked courage to meet Torr's relatives, and so, from New York, sent the sad news by mail.

In the following February, his brother-in-law, W. H. Bringhurst, with the ambulance of the Fifteenth Indiana Battery, which was still at Knoxville, removed his body from the vault, in the burial ground of the Episcopal Church, to Cincinnati, where it was met by his father, who conveyed it on to Philadelphia, Pa., where he was buried with full military honors in beautiful Woodland Cemetery, and a polished marble shaft now marks the place where he rests. His beloved and intended bride mourns for him to this day.

MY RETURN TO EAST TENNESSEE.

My arrival at Indianapolis was unannounced, and surprised Lieutenant Harvey, and angered him when I presented the request of Captain Von Sehlen and Lieutenant Torr, as also the order of General Burnside, for him to report without delay at the battery headquarters.

The recruiting service had been an easy berth, and for some officers quite a plum. Their rank gave them a social position, their work was not scrutinized, and their pay, on account of being on detached service, was always ready for them, and sometimes, as I have known, when paymasters were willing, was drawn in advance.

According to the promise to Lieutenant Torr, I made my stay in Indianapolis only forty-eight hours, and returned to Cincinnati, where I was joined by Lieutenant Harvey two days later. He claimed that the winding up of his business as a recruiting officer would detain him that much longer. I was really glad to get away from Indianapolis, as some of the families of our men loaded me with all sorts of delicacies to take to their boys in the field, never thinking how I was to get them there. As a result I soon became overloaded with canned fruit, pickles, condensed potatoes, cakes and biscuits, and before I left Cincinnati one of the relatives even wanted me to take a stuffed turkey to her son, for Thanksgiving dinner, but I promptly drew the line and declined. Several of our men in the hospital, at Covington, two of them, Bunderand and McDonald, were convalescent and ready to go with us. I saw the ordnance stores which I had drawn started, and the ambulance I turned over to the two men, to meet us at Nicholasville. We had bought some supplies for our mess, as also some baggage for ourselves, as the trip for the ambulances by wagon road would require several days. Harvey and myself had some little extra time to look after several deserters that were then held by General Tilson, Commander of the Post, at Covington, and we called to identify them. They had been enlisted by Harvey, and received the usual bounty, and now wanted to get out of the service, as minors, by a writ of *habeas corpus*, through a Cincinnati probate judge and his democratic friends, that were extreme partisans and ready, for the sake of office, to create a collision with the National Government. But the district commander, General Tilson, was not to be fooled with, and the deserters served out their time, not on the

field of honor, but in the "rip-raps," at hard labor. After having given our depositions in the cases just named, we left by rail for Paris, Kentucky, and remained a whole day with our former friends and laid in a supply of a whole box of brandy sixes of the best Bourbon whiskey. We reached Nicholasville still a day too early. The morning after the arrival of our ambulance, we rearranged and repacked our baggage, and at the crack of the whip of our driver, behind a fine team of horses, we trotted out of the town, for Camp Nelson. We were by no means alone on the road, as a number of officers on foot and horseback, belonging to Burnside's command, were on their way to rejoin their commands. We timed our drive at about twenty miles per day, and as long as we could regularly feed our horses we had no trouble to cover that distance, but it required an immense amount of unbounded energy to overcome the obstacles of the now almost impassable roads, as we could scarcely advance faster than a walk. We formed quite a circle of acquaintances of pleasant traveling companions. They were always cheerful and some of them quite witty. Many amused themselves by counting, in a day's travel, the number of broken-down wagons, dead horses and mules. They made a jolly party, just such as was required on such a trip over a rough mountain ride. There was no regular escort and we risked the chance of meeting an organized force of the enemy, but the stream of convalescent recruits and returning officers, could at any time be rallied and make quite a defense against mere marauders.

Our strong and serviceable teams were well cared for by the drivers, and our choice stock of provisions would at least last us, until we reached Knoxville, but only be used in the wilderness on the road, where we could buy no other. In this happy way we passed Camp Nelson, Stanford, Crab Orchard, Sommerset, London, coming to Barbourville, a place we reached in good condition, but were called to a halt for several days, as no troops were permitted to proceed any further just then, on account of the siege of Knoxville.

Up to that time there had not been any severe winter weather, but the roads were made sloppy by the bright sun overhead. We passed through the rich blue grass region, of beautiful rolling country that had not been abandoned to the ravages of war, and the owners still giving attention to the tilling of the soil, and the raising of crops to support the family. Their horses and cattle had become diminished by raids of Morgan and others, but there was nothing

dispiriting to the view thus far unless it be the leafless landscape of the winter and the hard use of roads made by the army trains in bad weather. The roads were simply execrable, and sometimes there was no sure footing in them for men or beast, and we had to cross big hills and outlying ranges of the Cumberland Mountains, and it was a long, hard pull for our ambulance team in surmounting them, while we walked by its side. On such a road, that the horses and mules, with frail wagons, would come to an inglorious end, was but natural.

Part of the time we had a drizzling rain falling on us, as we splashed along, until we came to some convenient halting place where the ambulance could rest on the high ground and let the water run off, or at some house on the road, where we could rest and sleep for the night, cooking our own meals or wrapping ourselves in the blankets, and resting in the ambulance, ready for a night's sleep, but always with one eye open, for fear that our teams might be stolen, as horses were quite desirable to the many foot passengers we passed on the road. Part of the road was over bare rock, in which the steps would often be a foot or more each, in the road. The edges of these steps had been worn off, and in places the teamsters would throw rocks and branches of trees in the angle to even up, and then with a whoop and crack of the whip, the team would dash over the obstacle. In this way we zigzagged over the road and by perseverance at last reached Barboursville. One of the wags that we passed on the road between London and Barboursville had taken the pains to count the dead animals, claiming that he passed one hundred and fourteen during the day's travel; this at a time when there had been no wagons moving for several days. It was reported that Longstreet had surrounded Burnside and the latter would be captured.

At Barboursville we met a couple of regular army shirks or skulkers. Two young men belonging to rich families in Ohio had received Lieutenant commissions and were on duty with the regiment at Paris, Ky., and became acquaintances of ours, but at the time when the regiment left for the field, they managed to be placed on detached service, and on this service we met them at Barboursville. They pitifully asked me to keep their whereabouts a secret, as they had no desire to go back to the field where their regiment was, and to my positive recollection they never appeared at the front for the remainder of nearly two years' service.

During our detention at Barboursville, we were one day treated to a speech in a church by Parson Brownlow. He, with others, just then had reached the town from their exit of Knoxville. We listened to his harangue for nearly half an hour, in which he hurled a regular anathema at the rebels. In fact, he exhausted the dictionary of its meanest words, and bombarding the enemy that had once put him behind prison walls, but now caused him to sprint to the Ohio River. The suffering he and his family had gone through excited our sympathy, but he was now giving vent to his spleen of his tormentors, and if the evil one paid any attention to his exhortations, Mr. Jefferson Davis and his friends must have surely felt the punishment.

After four days' rest at Barboursville, General Forster reached that place from Louisville, on his way with orders, to relieve General Burnside, of the Department and Army of the Ohio. Instructions were given for all the troops to push forward at once to Cumberland Gap, so we had our ambulance hitched, and on the morning of the 28th left Barboursville, by way of the river road, to Wild Cat and Log Mountain, and halted at the latter place for the night, which was on a spur of Pine Mountain, that runs parallel with the Cumberland Mountains, about twenty-five miles to the northwest of the latter. At Wild Cat, a stream crosses the range that empties into the Cumberland River, as all streams in that section of Kentucky do. The Pine Mountain Range loomed up before us like a large village with a number of steep roofs, often seen in the northern part of Germany, only hundreds of feet higher, and here and there like some vast Gothic Cathedral, as the dome of Cologne, towering over the rest of the ridges. Our road, as it left the creek, ran up to the spur of the mountain, where we found our old stopping place, for dinner, as when on our way to Cincinnati. The house was kept by a thrifty widow, and as the weather was now crisp and cold, we decided to take advantage of a feather bed and let our men take care of the ambulance. Being tired, we slept well and were out early for breakfast and on the road to Cumberland Gap, but we had not gone very far before Harvey and myself felt the *pediculus vestimenti* and we had to begin skirmishing for them. The little pest, of one kind or another, had taken charge of the bed we slept in, and tormented us until we reached Cumberland Gap, where we had to boil our underwear and seek the sutler's tent for ointment to get relief. The punishment for

the crime of sleeping during the war time in feather beds was a severe one, but I remembered the lesson, and never took advantage again of an indoor sleep while in the service. We made very fast time to get to the gap, as the road was more level, and inclined down hill, but muddy; but the *pediculu*, for the first night at the gap, gave us no rest and kept disturbing our sweet slumbers until daylight.

Although we had passed a number of stony hills and much beautiful scenery between the summits of the two ranges of the Cumberland and Pine Mountains, our unwelcome companions appeared to have taken charge of every part of our body, and prevented us from even looking at the sights. As we entered the defiles of Cumberland Gap, clouds hung so low over us that we could almost touch them, as smooth as silk, a sight never to be forgotten, but which we could not well enjoy. After having spent a whole day in cleaning up, and trying to rid ourselves of our intruders. I secured a mount and rode back through the gap to once more gaze upon the beautiful scenery between the two mountain ranges. As we looked to the east, a stream meandered down the depression, and alongside, in the crest, ran the road we had come over. Far in the distance, where the ridges joined, it appeared as if an amphitheatre lay before us in perfect symmetry and curves. The ridges on the right and left, high up in the air, formed the walls of a grand natural coliseum, producing a most bewildering effect, flanked on either side by stupendous cliffs, all bathed in the glorious sun shine. The blue stream dashed through the gorges and joined the river below. Till noon we wandered from one place to another to drink in Nature's beauty, for which people of wealth travel thousands of miles to see, and which they could, with far less exertion, enjoy right at home.

We returned to our quarters for dinner, but as we came through the gap beheld far in the distance, sixty miles or more, the Smoky Mountains, running parallel with the Cumberland Range that we were now standing on. Between these ridges of brilliant scenery, with snow-clad peaks and picturesque Alpine beauty, dancing in the sunlight lay the great valley of East Tennessee. The whole sight seemed too grand and too beautiful to be real. This was the country we had come to liberate, and caused our hearts to pulsate faster, wondering if we would be able to do so.

After the battle of Chickamauga, the authorities in Washing-

ton had expected that the enemy would make just such a movement as Longstreet was now executing, and the ever-loyal Governor Morton of Indiana at once offered six regiments of six months' men to the National Government. These, with a battery or two, were sent under General Wilcox, to prevent any strong force from coming to the assistance of the Confederates, from Virginia. During the time that Burnside was at Loudon, Lenoir and Campbell's Station, Wilcox operated towards Greenville, Bean's Station and Rutledge, but on the approach of Longstreet had withdrawn to Tazewell and finally to Cumberland Gap. He had been urged and ordered to go forward in the direction of Tazewell, Clinch Mountain and Maynardsville, threatening the rear of Longstreet, who still surrounded Burnside, but to no purpose, as long as plausible excuses would prevail. It was in this position and mood that we found him when we reached Cumberland Gap. As Harvey was well acquainted with his staff officers, we soon had congenial companions, but on the arrival of General Forster the latter at once set the column of three thousand infantry and two thousand cavalry in motion to Tazewell, and on the 2nd moved forward to Clinch River. A battery of six guns, the Twenty-first Ohio, was placed on the north of that river, and opposite to them the Confederates brought a four-gun battery of the same caliber; and the opposing artillery created a noise that echoed from the high battlements of the Cumberland Mountains, fifteen miles to our rear, until darkness put an end to the practice. The enemy tried to reach the left flank of Wilcox's little force, but was checked by a column of cavalry and some infantry, under Graham. It was plain that this movement of the Confederates was made to cover their retreat from Knoxville, and early next morning the cavalry again crossed Clinch River and pushed forward to Maynardsville, the place from which they had retreated the day before, and found Longstreet's column moving in the direction of Strawberry Plains and Morristown. With a little more energy on the part of Wilcox, he could have made his little army much more useful in the rear of Longstreet, but by his own secret service and special examiners, who seldom told the truth, he was made to believe that Longstreet's column was fifty thousand strong, and that the deciding battle of the Civil War was to be fought in East Tennessee. His communication with Burnside, by the way of Morristown,

could also have been kept open, as loyal Tennesseans would have cheerfully risked their lives to have carried the messages. We still remained three days at Tazewell, and on the 6th moved forward to Knoxville, and about noon of the 9th reached that place, when, to our sorrow, we found that Lieutenant Torr had died on the 3rd. Harvey's grief was great and mine was no less. Both of us had a premonition the night before that something unusual had happened during our absence. We went to his grave in the Episcopal churchyard, and for half an hour were as near as possible to our dead friend and comrade. Next day we secured transportation for Strawberry Plains and in due time we found Captain Von Sehlen and three guns of our battery and reported for duty. Orderly Sergeant Adam Kuntz was still at Kingston, where he had made a good fight, referred to in another part of this narrative.

I had made the trip from Loudon to Cincinnati in four and a half days, but our return caused us to be on the road nearly three weeks. This included the delays at Barboursville and Cumberland Gap, and with the scenes presented to us on the road, of dead mules, horses and wagons, the bones and carcasses of which would have corduroyed the road from Cumberland Gap to Camp Nelson, we were glad to be with our command once more and share with them the most terrible winter campaign; one that the sufferings of Valley Forge, in the Revolutionary War, cannot be compared with. We passed droves of hogs and cattle for the army, but most of them never reached Knoxville, having died or been butchered to prevent starvation on the road. Any thinking man could have seen that it was absolutely impossible to supply an army in East Tennessee by wagons, over the mountains. To force them on during the fall and winter months only lined the road with dead carcasses, and, as the country was bare of forage, driven beef cattle were exposed to the danger of starvation, making the mountain route for supplies most impracticable. If the possession of East Tennessee was to be retained, the subsistence problem of the army could only be solved by direct railroad communication with Chattanooga, where a great depot of supplies for the Army of the Cumberland was then being established, and the possession of which was the result of Rosecrans' campaign against Bragg during the summer and autumn. The railroad could be repaired from Chattanooga to Knoxville and guarded by men and kept in order

for six months at less cost than to bring provisions and supplies over the mountain road, in one month. In addition to the railroads, light steamboats could run on the upper Tennessee and Holston Rivers.

While staying in Knoxville we noticed the bread issued to the garrison, a composition mostly of ground corn cobs, quite bulky, and with little nutriment to support life. A large drove of live cattle had been collected at Knoxville, but for the lack of forage had been reduced to hide and bones, and in this condition the commissary adopted the custom of driving the cattle over a little ditch in the field, where they were coralled, and those too weak to get over were butchered and issued to the troops, while the others were retained for future use. When General Sherman paid a visit to Burnside, the whole of the rescued garrison was set to work to get together a respectable meal, and succeeded so well that Sherman believed after he had his fill that the troops under Burnside during the siege lived on the fat of the land, while in fact they had hunted far and wide to get a meal for our deliverers, which by the withdrawal of the enemy had become possible. There had been no danger of actual starvation, but it was the hunger that caused the stuff issued to be eaten at all, and when the siege was raised foraging parties had to go thirty miles or more before they could find any kind of provisions which money could induce the people to part with, and the suffering lasted for several months longer, before anything near a regular ration could be obtained from the army commissary. To the delight of General Longstreet, the Federal army of General Sherman had cut the connection between Bragg and Longstreet, and the latter was forced, after he raised the siege of Knoxville, to take up his march to Northeastern Tennessee, in the direction of Rogersville. On this march a division of infantry under Ransom, from Virginia, joined him, which gave him a force equal (since Sherman had returned with his corps to Chattanooga) to that of Burnside. General Parke with the Ninth and Twenty-third Corps had followed the enemy on the 7th, and came up with Martin and Jones' cavalry, that formed the rear guard of Longstreet's corps. The latter had halted at Rutledge, looking for the relief column through Cumberland Gap, which Grant had informed Burnside was coming, but being only a ruse, failed to appear, and as the country was bare of supplies, he lost no time to look for richer

fields, at Rodgersville. He marched to Bean's Station and there had his cavalry cross the Holsten, and Ransom's division to cover the main column, on the 9th reaching Rodgersville, where he was able to subsist for a few days on full rations.

Parke reached Rutledge on the 9th, and our cavalry pushed on to Bean's Station. Our battery, then with the Ninth Corps, was detached, and sent with the cavalry after the enemy, probably not with the object to fight, but to secure subsistence and forage. On the 10th we had a nice little cavalry combat, and in the evening retired to our infantry support with a considerable supply of forage. This new move of being sent out with the cavalry created a fear in our mind that we were again to maneuver with mounted troops. A few days later the enemy's horse appeared to have been considerably re-enforced, and their activity at Bean's Station was not unnoticed by us. There was no other artillery except our battery with our mounted corps, but an infantry brigade was in close support, holding the pass in Clinch Mountain. The valley in which we were, was not over two miles wide, and looked to us like a trap in which we could easily be surrounded and overwhelmed, for we received a report that a column east of the mountain was marching past us to cut us off, and another column on the east side of the Holsten tried to get in between us and the main army, but a brigade at Maysford detained the crossing of the enemy, and we made a hasty retreat to the rear, fighting as we retired. As the Confederate troops moved to co-operate in order to surround us, the combination failed, and instead of capturing a train and a command with full supplies, they only reached a few wagons with sugar and coffee, things that were evidently short and seldom seen among the Confederate soldiers. In addition to the small catch of short rations, they captured twelve prisoners with their mess outfit, while they were making their supper. We had been followed to our new position by the enemy, but as reinforcements had reached us, we were able to offer resistance and, no longer disturbed, we kept on the road until we reached Blain's Cross Roads and were again returned to the infantry.

GENERAL FORSTER.

On the 12th General Forster had relieved General Burnside, leaving to Forster an army of about twenty-six thousand men of all arms for the field. Longstreet's force, now an independent

command from Bragg, was of about equal strength, but the inclement weather then setting in made further operations in the field impossible. The roads had already become soft and impracticable for trains and artillery. The brave and patient men occasionally called for an additional ration of an ear of corn. Crackers and bread were out of the question, but the boys were always in a cheerful and merry mood. We were not lacking for wood to keep us warm, and it seems almost incredible that we got on as well as we did, enduring the great hardships that we suffered, as well as a shortage of clothes and shoes. The winter that had now broken in on us compelled us to give up the game of war and seek a place for shelter while the engineers with a detail of infantry were repairing the railroads and bridges, to connect us with our new base of supplies at Chattanooga.

The three army corps, Ninth, Twenty-third and Fourth, were in bivouac mostly in woods where the improvised shelter could be made in the form of a leanto by setting crotched posts in the ground and connected with long ridge poles. Against these were laid other poles covered with branches of trees, on the windward side, and laid so that the rain would be shed outward. The beds were made of evergreen twigs and would make a comfortable couch for the artillery boys. The tarpaulin was used for a roof, and with an unlimited amount of firewood from the near forest the boys kept up a camp fire that made everybody warm. In this way the young men hardened by the service of previous campaigns made themselves comfortable, but an infantryman has only to look out for his own comfort, while the artillerist has to provide for his teams. At that time another regular battery turned its horses over to us, and they with their guns were placed on the cars and returned to Knoxville, to enjoy the winter quarters. This gave us a surplus of teams, at least to feed, but the entire number of horses now with the battery would not furnish the motive power for a single gun and caisson. The forage for them had to be hauled thirty miles and fully half was consumed on the road by the teams that brought it in, and then only corn and no fodder could be had. One morning I received an order, while in our now comfortable (?) quarters at Blain's Cross Roads to take all the disabled horses of the battery to Knoxville and turn them over to the quartermaster. This would have taken practically every horse in the battery, for not one was fit for duty. I selected thirty-four of the worst cases and with

five men started on my trip. It was then beginning to get very cold. Not one of the horses in my charge had a mane or tail left, it having been gnawed off by the near horse to appease his hunger. The distance to be traveled was about twenty-eight miles. We reached our destination late in the night, but I only had twenty animals left, as the others we had to abandon on the road to their fate, but we could have held an inquest over them on our return trip. I received my quartermaster receipts and accounted for the lost ones as having given out. We rested during the night, and while hanging around town next morning, I met Lieutenant R——, a staff officer to General Sturgis, who had been with us at the little affair at Bean's Station. R—— was a good fellow, younger than I, always full of fun, and wholesouled.

We had several drinks of commissary whiskey, and as I had nothing to do he asked me to go to the paymaster with him, as he needed some money, his usual condition, I believe. With a dragging sabre and rattling Mexican spurs, we footed it over the stony pavements to the paymaster's office. The place was already so well known to R—— that we had no trouble finding it. On our arrival a small man that I sized up could not weigh over one hundred pounds, was on the pavement in front of the office casting his eyes to the right and left, and then up the narrow stairway, with a pair of Major General shoulder straps, all out of proportion to his person. R—— saluted him with a "Good morning, General. Are you looking for the paymaster? General, this is Lieutenant Fout of the Fifteenth Indiana Battery. Lieutenant Fout, this is General Sheridan."

To say the least, I was surprised. General Sheridan, the hero of Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge? Yes, this was he. I asked about some Indiana regiment that was in his division and he directed me where to find it, then darted upstairs to the paymaster. We followed and during the time he made his errand known, R—— asked the paymaster for a month's pay, then not due, but was refused. I was asked if I desired pay, having been paid in Cincinnati and still in funds. I declined, although three months were due me. I could hold out another month. We left the paymaster, and R—— was much disappointed. I believe he counted on my drawing pay, from which he could have made a loan, but I declined in apparent innocence. I believe Sheridan, the paymaster having plenty of funds, secured the pay for his division on this visit. R—— and I

parted and I rode over to the south side of the river to see my friends in the Seventy-ninth Indiana. They were just drawing overcoats that had reached them from Chattanooga in such a limited number as to have one coat for each company, or ten to a regiment, and shoes, pants, stockings, blouses, shirts and drawers were divided in the same proportion by a lottery drawing. After my visit I returned, by the way of Knoxville, to our battery at Blain's Cross Roads: It was said of the paymaster that during the siege of Knoxville he had his funds, of over a million dollars, prepared to set on fire in case Longstreet should have captured the town.

When Captain Von Sehlen received orders to march with the corps, after Longstreet, he had an inspection of shoes, and such of the men as were entirely barefooted were compelled to serve as drivers with their feet wrapped in some improvised sandals. The lack of clothing and shoes was natural, for since we left Camp Nelson none had been issued to the men and our trip over the mountain and up and down the valley covered nearly seven hundred miles, through Kentucky and Tennessee, and some of the boys were literally in rags, and not at all prepared for winter. Their shoes were worn out and this more than the raggedness made winter marching out of the question and caused straggling, and no amount of discipline could keep the men together. The feeding of the army had improved after we left Knoxville, and the ration of fresh beef, dried on the hoof, as it used to be called, was more regularly issued. We also had for a change some fresh pork, but of coffee, sugar and salt, we had none and hard bread was out of the question.

One morning I was sent to Knoxville with more worn-out horses, and a short distance on the road I met one of our men, Stevens, with a bag of meal. The poor artilleryman made all sorts of excuses, but the truth was he had stolen a lot of corn from the horses and mules, in the early part of the night, and then gone with a mule to a mill fifteen miles away and had the corn ground, and expected to be in camp again before roll call, but I met him on his return trip. I went on my way to Knoxville and said nothing about it, as our mess was suffering with the rest of the men. I found on my return our cook supplied with meal, also quite a little ration of dried fruit. I had bought some coffee from the commissary in Knoxville for our mess and generously shared the same at personal expense with the men of our battery. As all the mills in the Union line were under control of the military, the flour and meal was equally dis-

tributed among the troops and citizens, and no corn or grain was taken from the latter, on account of their loyalty, unless paid for. This made the inhabitants freely offer their produce, such as they could spare, for sale, but as the whole of Forster's army had now concentrated at Blains Cross Roads, preparatory to offer battle to Longstreet, should the latter advance on us, the country around us and in the vicinity of the army soon became exhausted, and up to that time we never obtained any more than a half ration of bread-stuff, and rather too often our appetite was appeased with a pint of meal, or an ear of corn, and long forage for the animals was out of the question. The animals were in a pitiable condition, and for a long time every morning our picket ropes contained a number of dead horses, they having died of starvation during the previous night; and I repeat that our sufferings were far greater than the Revolutionary soldiers endured at Valley Forge; and that these conditions were equally shared by our opponents, is shown by their official reports. The situation around us grew desperate, and short as the rations were, they could not be accumulated to last over two days ahead. God alone knew where more was to come from, and in Him we trusted for the final success.

After our withdrawal from Beans Station toward Blain's Cross Roads, the Confederates left our front and crossed the Holsten River and camped along the railroad near Morristown, between the Holsten and French Broad River, a beautiful section of East Tennessee to campaign in, provisions and forage being more plentiful, and had not yet been taken charge of by either party. The only drawback to the Confederates here was that the inhabitants were intensely loyal to the Union, but at that stage of the war, if provisions were not brought voluntarily to either camp, they were simply appropriated and settled for afterwards. I am of the belief, with the easy way in which affidavits are made in this country, that many East Tennesseans received pay for supplies from the National Government that had been furnished to Longstreet's corps, while on the Holsten and French road, as it often happened that Confederate foragers would gather corn in one corner of the field while the Federals filled their wagons in another corner of the same field, and no sooner had the Confederates discovered their new camping ground to be a field of clover in this bleak winter of 1863 than our cavalry was after them, not to pick a fight, but to share in the good things they were enjoying

in this land of plenty. Usually the Confederates appropriated everything in sight and left little for our side of the house to feast on. The want of shoes and clothing produced untold suffering in both armies, but could not be supplied by foragers. At one time our wagons were sent for corn and fodder, and they had to go nearly thirty miles for a load. We sent along a trustee to buy us a fowl or two for our mess, but on his return he brought but two chickens, for which he had paid a dollar apiece. We soon learned that a porker had come in the way of the foragers. They had butchered and brought him to camp. This gave us a change of meat, and with the dried fruit, condensed potatoes, pickles and a few sweet potatoes, we made, with our high-priced fowls, a fairly good Christmas dinner, helped out by a fresh supply of coffee and sugar that I had brought from Knoxville. It was quite true that East Tennessee was full of provender, enough to have sustained Burnside's army and kept it from want, but the large Confederate army prevented the loyal people from bringing it forward, and the territory immediately surrounding any army corps was soon eaten bare.

General Sheridan, always self-dependent and an able provider for his troops, had moved his division to the French Broad River, in Servier County, between the Big and Little Pigeon Rivers, and for a time his division fared much better than any of the rest of the troops, and as he accumulated a surplus, he sent the same by boat to Knoxville, aided by the loyal people of that section, to do everything in their power for the Union cause, and Sheridan says that so long as his division was on the French Broad, they lived off of the fat of the land, but he, too, received orders to march to Strawberry Plains, and had to leave about 600 of his division in Knoxville, that were without shoes and could go no further. It was here that I found them dividing the ten overcoats to a regiment. He had, however, managed to get some supplies through, guarded by the Second Missouri Infantry, under Colonel Laibold, and aided by a number of convalescents. Later they had quite a fight at Charleston, on the Hiwasa, to drive off a brigade of Wheeler's and Martin's Confederate cavalry that cared not for a fight, but much for the shoes and supplies in Laibold's charge.

When the shoes reached Knoxville, General Forster simply issued an order to prorate them among all the troops, and Sheridan's Division received no more than the rest of the army; but Sheridan was not discouraged. He brought forward a fresh supply. This

time his quartermaster wisely covered the loads with fodder, and in this way prevented inspection at Knoxville, and reached his barefooted troopers at Strawberry Plains. In our leanto quarters we were snugly fixed as long as the wind came from the right direction, but were most uncomfortable when the smoke was driven right towards us. There were many of the battery boys who cut their blankets into the shape of pantaloons, tied like petticoats about their waists. Emmet Matlock of our battery appeared to have set this fashion. But the men were always cheerful, remarking that this was hard, and was what they had enlisted for, and wanted to see it through. In the evening, when there was nothing else for them to do except stretch their feet to the bright camp fire each detachment would sing a song.

The first squad, with Sergeant Hook, usually led off with something like: "O, give me a home, when I am away from my own, where friendship and truth and hospitality are known." Next to Hook was Corporal Lochmueller, with "Don't you be alarmed, Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm." Herman Oehler would come in with "In Lauterbach hab Ich mein strumpf verloren, und ohne strumpf geh Ich nicht heim," etc. Sergeant Hartner had his thought on his "Mine own love, Maggie, dear," etc., and "I thought I saw Susanna coming down the hill." Then the German section would get together and sing Luther's hymn in most impressive tones, "Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott; eine gute Wehr und Waffnen. Er hilft uns auch aus dieser noth, die uns jetzt had betroffen." Very appropriate, indeed; and at other times, "Morgenroth, Morgenroth," mixed with "Du hast mich wie ein Bruder beschuetzet da wo die kanonen geblitzet, wir beide haben me nicht gebebt." These German songs echoed through the snow-clad hills, and many times our comrades from the infantry would be our audience and help drive care away.

As we were thus getting comfortably fixed, some of the more pessimistic of our boys claimed, that in preparing our huts we would only be inviting marching orders, and sure enough, on the 28th, our boys were ordered to break camp and move closer to Strawberry Plains, and on the same day, in rain and mud, we reached the new quarters before night. As the cavalry had been quartered here, they left it in a condition that neither the artillery, nor the infantry, could find a suitable place to camp on. We found, however, a place on the side of the hills, covered with some forests, that would make

a clean and well-drained camp, and as we now had bright weather for about two days, we became well and comfortably fixed again, and the camp fires of great logs, with the moon and stars shining made life again worth living for. During the latter part of General Burnside's administration, General Sturges, a former division commander of the Ninth Corps, had been ordered to report to Burnside for duty, but Burnside gave him no command; so when Forster relieved Burnside, Sturges was placed in command of the mounted forces, under Forster, and Shackleford, the former cavalry chief of the Department of the Ohio, was relieved. Sturges not having seen any active service, since the battle of Fredericksburg, wanted to show his energy with the mounted troops in mid-winter, and in the latter days of December started his operation against the Confederate trooper Martin. Another column was sent from Cumberland Gap to work around the Confederate right and rear, but the Confederates under Jones were not idle. They crossed the Clinch River and came in rear of the right of the Federal column, and on the 3rd of January, a very cold day, surprised and captured three hundred prisoners, twenty-seven wagons and three pieces of artillery. Sturges' part in this cavalry movement was a reconnoissance of the country between the French Board and Holsten Rivers, towards Dandridge, and Morristown, under command of Colonel Forster and General Elliott. Forster found no enemy, but Elliott, with Mott's brigade of infantry, advanced beyond Mosey Creek and met the Confederates, who had the same object in view, to attack the Federals. The infantry under Sturges (Mott's brigade) were placed in position near the railroad bridge on Mosey Creek. The advance cavalry retreated to our position and halted to receive the enemy's attack. While the battery was in action, Captain Von Sehlen introduced me to General Sturges, who was the same officer that had been with us, in command of the regular battery, at Phillipi in 1861. The Confederate horse made a bold attack, but as our cavalry withdrew to the right and left like a curtain, and revealed Mott's infantry, we, with our guns and the other artillery, had a point-blank range at the enemy, and repulsed them. In addition our dismounted troopers, on the flanks, did good execution. The Confederate horsemen brought up their artillery, but in that branch of the service the Federals were always superior, and after keeping up a useless cannonade between us on that short day, darkness intervened. The enemy retreated, but we did not push pursuit, for the object of

Sturges to make a fight of his own was accomplished. The Union loss was seventeen killed and eighty-seven wounded. The Confederate loss has never been recorded. For a long time our line at Mosey Creek was not disturbed.

The winter campaign and the severe service of the last three months, had so shattered the nerves of Captain Von Sehlen, that he was attacked by a malignant fever, which compelled him to leave the battery and go to Knoxville for treatment. He was taken to the home of Colonel Baxter, and there suffered for nearly a month with the typhoid fever.

At the time Von Sehlen left us a large number of the organizations, in the three corps veteranized some of our men that had joined the battery with me. Schlarb and Lochmueller, and to the number of about seventy, had become entitled to the government offer, and under proper management would have accepted further service, but Lieutenant Harvey, always ready for intrigue, had his man Rose made up a re-enlistment paper, which at once revealed that in the veteran organization Von Sehlen, Kuntz and myself were to be left out. If either of the two conspirators had known anything about military affairs they would have known that my new commission as first lieutenant, which had just been issued, read for three years, or during the war. Kuntz's read the same, and both of us had fully three years to serve, unless the war was over before that time. When the men were approached by Rose to sign the re-enlistment papers, and saw that Captain Von Sehlen was not to be in it, they flatly refused. I gave the matter no attention, for I thought that during the coming campaign the war would end, and we would all be sent home before many of the terms of service would have expired. But it was very satisfactory to Kuntz and myself that Harvey's and Rose's conspiracy had failed.

CHAPTER XXIII.—JANUARY, 1864.

A WINTER CAMPAIGN TO MORRISTOWN WITH INDESCRIBABLE SUFFERING FOR BOTH MAN AND BEAST.—VON SEHLEN LEAVES FOR HOME.

The change in the weather had already set in during the last few days in December, but on New Year's Eve the thermometer approached zero and remained there for about two weeks. The change occurred with a strong wind, rain and sleet, and created a lively time in all the camps. Lieutenant Harvey, a few days previous, had secured a burly colored man from North Carolina, in addition to his negro boy, to give him personal attention. After an all-day's rain the ground was water soaked, and Harvey's negroes had just made themselves comfortable behind his tent, for a night's rest, when a gale from the northwest, better known as a norther, began to rattle the canvass, and at once drew the tent from its fastenings. Harvey held on one corner of the tent and expected his servants to hold down the other part, but they both fled behind the big tree near by, and the Lieutenant's call was not answered.

The next morning he discharged both of them, and in this way was relieved of two who helped him only to consume his scanty rations. During the gale Lieutenant Kuntz and myself were in a better condition, holding our tent down, with the help of some of the comrades, until the storm was over. We, at least, could stay during the rest of the night under some protection, but as we had no tent flies, the water began dripping through. But the roaring wind had now started in, the tents were soon frozen stiff. The fierce storm during the night had blown the smoke and cinders in the eyes of the men, who were unable to sleep on account of exposure and cold. At daylight the wind was still blowing, with a clear sky, with the thermometer below zero.

The exposure during the day was hard to bear, but in the wet and chill of night, when the camp fires had gone low, the men would shiver and their teeth chatter, fearing the danger of going to sleep that knows no waking. There was also great danger for them to be suffocated by the smoke, which caused them to jump from one side of the fire to the other. The heroes at heart were in a pitiable condition as to clothing, many with only drawers on their legs, with pantaloons utterly worn out; others with no coats, and tattered blankets drawn around them, sitting Indian fashion, on their haunches, around the fire. Yet in this, their misery, there was no great complaint. One of the gun Sergeants dryly remarked: "The rebels will have to take this the same as we do." And as the lack of soap had begrimed the faces of the men, they would readily be taken by our enemy for African descendants, and in this condition they greeted each other with a happy New Year. The Government had promised those that had entered the service in 1861 a furlough and a veteran bounty if they enlisted for another term of three years.

The suffering and cold weather had no effect on the patriotism of the men, and all those who were entitled to the benefits in our corps took advantage of the offer, and many organizations re-enlisted to a man. We had exhausted the horses of three regular batteries in our corps, and now had turned over to us Buckley's Rhode Island Volunteer Battery, with guns, harness and horses. Lieutenant Harvey, as Von Sehlen was now sick at Knoxville, receipted for the whole outfit, and then turned the guns and harness over to me to take them to Knoxville by the cars now running over the improvised bridge at Strawberry Plains. We soon had the guns aboard, and with several men proceeded to Knoxville. Part of the train was used for the wounded, and the shrieking and crying of some of these in the bitter cold was heart-rending. All joined in bewailing their fate in this terrible cold weather. One boy, scarcely 16 years old, cried piteously the whole distance for his mother in Indiana, he having lost a leg. Another had his hand shot off, and all were wounded, to the number of about forty. When I reached Knoxville I turned my ordnance stores over to the Ordnance Department, but several things were short. The obliging ordnance officer promptly prepared the papers for the shortage, and I signed them "lost in action." This squared my account, which was true. During this visit to Knoxville I called on Captain Von Sehlen, who was sick at the house of Judge Baxter. Being invited to dinner, I accepted, and for the first time had a good square meal in East Tennessee.

Why the Rhode Island boys did not take their own guns and harness to Knoxville has never been explained to me. They passed that way, on their route, on veteran leave. As my duty was performed in Knoxville, and the weather had become more regular, though very cold, with the blizzard over, we returned to our comrades in camp between Blain's Cross Roads and Strawberry Plains. While in Knoxville, with the Rhode Island guns, General Grant, had just reached there on a tour of inspection. As soon as the weather had moderated a little he and General Forster paid a visit to the troops in the field. He saw at once that campaigning in such weather was out of the question. At the end of his visit the general officers gathered around him at General Parke's headquarters, expecting a discussion of the campaign, but they were disappointed, as he said but little, and smoked a great deal, and what information he had gathered he kept to himself and permitted no one to draw him out.

As his officers at this time were mostly West Point graduates, their college life furnished the small talk of the occasion, with frequent reference to their old friends that were now on the other side. They seemed to enjoy the reminiscence, and Grant himself would laugh and be amused over the story he had just told; but behind this was the unbending will, the restless energy and activity to master the details of his great command.

Such was the character of the man that soon was to lead the greatest armies ever assembled and bring the Union cause to final success, an achievement no one would have thought possible, had they seen him around the camp fires near Blain's Cross Roads during those bitter cold days of January in 1864. His quick observation had shown him that clothing and subsistence were vital to our existence. He had come to us by the way of Loudon and along the railroad to examine the road for our supplies, and returned by the way of Cumberland Gap, unmindful of personal comfort, but all devotion to duty. He left us on that bitter cold day, January 4, to further investigate the possibility of sending us relief by that route.

The lack of clothing and shoes in the Confederate army was as great as our own, and the extremely cold weather had been a relief to both, as no movement of the troops under such conditions was possible, and forage was getting scarcer every day in every part of East Tennessee. A part of the Confederate horsemen had been returned to their army in Northern Georgia, to which they belonged, but the representatives of the loyal East Tennesseans that had fled

to the north just before the siege of Knoxville kept on bombarding the authorities at Washington and pleading that something be done for the relief of the loyal Tennesseans, in Upper East Tennessee, and that Longstreet be driven out of the State. This in turn was transmitted by the War Department, and General Halleck to the department commander in East Tennessee, and then the same complaint repeated to General Grant. When the latter came to Knoxville on January 1 to see for himself that it was not Forster's fault that no campaign was being made, with men in such condition, for the state of destitution of the army as to clothing and shoes was appalling, many not even having rags left to cover their nakedness. General Grant noticed all this as soon as he reached our camps.

To see whether relief could not be had by wagon route, over the mountain, caused General Grant to make the horseback ride to Cumberland Gap when the thermometer was at zero, and then settle the question of supplies, without delay, which was only possible by way of Chattanooga, and so to reduce the demand at Chattanooga, part of the troops of the Army of the Tennessee were sent on to Alabama. The same consideration caused Sherman to make his expedition to Meridian, and a large force was put to work to repair the railroad bridges and to construct a few steamboats for the river from Chattanooga to Knoxville. At Knoxville Forster had stated to Grant that there could be no thought of a forward movement until spring, and the only movement he contemplated was to bring the troops in position, where they could collect forage and bread stuff, and send all the unnecessary animals to Kentucky. After General Grant had gone over the ground and examined the situation for himself, he concurred in Forster's statement, and so notified the authorities at Washington. As General Forster had met with an accident by the fall of his horse, which had complicated the wound received in Mexico, he had asked to be relieved, as he was now totally unfit for further field service. He therefore remained at Knoxville, and General Parke was in command of the forces in the field.

As food for men and beast was eaten out north of the Holsten, with the weather intensely cold and animals dying daily, something had to be done to get to where corn and forage could be had, which was reported to be still south and east of the French Broad River, and where Longstreet was enjoying the supplies all by himself, as the railroad bridge at Strawberry Plains was complete, and a strong garrison could protect it. It was also believed that since a part of

Longstreet's cavalry had left him, he would not disturb a movement made by us, and as trustworthy information had reached us that at Sevierville we would find plenty, a day's march was made to Dandridge, to our right, there to cross the French Broad and camp in the region that would furnish supplies. As very few batteries were still in the field, and ours being one of them, we had to march with the advance, although the Ninth Corps Infantry, to which we belonged, remained in camp near Bean's Station and Strawberry Plains.

On the 16th we reached the neighborhood of the crossing and were placed in position. Sturges, who was with his cavalry at Mossy Creek, came up across the country, and, anxious to get at the enemy, invited Sheridan, who was present and leading the movement, to go out with him to see him whip the enemy. The total Federal column that was present was about 10,000 men, not including the Ninth and part of the Fourth Corps still at Blain's Cross Roads and Strawberry Plains. In this bare-footed condition the whole army marched, and as the roads were rough for travel, it was a not uncommon sight to see bloody tracks, caused by the bruised and wounded feet of the marching soldiers. On reaching the vicinity of Dandridge, our battery, then only one of the few that were still able to march with the troops in the field, was placed in line of the Twenty-third Corps, on the side of the road towards Morristown. The cavalry that had come across the country from Mossy Creek was in our advance, and, picketing the road to the northeast of us on a mountain range that formed the water shed between the Holsten and French Broad, and it was expected that Sturges would guard the flanks of our left and gather such forage as would come within his reach, and also endanger the right of Longstreet's forces.

At Dandridge the mounted troops, under Sturges, received several wagon loads of clothing and shoes, that were issued to them on the 15th. The same day the infantry were all up and placed in position by Sheridan, then the senior officer present. In the afternoon of the 16th Sturges moved out and about five miles from town met the enemy's troopers under Martin on the Morristown and Bull's Gap road. They had quite a sharp engagement, both holding their ground without any infantry being engaged. Just then the enemy's column appearing on the left of Sturges caused him to seek a new position, at the rear, and taking a large part of his command, made a detour to the right and rear of Martin; but ill luck was with him. Instead of reaching the rear of Martin, he came upon the enemy's

infantry, then marching to his relief. The surprise to Sturges was complete, and he sent a courier to Sheridan, advising him that he was being driven back by the enemy's infantry. This was far from whipping the enemy, as he had proposed in the morning, when he invited Sheridan to see him do it.

Sheridan promptly sent an infantry column to relieve him from his desperate position. As the enemy was present in heavy force, it was thought that a general engagement was to be fought right there with the advantage on the side of the Confederates. As Forster had permitted many of his veterans to go home on a re-enlistment, our army was small and in no condition to make a fight. Sheridan promptly sent for the proper commanders, Parke and Granger, but at the time of their arrival the enemy had withdrawn, and it appeared that the Confederates had only made the forward movement to learn the object of the Federals, in changing quarters during the winter months. Sturges' plan to whip the enemy's cavalry was all right, provided the enemy's infantry had not moved, but as Martin, the leader of the Confederate horse, was anxious to make a record without Wheeler, the former kept a sharp lookout on the Federal cavalry and their movements. Longstreet, too, wanted to rise, if not in rank, at least in reputation, as a department commander, and was therefore very vigilant in watching all the Federal movements. Sturges, who had been under a cloud since Fredericksburg, wanted to lift the veil; hence he, too, was active.

After Sheridan's retreat the enemy came into Dandridge and the women that had cared for Granger during his stay there now invited Longstreet and his staff to the drinks that were still in the bottles on the table in her house, of which Sturges had made several toddies for his own benefit. At the consultation of the general officers at Granger's headquarters it had been decided to move to the rear, after the cavalry had passed to the right, by way of New Market. The infantry division under Sheridan should lead the march and then the wagon train and artillery. These were to be followed by the Twenty-third Army Corps, with Willich's division of the Fourth Corps bringing up the rear. We, with our battery, filed into the road about 10 p. m., and after laboring all night, sometimes with twenty-four horses to the gun or caisson and a company of infantry to push and pull, we found ourselves about three miles ahead on the road to Blaine's Cross Roads. As the weather that day had been very mild, the roads had become sloppy, aided by a rain in the even-

ing. This made the surface slippery and the road was cut in deep ruts. To make any progress with half-starved teams on the high ridge ahead of us seemed to be impossible, and the help that the infantrymen gave us by pushing and lifting became monotonous enough to them. They would leave the guns and gather around a little camp fire, built in a fence corner, and soon be fast asleep, while the rain was falling in their faces, suddenly to be aroused by the commander shouting "Fall in!" then march a short distance, only to find the road blocked again, and the fence corner camp fires that had been vacated by others now would be taken charge of by them. In this way the terrible night at last passed, and at 6 in the morning we found that Willich's division had just left the town. As the night wore on the fear of an attack by the enemy increased. The surrounding hills would give cover for such a movement, but it was not until late in the afternoon of the next day that the enemy reached our rear guard and for several miles kept up a slight skirmish. During the day the weather changed to snowing. Through this the troops toiled on, helping the cannon and wagons over bad places, and with several miles still to make, we halted in bivouac for the night. The weather was increasing in coldness and snowing, and instead of our journey proving but of a night's march we were on the road nearly thirty hours, with only coffee, fried pork and crackers as a luxury to sustain us, and had to sleep on top of the few rails available to keep above the mud and snow.

The next day we passed Strawberry Plains and continued on our march to Knoxville. The Fourth Corps had already preceded us, and on the evening of the 20th, just before dark, we reached the place. On the 21st we marched up to College Hill and were quartered in a wing of the college building. We turned our horses over to the quartermaster, and as it was then rumored that Longstreet had been largely re-enforced, and as our troops were withdrawn from Strawberry Plains, we expected a renewal of the siege of Knoxville, and, as our breastworks on College Hill were then in an uncompleted condition, a daily detail was made to finish the defense.

The troops of the Fourth Corps had passed through Knoxville over to the south side. The cavalry marched over the same route to reach Sevierville, in Sevier County, a country that afforded plenty of supplies for both horse and man. Colonel Thomas H. Henderson was then in command of this mounted brigade, consisting of his own

regiment, the One Hundred and Twelfth, Eighth Michigan Cavalry and the Forty-fifth Ohio Mounted Infantry.

The total force that had been at Strawberry Plains was now withdrawn to Knoxville, and the bridge there destroyed and the enemy's mounted force kept close on the track of General Parke's receding column.

As General Grant had personally seen the impossibility of supplying a large army in East Tennessee, he had instructed Forster that if he was overwhelmed by a large force of the enemy, from Virginia, which was reported to be on the way to re-enforce Longstreet, the Union commander should slowly retire along the railroad to Chattanooga and join Thomas. At the same time the Washington authorities, through Halleck, sent Thomas orders at Chattanooga to re-enforce Forster with 10,000 men, and that Cumberland Gap must be held, as they were in possession of information that Ewell had re-enforced the Confederates in East Tennessee. But there was no truth in the report, and the movements of Longstreet had only been for the purpose as already stated.

Forster reported the improved condition of the defenses of Knoxville to General Grant, adding that there would be no necessity to retire further, unless it were so ordered, and Halleck was advised that there would probably be another siege of Knoxville. The Washington authorities knew little of East Tennessee affairs except the loyal wailing that continually came to their ears, from refugees, for relief. The Cumberland Gap line of supply was always in danger when the enemy was at Strawberry Plains. The troops at the front, in the field, soon learned that no re-enforcement had reached Longstreet, and the latter had retired to Morristown with no intention of again disturbing Knoxville, and the whole of the little army under Forster had now taken a defensive position around the town, remaining in that position for nearly three months, caused by the necessity for forage and clothing. The Confederates had been more active and followed our troops to within five miles of Knoxville. General Cox was sent out by General Forster to take charge, and soon learned that nothing but cavalry was in his front, and at once stopped the retreating column under Wilcox, driving back the enemy's advance guard and checking their main body.

Our troops were placed in line of battle and rested for the night, ready for an advance in the morning. At the early dawn of

day our forces were advanced, but found no enemy. They had left during the night. They were followed for about eight miles, by a detachment, but conclusive proof showed that they had withdrawn and only their cavalry had come across the Holsten. As soon as the movement of the enemy was thoroughly understood, General Forster assigned the troops under him to winter quarters. He ordered the Fourth Corps to go into camp from Kingston to Loudon, near where they could easily rejoin the Army of the Cumberland. The Ninth Corps, from Lenoir to Knoxville, and the Twenty-third corps around Knoxville. The cavalry was on the French Broad, in Sevier County, and for the first time after siege, lived in clover.

Longstreet, hearing of the presence of Sturges' troopers, and the good things they were now enjoying near Fair Garden, sent his cavalry, under Martin, across the river (French Broad) to engage Sturges at once. McCook's division was leading, supported by Gerrard on Pigeon River, and Wolford on the Fair Garden and Sevierville road. The Confederates, under Martin, moved forward on McCook, but were surprised to find McCook on the same hunt for them. The result was that Martin, in charge of the Confederate right division, was routed by Colonel LaGrange of the First Wisconsin, then commanding the brigade. Two regimental commanders, seven officers and over a hundred privates, a battle flag and two pieces of artillery were captured by the charge. The Fourth Indiana Cavalry covered themselves with glory on the field, but lost their Lieutenant Colonel Leslie, while leading a sabre charge. The Confederate guns captured were commanded by Lieutenant Blake, a native of Putnam County, Ill., his father at one time having been a surveyor of that county. He had gone South before the war, and had enlisted as a private, believing, like many others, that the war would not amount to much. Public opinion, he claimed had compelled him to join that side of the cause. He was mortally wounded by a sabre thrust, and when brought into our line was recognized by some of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois who had known him before the war. He had preferred to die at his post before he would permit himself to be captured and recognized as a Northern man. The wound proved fatal, and at sunrise next day he was dead. The Federal losses in the affair were small, and as Sturges had gained a victory he could afford to drink a toddy to the health of Longstreet and Martin, as the latter had done at Dandridge to him. Longstreet was so chagrined by

Martin's defeat, that he then asked to have a more competent cavalry commander assigned to his department.

The Federal horse followed Martin to Dandridge, but were there met by a Confederate force under Alexander, assisted by a division of infantry. Sturges now retreated, and, as if by common consent, both parties rested for the winter. As we were now enjoying comfortable quarters in one of the buildings of the East Tennessee University, and no other duty except to finish the stockade and a line of intrenchments to connect with Fort Saunders, we were called on to furnish an officer for a Board of Survey to examine and condemn such commissary stores as were unfit to be issued to the troops. I was detailed for this service. The result was that a large amount of mouldy crackers that had been sent us by boat were condemned but the other goods, sugar, coffee, vinegar and beans, proved to be all right. Through with this part of my service, I was placed in charge of the working gang in the fort, and knowing the difference between a straight line and a curve, also an obtuse from an acute angle, I was soon recommended to a position on General Tilson's staff, probably because we gave our side of the breastworks a little nicer finish than the other batteries.

Our duties were easy, but not satisfactory to either men or officers. As the morning fatigue duty, working on the defenses and the afternoon drill, at the guns, became monotonous, we therefore longed to be remounted again, so that if we could show the citizens of Knoxville our crack battery maneuver, for which the college campus, just south of the University buildings, would have been an ideal place to exercise in. But it was not to be, and the same routine of labor and drill at the guns were our daily life. Among the prominent citizens then living in Knoxville, with strong Union sentiment, was Colonel Baxter, at whose house our Lieutenant Torr died and our Captain Von Sehlen was cared for during his illness; also Rev. Dr. Hume, the president of the East Tennessee University and rector of the Episcopal Church, a place where we often attended, and Parson Brownlow; also Horace Maynard Fleming and Temple. Around these gathered the lesser lights of Union people, who had suffered so much for the cause of the National Government. The Secessionists were in the minority, but as they were mostly slave owners they claimed an influence, by reason of wealth and social standing, and pretended to be the upper class, as elsewhere in the South, but not true also at Knoxville.

CHAPTER XXIV.—FEBRUARY, 1864.

SCHOFIELD RELIEVES FORSTER.—LONGSTREET APPROACHES KNOX-VILLE.—GRANT DETERMINED TO DRIVE THE ENEMY OUT OF EAST TENNESSEE.

The month of February began with more settled weather, with frost at night, and sometimes snow. But there were many bright days, just such weather as would invigorate the body.

From our high position at College Hill we could view the great smoky mountain covered with snow, with the roads still impassable when thawed. We could, however, have kept the field if forage and supplies had not been lacking; but nothing could be done until the railroad bridges connecting us with Chattanooga and Nashville had been completed.

As General Forster had urged the Government to relieve him, it was not probable that any movement would be made until his successor was appointed, and who this was to be no one then knew. Rosecrans had been well thought of and supported by friends in Washington.

President Lincoln was a great friend of Burnside, and intended to give him the Ninth Corps, then in East Tennessee, and a separate command somewhere. The Fourth Corps, then under Sheridan, was to be returned to the Army of the Cumberland. This would reduce the troops then in East Tennessee to a cavalry outpost and the infantry for post and garrison duty, provided Longstreet's army would retire into Virginia, which was already rumored; and the same rumors connected us with a forward movement under Sherman into Northern Georgia.

The general officers then available to relieve Forster were Schofield, Smith, McPherson and Sheridan. As Grant was to be pro-

moted to Lieutenant General, and by his rank in command of all the armies, he was able to make assignments of his own selection, and knowing of the merits of Schofield, the latter was ordered to relieve Forster, in command of the Department of the Ohio. McPherson was to command the Army of the Tennessee, as soon as Sherman was placed in charge of the Military Division of the Mississippi. Rosecrans was sent to Missouri, W. T. Smith and Sheridan were to have high commands in the Eastern Army, under Grant, and the changes in the corps and division commanders were made as soon as time would permit, and before Grant left the Western armies. The latter was well organized to enter the campaign in Northern Georgia against Joe Johnston.

The campaign of 1863 had been so active that many of the officers of leading regiments, brigades, divisions and corps were entitled to higher rank and promotion. But the politicians had been able to keep the maximum number of general officers always full, and, if, perchance, a vacancy occurred, the political pressure would soon fill it. The regular army had a powerful friend in General Halleck, and he made every effort to head off the politicians, and a system was already being organized in the winter of 1863, by him, to retire all officers that had not been in active service for three months. This would reach the big and little, and was a reform in the right direction that would reach from top to bottom, and thereafter promotions were to be made on merit alone. But to form a plan for reform was one thing and to carry it out another. Grant and Sherman were just the men to carry the reform into effect, caring little for the political consideration that had so often controlled the actions of the President.

With the order for Schofield to assume the command of the Department of the Ohio, Major General George Stoneman was sent to report to General Grant for duty from the East. Stoneman had been unfortunate in the battle of Chancellorsville, not by his own fault, but merely through General Hooker, who had sent him off on a cavalry raid during that battle, which had miscarried, and as he was then without command, he was sent to Grant at Nashville. Stoneman was expected to command the cavalry of the Western Army, but Grant had placed General Sooy Smith in charge, and as General J. D. Cox was only Provisional Commander of the Twenty-third Corps, Stoneman was placed in nomination for it, but the appointment appeared to be only for a short time.

Among the Major Generals who had failed to be confirmed by the Senate in 1863 were J. D. Cox and John M. Schofield. Cox, in 1860, while in the Ohio Legislature, had failed to vote for John Sherman for Senator, and cast his lot with Chase, Sherman's opponent. Schofield had in many ways incurred the ill will of the Radicals of the Jim Lane and General Blunt stripe in Missouri, who made their power felt against Schofield in the Senate, when the latter was to be confirmed; but by the same Senate General Milroy and many more of his kind were confirmed and made Major Generals.

General Cox having been relieved of the command of the Twenty-third Corps, now made application to General Grant at Nashville for active service in the Army of the Cumberland. As Sheridan was to be sent to the East, Cox desired the command of Sheridan's old division, which was supported by the former's friends in the Fourth Corps; but Major General Newton, a West Point graduate, received the appointment in Sheridan's place.

Stoneman and Schofield reached Knoxville about February 7, and promptly assumed their new commands, and General Forster bade us farewell, carrying with him the sympathy for his wounds and respect of all who knew him.

Personally Stoneman was tall, wore a full beard, had wide-open eyes, and continually looked sad, which indicated an irritable temper. In the regular establishment of the army he held the rank of Major in the Fourth United States Cavalry.

General Grant had not been favorably impressed with Stoneman, and in the event of Schofield's second failure to be confirmed as Major General, Stoneman, by his rank, would have become Department Commander, to succeed Schofield. In the latter part of March, General Sturgis was sent to Memphis to command the cavalry and Stoneman was placed in charge of the Cavalry Corps of the Army of the Ohio, and thus placed out of line of promotion as a Department Commander. Stoneman's merit was never fully appreciated by the authorities and General Grant, but the impression made in the Chancellorsville campaign had created distrust.

The chronic changes in the Army of the Ohio came to an end when General Schofield arrived, and with him we served until the close of the war. His personal appearance was that of a well-built man, of medium height, and bald head, with full beard. His tastes

were strictly scientific, as he had been an instructor of astronomy at West Point, and one of the youngest Generals in the army. In the regular establishment of our army he held the rank of Captain of a field battery. As he was not in accord with the radicals of Missouri, they obstructed his confirmation in the Senate as a Major General, and it was a great relief to him when ordered to duty elsewhere.

Although Schofield had failed of confirmation, President Lincoln promptly reappointed him, and the new assignment of purely military service in the field seems to have been very satisfactory to the General. On his arrival at Knoxville on the 8th of February he found the troops then about the town consisting of the Ninth Corps, 2,800 strong, and two divisions of the Twenty-third Corps, numbering only 3,000 men fit for duty, these having lived the entire time in East Tennessee on half rations and not half clad. There were in addition to the above about 1,000 cavalry and two divisions of the Fourth Corps. The latter belonged to the Army of the Cumberland; also a large number of wounded and sick. Of the latter, many on account of lack of food and clothing. The few horses and mules remaining alive were skeletons. Of the 30,000 animals with which Burnside crossed the mountains, only 1,000 remained serviceable, and the army of 25,000 men that had entered East Tennessee had only 7,000 now fit for field service.

Such was the condition of the Army of the Ohio when Schofield took charge. At the time the railroad to Chattanooga and Nashville was opened, and the starving and naked troops were looking for better supplies of food and clothing. The first train was eagerly waited for, and on its arrival everybody was joyful. But to the surprise of all, the train was loaded with horse and mule shoes, that were intended for the now dead animals, that covered the road through the mountains to Camp Nelson. But the next train soon followed with coffee, sugar and hard bread and clothing, for which our men were suffering greatly.

By instruction from General Grant, Schofield was urged to drive Longstreet out of East Tennessee, caused by the rumors that the latter had been re-enforced and was then marching on Knoxville. But the information proved unreliable, and was probably sent out by the enemy for effect. These reports had annoyed General Grant, and with his aggressive nature, intended to whip Longstreet or get whipped during the month. This was in ac-

cordance with his plans for the spring campaign, to be carried on after his own choosing. Schofield was really anxious to have Longstreet come to Knoxville and fight it out there, for the reason that the animals for the artillery and wagon trains had been sent on to recuperate for the spring campaign to Kentucky. This also would have relieved the men, who still were suffering for clothing and supplies. To enable Schofield to drive out Longstreet, Thomas was to send 10,000 of his troops to East Tennessee, and if necessary to go in person to command them.

General Forster, after being relieved by Schofield, on his way to the North, stopped at Nashville and personally explained the situation in East Tennessee to General Grant, of the absolute need of rest for the men and beasts that were half starved. Grant at once saw the necessity of this, and ordered the suspension of the movement, and directed Schofield to remain on the defensive and to allow the re-enlisted veterans to have their furloughs and be ready for the spring operation.

On the Confederate side the authorities had put their heads together to perfect a plan, by which a strong column would be gathered, and then march under Beauregard north, past Thomas to Nashville, capture the supplies and proceed on to the Ohio River. Just such a plan as Longstreet claimed to have suggested immediately after the battle of Chickamauga.

But as Joseph E. Johnston, who was to lead the column, had asked the leading question, how the army was to subsist in a barren country, this plan of the enemy fell to the ground. Another plan was to obtain 10,000 mules and ride through the mountains to Kentucky by way of Pond Gap, and get to the Ohio River by that route, subsisting on the country as they went.

As General Lee was present at one of these conferences, he intimated that the Confederacy had all it could do to maintain the army where it was. All of these chimerical plans were cut short by the revival of the rank of Lieutenant General of the United States Army, and the appointment of General Grant to that place.

The most astonished at this common sense move of President Lincoln was General Halleck, who had now to see an obscure man that had started with a command of a regiment would now command in the field more than half a million of the best troops that ever marched to battle.

The Confederate authorities still demanded that Longstreet

join Johnston by the route of the Smoky Mountain. This would have been a long, perilous flank march, and the easy way by which the Union forces could have been concentrated, especially in the hands of General Grant, the Confederates would have been beaten in detail, if they had carried out this plan.

Longstreet wished to show his activity, and advanced from Morristown to Knoxville, by the way of New Market. He had been made to believe that the Union troops were demoralized, and Schofield's army an easy catch. In this he was mistaken, although our forces had been reduced by furloughs, and as we had no transportation were not able to move. Johnston was expected to aid Longstreet, but as just then Polk was troubled by Sherman in Mississippi, Johnston had to assist the former by sending him reinforcement.

But Grant ordered Thomas to advance against Johnston at Dalton, thus aiding Sherman in his Meridian enterprise, and assisting Schofield at Knoxville, by which the movements intended by Johnston and Longstreet were balked. The march of Longstreet from Morristown to Knoxville was looked upon by Schofield as an additional effort of the enemy to secure more food and forage from a barren section of the country, but on the 18th Longstreet's mounted troops advanced in the angle of the Holsten and French Broad at Strawberry Plains. This led Schofield to the belief that the enemy's purpose was to cross the French Broad and make his way to Johnston's army at Dalton by marching along the base of the Smoky Mountains. This seemed to have been the wish of the Confederate authorities, and Longstreet was ordered on the 10th to send Martin's cavalry back to Johnston, with the expectation that he would soon follow with his corps. This caused Schofield to concentrate his little army and watch the enemy's movements until, on the 23d he was reasonably assured that Longstreet was not moving his infantry column to Georgia, but retracing his steps towards Morristown. The withdrawal of Martin's cavalry had disturbed Longstreet's plans so much, that he notified the Confederate President of being compelled to withdraw his army from East Tennessee, and place them on the border of Virginia, giving as an additional reason that Schofield had been largely re-enforced by Thomas, from Chattanooga.

The assertion was not based on facts, since Sherman had marched to the relief of Burnside in November. The Fourth

Corps, then very much reduced, had been the only troops of the Cumberland Army in East Tennessee, and now as Schofield was on the march after Longstreet, Wood's division of that corps was the only one that operated with the Army of the Ohio. Other excuses of Longstreet for not going up to Knoxville and capturing Schofield had been his discovery that the fortifications were greatly strengthened. He must have heard of our ditching around College Hill, but as he came no closer than about seventeen miles, he could not have seen us, but the assertion served his purpose for an excuse to the Richmond Government. As General Cox had not yet been assigned to a permanent command, General Schofield had learned to like the open and unassuming way of the former, and offered him, for the time being, the position as his chief of staff. General Cox at once accepted, and the two from that time became great friends and served together until the close of the war.

There were then in East Tennessee the remnants of three corps and in the moving column with which Schofield intended to follow Longstreet, was one division of the Twenty-third Corps, under General Stoneman, and one of the Fourth Corps, under General Wood, and what was left of the Ninth Corps, under General Parke, and Colonel Garrard's division of cavalry. One division of the Twenty-third Corps, under General Hascall, was left to garrison Knoxville, aided by the dismounted batteries of the Twenty-third Corps, under General Tilson; also a detachment of cavalry, for headquarter duty. With General Hascall in command of the defences of Knoxville, Schofield felt secure against any effort of the enemy to capture the city by a surprise. The little army for the field, now led by Schofield, in person, consisted of Wood's division, Fourth Corps, 5,477 men; Parke's Ninth Corps detachments, 3,031 men; Stoneman's Second Division, Twenty-third Corps, 3,363; Garrard's cavalry, 2,002; making a total of 13,873 officers and men. Longstreet's corps numbered 20,887, of which 5,034 were cavalry.

By this forward movement, close to the enemy, after he declined to come and see us at Knoxville, Schofield intended to learn of Longstreet's strength, and intended also to keep his army well in hand for a defensive battle. If Longstreet had left East Tennessee, as rumors had it then, the plans of General Grant were to unite the troops of the Army of the Cumberland, for the spring campaign. The little army reached Strawberry Plains on the 24th,

but the bridge had been destroyed and a temporary wagon bridge was constructed to cross supplies on, sufficient for a movement to New Market and Morristown.

On the 26th the infantry crossed on flatboats, and the artillery and trains used a passable ford. It had not been contemplated to march the infantry further than Strawberry Plains, and learn the rest of Longstreet's movements through the cavalry, but whatever Schofield did was to be done thoroughly, and he closely supported the cavalry advance with his infantry columns. On the 28th the columns passed New Market, on the way to Morristown, which was reached that evening. The march from Strawberry Plains was in a pouring rain, over the worst of roads. This caused many delays, and it was dark before the mounted troops could cover the town, two miles in advance, and in front and flank, to prevent surprise. But the information gathered by this bold movement of Schofield, with a much inferior army, after Longstreet, pointed to the fact that the Confederate General, after his heralded intention to capture Knoxville, had retreated to the borders of old Virginia. The loyal inhabitants of that section had been wide awake to learn the destination of the retreating Confederates. The information had been imparted by Longstreet's veterans to the inhabitants of Morristown that Bristol would be their next stopping place, and probably from there would turn on the Union forces if they pursued them, the air was full of such rumors.



GEN. J. M. SCHOFIELD.

CHAPTER XXV.—MARCH AND APRIL, 1864.

SCHOFIELD'S MARCH TO MORRISTOWN.—GENERAL COX VISITING THE
OUTPOSTS.—LONGSTREET LEAVES EAST TENNESSEE.—PREPARA-
TION FOR THE SPRING CAMPAIGN.

Schofield made careful preparation to receive the enemy, if he should return, but nothing came of the rumors except that the Union troops were kept on the keen lookout. During the time that Schofield was at Morristown, they occupied the same quarters that Longstreet had abandoned, and had left the house so bare that the general officers had to take to the floor for their resting places, with saddles for a pillow, wrapped in blankets. The loyal people brought in all sorts of reports, and one evening they were sure Longstreet was advancing, and would attack at daylight. So impressive was this report presented at headquarters, that General Cox determined to make the grand rounds before the time that the attack was expected, to make certain that no surprise would occur. In the heavy weather of that stormy night he started out, two hours before day-break, and in the cold rain and darkness of the morning hour, with a single orderly and on a trusty horse, that would keep the road, splashing along until he reached the dim fires of the picket reserves, passed them in the darkness before him, and plodded on until he came upon the cavalry outpost, in an open wood. He happened to be a son of Erin, doing battle for the Union, in the uniform of a dragoon, and wide awake. He was asked to lead the General to the Captain's quarters. The Irishman led, saying: "Look out, for there are pits every little way, where them rebels dug holes for chimbleys." Suddenly the outpost disappeared, but sung out: "Och, I have found one, sir," and so he had fallen headfirst into one of the pits. He scrambled out, and had scarcely gone a rod

further before Pat went down again, once more scrambling out of his mud bath. He led the General to the Captain, who gave him the desired information from the front. He now returned to inspect the infantry outpost and found them alert and well instructed, but in crossing a field he came upon one who was asleep in a fence corner. When the General reached him he was bewildered and unable to speak. He was ordered to call the Corporal of the guard, and then stammered out, in broken English that he was not asleep. He was reported to the officer of the guard, but as General Cox, in his kindness of heart, did not order him before a court martial, he being a raw recruit, a light punishment by the regimental officer was imposed.

General Cox returned to his cheerless quarters and found his staff still sleeping. He had built a fire and dried himself, first turning one side, then the other, to catch the warmth. These incidents were often repeated and were so familiar that to mention them seems out of place, except to remind the reader that the general officers shared the hardships with the men. The railroad bridge at Strawberry Plains was rapidly being rebuilt, and was much needed, as there were no wagon trains to carry supplies forward. Through the cavalry advance, it was learned that Longstreet held the line of Baý's Mountains, near Bull's Gap, and thirteen miles from Morristown, and stretching his flank to Greenville, and had all of his force, except Martin's cavalry, with him. Ransom's division of infantry had disappeared, his troops had been merged with other divisions and he transferred to the cavalry.

On March 2d McCook's cavalry, then with Schofield, was ordered back to Thomas, Schofield kept General Grant informed of his movements, and was advised by the latter not to bring on an engagement, but to hold as much of the country as he could. On General Grant's promotion he was invited by the President to go to Washington for consultation, and all remained quiet during his absence, but further advance on account of the bad weather would have been impossible. General Cox remained in charge of the headquarters, in the field, to watch the enemy.

This enabled Schofield to return to Knoxville and attend to department matters. As soon as the railroad bridge was complete, supplies of clothing and shoes came forward in abundance to the little army then at Morristown, on the railroad. There the clothing were issued to the men. Longstreet kept quiet in his line at

Bay's Mountain, but sent out rumors that he was in motion for Schofield's army. He was closely watched by the Federal Cavalry.

As soon as General Grant returned from Washington the Ninth Corps was ordered to be sent at once to General Burnside, at Annapolis. This reduced Schofield's force and caused a change of position. On the 18th Stoneman's Twenty-third Corps Infantry was ordered to Mossy Creek and Wood's Fourth Corps to Rutledge, on the road to Cumberland Gap, and one brigade of Wood's Corps to Strawberry Plains.

The little army was able to perform picket duty only. With General Grant in command of the United States Army, the plans of the future campaigns were of his own choosing, and not those of the enemy, as heretofore, and so acknowledged by the Richmond authorities; hence the abandonment of all visionary schemes, one of which was to send an army through Kentucky to the Ohio by the Confederates. Sherman, of course, was placed in command of the Military Division of the Mississippi, with the object of destroying Johnston's army. Grant personally attached himself to the Army of the Potomac, with the same purpose of annihilating Lee's forces.

The time of small expeditions for individual glorification had passed; and heavy work for the army was to be engaged in. To meet such movements, the Confederate authorities ordered Longstreet back to the Army of Northern Virginia, under Lee. On the Union side, the furloughed veterans were returning; the cavalry remounted and additional infantry from the rear brought forward to increase the forces in the field.

As Longstreet's troops, in the early part of April, had been ordered back to the Army of Virginia, under Lee, that section of East Tennessee occupied by him had been left in charge of the irregulars, and these had degenerated into bushwhackers and guerillas, in which no quarters were given on either side. A scouting party of about one hundred had been sent out by General Cox. Thirty of the party belonged to the East Tennessee irregulars, better known in the Union Army as Home Guards. The hundred scouts had come on to a party of Confederate irregulars, and brought fifteen in as prisoners and reported about an equal number of killed. The fifteen had surrendered to the Indiana Cavalry, and saved their lives, when the East Tennessee Home Guards were asked by General Cox about their good luck. They answered that they had some good and some bad luck. On further inquiry to define their bad luck,

they said that the bad luck was that the Indiana boys were with them, and had saved the lives of the fifteen that surrendered, while the other fifteen had been dealt with, as the captain of the Home Guard scouts claimed, they deserved before the Indiana fellows could interfere.

The Confederate irregulars, no doubt, had been guilty of a great many outrages, between neighbors and acquaintances, but it was Civil War.

On account of the want of preparation, and the backward state of the weather, no large movements were undertaken for about all the seasons of the year made a showing in this month. About the middle of April there was still snow a-flying, but on the 20th the spring weather came, and the long dreary winter of 1863 and '64 belonged to the past. Our table was improved by the efforts of our cook, and Henry Boehn, a gardener by profession, brought us some greens and onions, supplemented with such vegetables as the cook could buy, at the high prices of the sutler in town. The Indiana State sanitary commission had sent a large supply of all kinds of vegetables, but I have no recollection that our boys received one ounce of the stuff, but as they had money, they were able to buy for cash, such extras of the sutler as he could get by wagon over the mountain, for the railroads were not permitted to carry sutlers' supplies. I often visited our sick and wounded in the hospital, and found that the sanitary commission had left a generous supply for them, and this was as it should be, the helpless first, although all the troops were sorely in need of them, as the boys were suffering from scurvy and other disorders, and they could only be relieved by a change of diet.

While in quarters in the college we were considerably annoyed by a Major Shannon of the colored heavy artillery regiment. Many of the youth of African descent, that had enlisted in the colored regiment, were from the other side of the Smoky Mountains from North Carolina, that had emigrated to the land of liberty, and gone to Knoxville for their eighty acres and a mule, but on reaching the place were met by a colored recruiting officer, and induced to enlist. As most of them had brought their young wives, these had to be provided for. Several of the university buildings were still empty and in these were quartered the women of the freed men. The buildings were not a block distant from our quarters, and the artillery boys found that washing could be had by these colored refu-

gees cheap. So they packed their underwear and soap to the colored laundress. The most of them would do this during their hour of leave, but a few, always ready to cause trouble, by some means, would get out of the fort after tattoo. They then would take their unwashed linen to the laundress and probably spend an hour or so talking to the young women, who next day would tell their heroes in camp of the visit of the white boys in blue. The colored veterans naturally objected to these visits, and told their major to stop it. He in turn would go to the laundress after roll call to see who he could see and these were the boys with the fifteen on their caps. This was reported next morning to General Tilson and a reprimand to the officers of the battery would follow. So, one day, the provost guard of the city was changed to an Indiana regiment that did not know Major Shannon. The leaders of the nightly prowls made an arrangement, by which they would capture the major and land him in a guard house.

About 10 p. m. on one very dark evening the provost guard halted outside of the laundress' quarters. The sergeant of the guard with several men was sent into the houses to hunt for the men. His orders were strict to arrest any one found in the houses, and to his surprise found no one except Major Shannon. The sergeant notified the major of his being under arrest. The major protested, but nothing would do except to march at the point of the bayonet to the guard house, where he had to remain all night with the roughs of the Ninth Army Corps. No one knew the guard that brought him there, but he was detained and the artillery men were blamed for the indignity. Having dressed themselves as infantrymen for the occasion and armed with muskets, they could not be detected. Evidently the visits to the negro quarters had ceased, for the reprimand from Tilson, to the officers of the battery, about keeping their men in quarters, completely stopped. In the end of March General Sherman visited Schofield at Knoxville, and arrangements were made for the part the Army of the Ohio was to take in the coming campaign into Georgia. The troops in the department were to constitute the Twenty-third Corps, and Schofield was to be in command of that corps in the field, and retain the administration of the department. Stoneman, who then was in command of the corps, was to reorganize the cavalry of the department, and command the same in place of Sturgis. The latter was to be sent to Memphis, there to command a cavalry column to operate against

Forrest. The Federal troops in Upper East Tennessee were to detain Longstreet if possible, and if the latter retreated were to follow him as a feint, until our troops were ready to leave the valley, and if the enemy did not burn the bridges our troops were to destroy them, and with them the railroads, and then promptly retire to Cleveland, and form the left of Sherman's grand army, then ready to advance into the north of Georgia. The troops then near Bull's Gap, were those that later on formed the third division of the Twenty-third Corps, and Wood's division of the Fourth Corps, with the assignment of Stoneman to the cavalry. Schofield received the permanent command of the Twenty-third Corps in the field. He had also been recommissioned as major general, but the Senate had not yet confirmed him. Generals Grant and Sherman, with their powerful influence, endeavored to bring this about, but Schofield's bitter enemies from Missouri and Kansas were not idle, and blocked every movement in favor of Schofield, and it was not until General Grant at his second visit to Washington, just before the opening of the campaign, that Schofield was confirmed. The final withdrawal of Longstreet's army from East Tennessee left a large number of Confederate sympathizers unprotected in the Union line, and as the regular volunteer army of the Union forces would soon be withdrawn, these Confederates' families that had made themselves very prominent during Longstreet's occupations, feared the vengeance of the outraged Union people, and the home guards that now had control, and therefore in large forces refugeeed into the Confederate lines, to be near their loved ones, for the male portion had already gone into the Confederate army or marched with Longstreet, when he left the country, and as they had nothing to lose, the country eaten out, either by the enemy or Union forces. They would take their leave without regrets, and were escorted to the line where their friends met them. As the enemy retreated the many bridges and trestles were destroyed by him. This is what the Union commander desired, and for many miles the railroad from Virginia towards Knoxville would have to be completely rebuilt, before it could be utilized, either by friend or foe.

During all of this time great preparations for a campaign on a large scale were in progress, both in the East and West. We were kept busy strengthening the defense around College Hill, at Knoxville, and were continually harassed by one of Tilson's staff officers demanding better results of our labor; the other batteries hav-

ing similar troubles. So one day when this staff officer called, he left an order for me to report at headquarters, at 2 p. m. I promptly appeared at the appointed time, and found Colonel Thomas A. Morgan, an old acquaintance from Franklin, Indiana, then colonel of a colored regiment, in the office of General Tilson. After the usual salutations I was asked to take a position as Major in one of the colored regiments, then being raised, near Knoxville, an offer which I promptly declined, as I desired to remain with the boys I had enlisted with.

Time passed on, and we still performed labor on the defenses. Our harness was being repaired, the guns and caissons painted and the men instructed in the manual of the pieces; but we could not maneuver, as we were without horses. Of clothing and shoes we received a full supply, and rumors that the army would soon go to the field were many and indications pointed that the Twenty-third Corps would go down to Dalton to join Sherman's grand army, but what our part in the coming campaign would be, no one knew. Several batteries were preparing, and had received orders to be ready. One of these was the Nineteenth Ohio, Captain Shields commanding, that had shared the University building with us. It was the last Sunday in April, and the weather was most beautiful. The regular Sunday inspection had been held and the men dismissed to their quarters. Lieutenant Harvey invited me to ride down to Rev. Dr. Hume's church to hear a good sermon. The horses were brought and we dressed in new full regulation artillery uniform, and leisurely rode down Main street. Before reaching the church we passed Schofield's headquarters, and casting our eyes to the right, I saw Lieutenant Bartlett standing in the open front window. We saluted and he beckoned us to come in. Lieutenant Harvey being a stranger to him, I introduced the two and Bartlett promptly led us to a rear room, telling us that General and Mrs. Schofield had gone to church, and that just that morning a chest full of fine liquors, from the North, for headquarters, had arrived, and desired us to taste them and pass upon the quality. This duty was, of course, reluctantly accepted, and we complimented the man who had sent it, for his knowledge of the best. But that was not what we had turned in for. On our way down town we had talked over our misfortune, as we then feared we would never be mounted again, or even able to meet an enemy on the field of battle.

Lieutenant Bartlett was a brother-in-law to General Schofield

and in good spirits and high glee. Information had been received that the Twenty-third Corps was to be the left wing in the field of Sherman's grand army, then preparing to go to Georgia. We told him our story of how we much desired to go to the field, but as yet had no orders, and begged him to put us on the list for active service. Bartlett at once assured us that we would go. He wrote a memorandum and sent it to Colonel George W. Schofield, the corps chief of artillery, and told us that we could rely on soon going. We kept on sampling his viands and forgot all about Dr. Hume's church, and when ready to mount it was too late to go there. So with this much good news we returned to camp and advised Lieutenant Kuntz of our good luck, but pledged him to keep it a secret from the men until we had the final order, to draw horses and get ready for the field. Early Monday morning Lieutenant Harvey, with a detail of the drivers, went down to the Quartermaster's corral, and picked the teams for a four-gun battery. Two of our guns were turned in, as did the rest of the batteries in the Army of the Ohio.

At the usual hour, about 9 a. m., the staff officer of General Tilson reached our quarters, and demanded to know why we were not working on the defenses. Much to the surprise of that officer I told him that we had orders to be mounted and get ready for the field. He rode back to Tilson's headquarters in a gallop, which indicated to us that he was going to stop the preparations and keep us there. Shortly after dinner he returned with an order for us to vacate the barracks at once. The guns were pulled down hill to a common, and in rear of Fort Saunders, and the men with bag and baggage turned into camp near by. The guards on the parapet were promptly relieved by colored troops, that had entered our quarters from their camp, near the river, south of us, almost before we had vacated them.

Nine o'clock roll call had been made and the men dismissed to their quarters. But just before taps, a fusilade from several directions was opened on the fort, against the colored artillery, who now greatly excited, opened fire. Several balls passed close over the heads of Lieutenant Kuntz and myself, while lying on our couches in our tent. Lieutenant Harvey was not in camp. We at once vacated these quarters, and sought safety in the deep cut of the road, while the fusilade lasted. Just then an Ohio regiment of heavy artillery, doing patrol and garrison duty, marched out to our quarters

and surrounded the camp. General Tilson and staff also soon arrived, and Lieutenant Harvey came later. Tilson sent for me, and asked to have the assembly sounded and roll called. The night was very dark and by the time Orderly Sergeant Hook called the names, every man of the 142 in the battery, answered here. Tilson not being satisfied with this, instructed his staff officer to count the men, and to his surprise found more men present than on the rolls. This increase had been accomplished by the men at the head of the column stepping behind the ranks and passing by the rear to the lower end, to be counted again: and, in this way, out-witted General Tilson, who tried to catch the absentees. But the Ohio heavy was retained, much to their disgust, on duty all night.

CHAPTER XXVI.—MAY, 1864.

THE FORWARD MOVEMENT OF SHERMAN'S ARMY AGAINST JOHNSTON.—ROCKY FACE.—TUNNELL HILL.—RESACA.—CASSVILLE.
THE ETOWAH.

At early daylight an order reached us to march at once without the protection of infantry, to Charleston, Tenn., a distance of about 100 miles, and report to General J. D. Cox, in command of the Third division, Twenty-third Army Corps, for further orders. This order was promptly obeyed, and for three days had a most delightful march through the Sweet Water valley, that we had campaigned in during September, October and November of the previous year.

On our arrival at Charleston we found the Second and Third division of the Twenty-third Corps in camp, the First, a new division raised in Indiana, and commanded by General Hovey, was waiting our coming at Cleveland, the cavalry then being organized by General Stoneman, and already on the road to join us, for the advance against the enemy then resting at Dalton. Sherman's returns showed that he had about 95,000 infantry, 12,000 cavalry and 4,500 artillery when he crossed the Georgia line. Against these, on the defensive, Johnston had about 75,000, men of all arms, including Polk's corps that joined him at Resaca. Sherman's army was badly organized, Schofield's left wing contained only about 15,000 men, Thomas' center 60,000, and McPherson's right wing 30,000. A proper division would have given each of Sherman's lieutenants about 37,000 men, instead of a large force at the center, and such a very small one to the left wing.

Sherman had expected that Johnston intended to make an aggressive move on our left flank, as the Richmond authorities wanted him to do and to meet such a movement the Fourth Army Corps had



GEN. JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON, C. S. A.

been detained at Cleveland, on the East Tennessee and Georgia railroad, thirty-five miles north of Dalton. This would have been the road for Johnston to follow, if he wanted to march to the north, and the Fourth Corps there would have retarded him until the other troops could have concentrated to oppose him.

The distance from Cleveland to Chattanooga is twenty-seven miles, and along the east of the railroad, from Cleveland to Dalton, is a high, sharp ridge forming the water shed of the Cooyehuttee creek, and on the west are the branches of the Chickamauga, that run northward, until they reach the Tennessee near Chattanooga, and for a long distance the streams on the east side run to the Gulf of Mexico, via the Connasauga, while on the northwest side they run into the Ohio via the Tennessee. The number of large ridges that are met with, south of Chattanooga, are pierced by the railroad at Missionary ridge, close by where the battle was fought between Bragg and Grant in November, 1863. Twenty miles further the railroad passes another tunnel, into Mill creek valley, a small stream that runs east into the Cooyehuttee, near Dalton. At the place known as Tunnel Hill was Johnston's outpost during the winter, and Thomas's videttes were on top of Taylor's ridge near Ringold. As the Confederates desired to be prepared for any flanking movement, they had intrenched themselves at Dalton, and ready to abandon Tunnell Hill, when compelled by Sherman's advance. Johnston's position at Dalton was too strong to admit of an attack from the north, and Mill creek, that passes through the mountain known as Rocky face, and the cliffs are called Buzzard Roost. Looking to the west, Rocky face ridge forms a perpendicular wall and has many spurs projecting like bastions. Mill creek had been dammed so as to cause an overflow in the gorge. The enemy held the cliffs on both sides, and occupied the breast works on the lower lines; some distance north of Mill creek gap, the country is more open, and the left wing under Schofield was able to connect with the Army of the Cumberland at Ringold. Johnston had counted on Sherman's impulsiveness, and had been in hopes that the latter, with his larger army, would dash against his defenses at Mill creek, and Rocky face ridge. On the 3d of May we marched from Charleston to Cleveland, where we met the Fourth Corps. On the following day the Twenty-third Corps, our third division leading, marched to Red Clay, a little hamlet consisting of a blacksmith shop, a vacant store and a few huts, now occupied by women and children, who informed

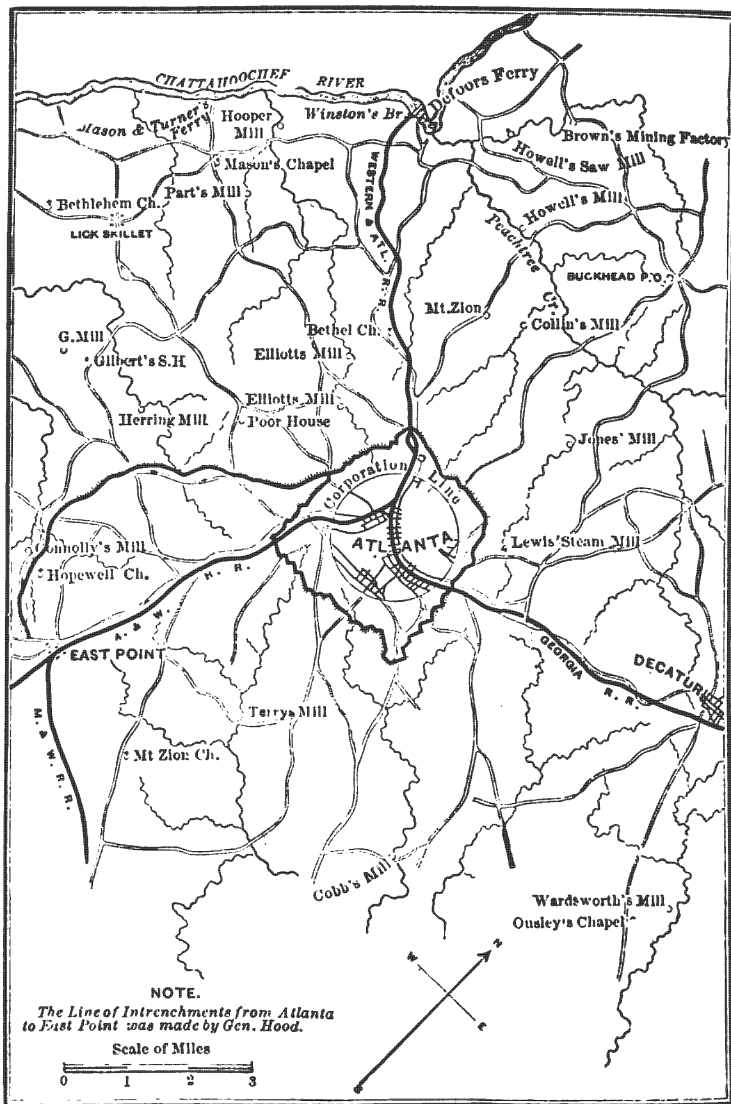
the passing soldiers of what Red Clay had once been and the great amount of whiskey sold there, and politics talked of, before the war. This was the first habitation in Northern Georgia. Our camp was about a mile south of Red Clay, where the many springs furnished us an abundant supply of good cool water. The second division was at Red Clay and the first was at Blue Springs, Tenn., on the railroad. The cavalry was scouting and skirmishing with the enemy's outpost at Varnell's Station. The valley that we were in was densely covered with scrub trees that had grown on the very poor soil in that part of the country, and most of the fields had been abandoned, with plenty more like them, as we advanced among the hills into Northern Georgia. To protect our division from surprise General Cox ordered the cutting down of these trees and constructed an abattis with them. The Fourth Corps had kept pace with us and marched to our right into position at Catoosa Springs, eight miles southwest of Red Clay with a ridge, known as Taylor's ridge, dividing us. Next to the Fourth Corps was the Fourteenth, facing Tunnell Hill, and beyond them Hooker's Twentieth Corps, still further west, marching over Taylor's ridge, by the way of Wood's Station, upon Trikum. Grant and Sherman were both aware that the organization of our advancing army was faulty, in that Thomas's center was about two-thirds of the whole, but they did not like to disturb the Army of the Cumberland or give any offense to General Thomas by diminishing it, and changes could only be made with the President's consent. The Army of the Tennessee, under General McPherson, became the right wing of the invading forces and consisted of the Fifteenth and part of the Sixteenth Corps. These troops, to reach their destination, had to march the greater distance and were longer delayed. They marched to Lee and Gordon's Mill and upon Villinow. Garrard's cavalry division was on the right of the Tennessee Army.

Saturday, the 7th of May, was set as a date for every organization to be in position, and at 4 a. m. the bugle sounded reveillie, in the battery, but the morning was so balmy and invigorating that it was almost a pity to disturb the men out of their healthy slumbers, but it had to be done, and in thirty minutes, with breakfast over, the riders mounted, and the cannoneers at their post, and all was ready for the forward movement. On our march we crossed the ridge by Ellidge Mill, to the main road, from Varnell's Station to Ringold, near the northern end of Tunnel Hill ridge, which brought us in

connection with the Fourth Corps. The third division of our corps moved forward, the others followed and the rear protected a gap in the ridge at Ellidge's Mill, and the cavalry covered the front, as also the flank at Varnell's Station. The supply train for the whole army had moved forward to Ringold, and the railroad at Red Clay was abandoned. As we passed Dr. Lee's house the corps and division commander turned to one side and found General Sherman and General Thomas there, to observe Howard's movement turning Tunnel Hill. From this knoll they could see over the rolling country to the end of Rocky Face. The column halted in the road and Generals Schofield and Cox soon joined the group of officers in front of the Lee house, who had observed the puff of white smoke in the distance, indicating the attack going on there, supported by the muffled rumbling of the artillery. The officers seemed to be discussing the situation in which Sherman carried on the principal part of the debate, but we, in the line, knew little of the great game of war, that the leaders here had under consideration, and when the column moved forward, we only followed, and at night camped in a field near the division headquarters. Those that had the opportunity to notice General Sherman and General Thomas could judge to whom they had committed their lives, as also their confidence in the final success of the campaign. The first of May had been the day appointed on which all the armies of the United States were to be in motion, and Sherman had notified Grant that on account of McPherson's delay he would be on the firing line within forty-eight hours after the 5th of May. On that day McPherson had been directed to secure the passage of Snake Creek Gap and from there get in on the enemy's flank on the railroad between Tilton and Resaca. In the game of war Johnston had not given Snake Creek Gap any attention and it is doubtful if the same would have been noticed by Sherman but for a German peddler, who had discovered and used that route to carry his wares from one side of the mountain to the other, and was now serving the Union Army as a scout. This information enabled McPherson to cross with his two corps without being noticed by Johnston, who had expected that Sherman would butt against the solid Confederate column at Rocky Face ridge, and climb the palisades of Buzzard Roost. Sherman had been hopeful that Johnston would give him an opportunity to try conclusions at Dalton, as he did not care to make a pursuit of the enemy by which the latter would continually gain strength, and he (Sherman) would

have to increase the distance between his army and its base of supplies.

While Thomas and Schofield were to attack in front, McPherson, by his Snake Creek Gap movement, would come in upon the Confederate left flank, destroy the railroad in Johnston's rear and retire to the mountains near Snake Creek Gap, providing he was overpowered by Johnston. The movements intended for the Army of the Cumberland, as also that of the Ohio, had been carried out as ordered. The center of Thomas's army was on that evening about three miles distant from Tunnel Hill. McPherson on the 7th was at Ship Gap, and the next day was to pass Villenow to Snake Creek Gap. The Confederates so far made no resistance, except in front of the Fourteenth Corps. There the enemy's horse had been very active, but the deployment of Howard's Fourth Corps, on the flank of the Confederate troopers had caused the latter promptly to withdraw. Early on the 8th the whole army was in motion and the Fourth Corps were right up to Rocky Face ridge, and scaled the heights, the One-hundred-and-twenty-fifth Ohio of Newton's division leading, driving back the Confederate outpost, to within about one and a half miles of the enemy's signal station at Buzzard's Roost. Above Mill Creek Gap the narrow ridge was easily defended, as numbers could not be employed and gave no advantage. Wood's center of the Fourth Corps and Butterfield's division of the Twentieth Corps, each in their position, pushed the enemy into Mill Creek Gap. A strong effort by Geary's division of the Twentieth Corps to carry the summit of Rocky Face at Dugg Gap, was not successful, and the same difficulties were met with at every attempt to scale the palisades of this ridge. By scrambling skirmishes over these rocks, and through the brushes the men soon became exhausted, and at the end of their effort faced a perpendicular wall with a few cracks and crevices leading through it, and these were strongly held by the enemy, but no amount of gallantry by the Union forces was successful. The Confederate defense was led by General Hardee, in person. Early in the morning, on the 8th, the Twenty-third Corps moved with the rest of the army, but thus far had not fired a shot. Cox's division marched to the Kincannon cross roads. McLean's brigade, with the Fifteenth Indiana battery, marched a mile further to the south and connected with the second division (Judah's) on the right. The latter in turn connected with Newton's Fourth Corps division, on the north spur of Rocky Face, and Hovey's first



MAP OF NORTHERN GEORGIA.

division covered the road from Dalton to Varnell's Station, and McCook's cavalry were to the east of Cox's third division, taking care of that flank of the whole army. Early on the morning of the 9th the whole division moved forward, and at noon were at right angles to Rocky Face ridge, in the same position to the Fourth Corps as the day before. On our left was Burke's place near Varnell's Station, the Dalton road, divided by a ridge on which our battery was placed, and the only one at that time of our corps, in position. About 2 p. m. we received orders from General McLean, then in command of the right brigade of Cox's division, to move forward to a knoll, a sort of spur from Rocky Face ridge, directly in front of us. Not more than eight hundred yards away were the enemy's works, at the foot of Potato Hill. We unlimbered, I estimated the degrees, time and seconds, of the fuses, and then the guns were loaded and commenced to fire. To our satisfaction and to the delight of both divisions, the projectile exploded just as it was intended for them to do. The first shot from our corps artillery had been fired and the Fifteenth Indiana had that honor. The infantry shouted as they witnessed the effect of our well instructed practice, which Captain von Sehlen, with such great pains and care had imparted to us. This work was also viewed by Generals Schofield and Cox, who praised the same, and through Cox's chief of artillery, Major Wells, the writer was informed that the general officer's remark had been, as they saw the shells exploded, "Those boys have been well instructed; they know their business and shoot to hit." We kept in position and fired at whatever object the enemy gave us a chance to, until night put an end to the practice. As the second division touched our right, and then reformed its line towards the northwest, they could not then bring their batteries into position, and for that day no other artillery of the corps, except ours, was in action.

A most beautiful and sublime sight was presented to us in the evening, when looking up the cliffs, on Rocky Face ridge, we saw Newton's division, with the One-hundred-and-twenty-fifth Ohio Infantry leading, jumping from one rock to the other, firing and advancing in the twilight and darkness, the sight was thrilling and inspiring, while the thundering of our guns below them echoed through the hills, in the night and gave an inkling of the earnest combat that was going on. About 9 p. m. the firing ceased, all along the line. Shortly after, a battalion of engineers arrived, and for the length of fifty

yards, just sufficient to place the battery at full interval, a wall of dirt and stone was thrown up high enough to let the muzzle of the gun peer over the protection, but the works offered no shelter for the body of the cannoneers. The limbers and caissons, however, were well protected behind the guns and under natural cover. While we were heavily engaging the enemy, with our rapid firing, in the twilight of the evening, one of the third division music bands took position on the front line in the center between us and Varnell's Station and played the National airs for over an hour. All during this time the musketry rattled, and the artillery roared and added its deep tone to the musical inspiration from the ridge on our left. During the night we slept beside our guns, the horses being fed and watered, by reliefs, but remained in harness all night. Early next morning our men were astir. The rise of the sun was slightly hidden by a veil of thin fog that soon gave away. A detail of cannoneers prepared breakfast. The smoke of the camp fire mingled with the haze of the air, the rest of the cannoneers peered over the breastworks, to watch and see the movements of the enemy, who, like ourselves, had perfected some protection against us, at the foot of Potato Hill. General McLean was on hand early, and viewed the enemy's work closely. About 7 o'clock a Confederate general officer deliberately rode along on the Potato Hill road and stopped to look at us, probably to draw our fire. The officer did not have long to wait, as that was what we had come down to Georgia for, and as we had the range, from the previous evening, we let fly at him and when the smoke of the exploded shells had cleared away, the general and his escort had disappeared, but soon after this two four-gun batteries of the twelve-pound light Napoleon pattern, appeared in position and opened fire on us. After a good bit of firing they caught on to the range and sent some very pretty shots in and among us, but always a little short of the distance. The projectiles were solid shot and they bounded against our little rock-ribbed hill, and then made a graceful curve in the air some fifty feet high. When their force was expended they would fall to the ground and roll down to the rear, between the limbers of the guns and caissons, and doing no harm, but the result would have been different if they had been shell or case shot. The greater number of their guns against us gave them a chance to send us two shots for one. During all of this time Newton's division of the Fourth Corps on top of Buzzard Roost, and along on Rocky Face ridge, kept up an incessant infantry fire, while

the Confederate General Hardee, personally, in charge of his line, tried to prevent Newton's advance. The Confederate general officer in our front early that morning proved to have been Bate of Tennessee. He soon learned that his artillery was not able to silence our guns. He therefore sent his sharp shooters (seventeen to each brigade) and armed with the English telescope Withworth guns, forward to pick off our cannoneers. For two hours we had kept up the unequal contest of four rifle guns against eight twelve-pounder light guns, and no damage was done to us. It was now 9 o'clock and at this hour the balls from the sharp shooters began to whiz around us. Our guns were worked, loaded and fired by the cannoneers with coolness and determination, and every man was at his post. The fourth piece had just fired, the sergeant given the command, "load." Numbers one and three stepped forward to execute their numbers, but No. 3 reeled and fell over the trail. No. 1 called, "stop that vent." The sergeant ordered him, with a sabre in hand, to his post. The gunner looked around from his elevating screw, to see why No. 3 had dodged. I was near the gun, and Parkerson, the red-faced, full-blooded youth of Indiana, with wide open eyes and a laugh over his face, with his left resting helpless on the trail, soon turned ashen pale, while his eyes closed to the world forever. The ball of the enemy's sharp shooter had pierced his heart. He never knew what hit him. The quartermaster sergeant, the two buglers and one artificer carried him off to the rear. A supernumerary cannoneer stepped in Parkerson's place and the firing continued uninterrupted. Thus died the first cannoneer killed in Sherman's grand army on his Georgia campaign. Quartermaster Sergeant Kaiser gently notified his bereaved parents of their son's heroic death. That evening we buried him near Lee's plantation, placing a head board on his grave. As orders had already been given early in the morning for the Twenty-third Corps to make a left wheel to the rear, we received notice to withdraw my section, to limber to the rear, and moved about 300 yards and open fire again. This gave the other section, under Lieutenant Kuntz, a chance for the same movement, and then withdraw altogether some two miles in the direction of Lee's farm, facing now to the east and resting in preparation to march through Snake Creek Gap, and on to Resaca. In the two days we had expended eight hundred and sixteen rounds of shrapnell, and shell, and as no infantry, from our corps, was engaged, we had nearly the whole three divisions for an audience.

Our movements formed a right angle to the former position occupied and now facing to the east, but an alarm that the enemy was advancing, caused us to unlimber and prepare for action. After remaining in this position for two hours we limbered up and withdrew into camp and rested until the morning of the 12th, when, with three days' rations in haversack and ten days' in wagons, we started at early daybreak for Snake Creek Gap, by the way of Tunnel Hill and Villinow where we had to march to the right and around the immense wagon trains of the Army of the Cumberland. At midnight on the 12th we started on the march to cross through Snake Creek Gap, and passed through the fortification of the Army of the Tennessee, in the forenoon of the 13th. The country we passed through was the most desolate part of Northern Georgia, as for five miles not a single habitation was met with. Snake creek runs between the Chatanooga Mountains, on the east, and a parallel range of the Horn Mountains, on the west, is a branch of the Ostanaula and receives its water from the western shed of Tunnel Hill, while the eastern side of that hill furnishes its water into Mill creek. There was no road through the gap, other than the bed of this creek, and which had been used but very little, before the Army of the Tennessee passed through it on the 9th of the month. The dense woods on each side, covered the creek and only at noon a little sunlight was let into the gap. At the southern end was the Sugar Valley postoffice and beyond a more open country through which runs the Connassauga and Ostanaula, and contains the now historic towns of Tilton, Resaca and Calhoun. Our division went into position across the Rome and Dalton road, with Reiley's brigade to the front, and the rest in Echelon, to the right and rear. The outpost of Manson's brigade were at Martin's store. McPherson had been ordered on the fifth that he should secure Snake Creek Gap and make a bold attack on the enemy's flank, between Tilton and Resaca.

Sherman had expected great results from this movement and assured McPherson that he would be supported by Schofield and Thomas, in case Johnston should attack him with his whole force. McPherson marched, as ordered, and came within a short distance of Resaca, where he found the town occupied in force by the Confederates. Knowing that Johnston could easily concentrate his whole army against him, McPherson wisely withdrew to Snake Creek Gap, and entrenched himself, until the Army of the Cumberland came to his relief. They reached him on the 12th, and the

Army of the Ohio on the 13th. Sherman was not pleased with McPherson's withdrawal, but the military student will find the latter correct for it took two days before Thomas could reach McPherson, and during that time Johnston could have concentrated against the former and destroyed him. After the debauch of Sherman's grand army through Snake Creek Gap, the commanding general had his troops well in hand and every corps division and brigade in its proper place for active work. On our march that afternoon, over ridges, fields and dense woods, we halted in the evening at a little stream just containing enough water to have the men make their coffee and water the horses. How we got there and where we were, at the time, was a puzzle to us, as no roads were near or in sight, we pulled in at close interval, such as the brush and trees would permit, but did not unhitch or unharness, but fed and watered by nose bags and buckets, in reliefs. Hid in the dense woods there was no room to form in battery or to come to an action, in any direction. After we had munched on our three days' ration in haversack, we laid down where we were, the drivers holding their horses by the strap ready to mount at command. The cannoneers had stretched themselves at right angles to their guns and caught such little rest as they could, as they had been on their feet, and in the saddle, from before midnight the previous day, and by 9 p. m. every driver and cannoneer except the camp guard were fast asleep. During the afternoon and evening we had passed many piles of knapsacks in charge of a single guard, as a sure indication that active and bloody work was expected. At early dawn of the 14th some of our boys were astir and by 6 o'clock the men had made their morning meal, and half of the horses fed and watered. During that night I had a presentiment of what was coming next day, and early next morning communicated the same to one of the gun sergeants. This premonition came true. At 7 all was ready for a move in any direction, but not a road was visible or an opening through which to march. During the evening before and early in the morning the infantry of the two divisions, Second and Third, had been moved forward until they reached the west bank of Camp creek and found the enemy entrenched on the east side of that stream. A little after 8 o'clock Major Wells, the division chief of artillery, came to us and said: "Fout, bring your section forward, we want to see what the enemy has in hiding for us." I ordered the drivers to mount. Just then he said: "Bring the whole battery." The other section

mounted, the major led us through the thicket and we followed, and after twenty-five yards through the brush, we came unexpectedly, at right angles on the Dalton and Rome road. Along the fence of that road lay the Fourth Army Corps and beyond it an abandoned cotton field of about two miles or so, square. The major indicated a rising position on which to bring the battery in action at full interval. On reaching the fence and troops in line, the cannoneers of the first piece jumped forward, threw off a few rails and the first piece crashed the rest of the rails into splinters. As soon as the first piece was clear of the fence, I gave the command, "Cannoneers, mount," then "Forward into line, left oblique, trot, march, guide right, and the last two pieces tried to reach their position at a full, beautiful gallop. For this movement we had Wood's division of the Fourth Corps as our audience, and as the maneuver was executed with the greatest neatness, they gave us their hurrahs, that echoed through the Georgia hills. As we now reached the designated point, I gave the command, "Halt, action front, load with shrapnells, time and elevation for eight hundred yards, fire at will," and the first piece Sergeant Stiefel in command, poured forth the volley that opened the battle of Resaca. While the Fourth Corps had been liberal with their hurrahs, as they saw us going through the cotton field, our division, Cox's Third, lay in wait for a charge and hardly had the first rounds reached the enemy, when they, too, gave us their plaudits and jumped to their feet, ready for the charge. Just then Battery D, First Ohio, also came into the cotton field on our left, and soon divided with us the honors of pounding away at the enemy's fortification. On our right and along in straight line the second division of the Twenty-third Corps, with their battery, were in position, and still further on, connecting with its right, was the Army of the Tennessee. By 11 o'clock the rattling musketry, with the thundering detonation of the artillery rolling along, a distance of about five miles to the south of us, confirmed the fact that the giants had met and the battle of Resaca was truly on. We had not been in action for over an hour when the Fourth Corps, that we had crossed at right angles on entering the field, was moving to our left and a most inspiring sight was presented to us as the whole corps in division formation, marched forward with flying banners, their artillery not waiting for the infantry support, forming an angle on our left and sweeping our front. Just about that time there appeared near our right piece, a major general with an open dress coat, a buff vest

and light blue pantaloons. I had never seen him before; in stature he was tall, lithe built and of active disposition; his hair, light brown, closely cropped, sandy beard and mustache, his every motion indicative of energy. He asked me if the enemy replied. I answered they had, but were now silenced. He said that he would advise me to hold my fire until they opened again; cautioned us to save our very expensive ammunition. When I answered that we were under orders of General Cox and his chief of artillery, he answered, "That is all right, but I am General Sherman." No further request or order was necessary and at the top of my voice I gave the command, "Cease firing." The general's further request was that I send word to the next battery, communicating the general's wish, which was promptly complied with. Sherman now walked along the line of the division guns, the cannoneers at their post, until he reached the left, where Generals Thomas, Howard, Sickles, the latter Inspector General United States army, Schofield and Hooker, all dismounted, met Sherman and the group walked forward to get a better view of the enemy's defenses. The little signal officer, near our right gun, by the waving of his flag, had called the generals to meet the chief. A small number of staff officers had remained at a short distance in the rear, the enemy's guns had been silenced, but they had observed the group containing the brains of the Federal army. They could save their ammunition no longer or spend it for no better purpose than to send a few shots among the high officials. This they did, and with good aim reached our generals uncomfortably close. So close that they promptly parted, each walking in different direction from the other, except Hooker and Sherman, each wishing to appear braver than the other, and for a few seconds they looked at each other without saying a word. As the second round was due from the enemy's battery, they separated, while the enemy's solid shot now plowed the very ground that they had just stood upon. No one was hurt, but such an exposure appeared to us onlookers as very unnecessary. The little signal officer, still holding post on our right, notified us that Sherman's wish was for us to open fire again, which we promptly did, and continued in action until the sun had gone down behind the southern spurs of the Cumberland Mountains, in our rear. An Ohio Fourth Corps battery went into action where Sherman and his generals had stood, but the enemy's battery had a fine range on that position and knocked one of their guns off of the wheels, and injured a limber, and one of the teams took

fright with the drivers and left for the rear. In looking into our rear where we had crossed the road at right angles through the Fourth Corps line in the morning, we saw the solid column of the Twentieth Corps, marching to our left and their martial appearance, with division and brigade banners flying, and their finely dressed staff officers at the head of each column, was truly inspiring and would have made a picture for the brush of a battle painter, that could hardly have done justice to the original scene, as presented by this march, with the dark green woods for a back ground. The rattling of musketry of Stanley's and Wood's division, with the deep toned artillery, continued without intermission and the two divisions of the Twenty-third Corps, "second and third," were spending ammunition at a rapid rate. The dead of the third division were brought back and laid out in line to the left of our guns, each covered with a part of a sheet or a blanket. Among these the Sixty-third Indiana, were most numerous, and at the close of the day, when a merciful God had intervened, the darkness put a stop to the fratricide, these heroes that had so gallantly marched forward to do battle that day, were buried near the places where they had fallen. When the sun was still an hour high, above the ridge of Cumberland Mountains, as I looked over my right shoulder through the haze created by the smoke of battle, on that balmy May evening, my thoughts were of the guns, still in rapid action, and I wished that it was night. Direct in our front, towards the left wing of Stanley's Fourth Corps division, and from the continuous and rapid firing, some dead leaves had caught fire, and the same had communicated to a house near the edge of the woods, which was soon in flames, but this did not concern the contending forces. Both sides kept up a continuous rattle of musketry fire, the roar of artillery just before nightfall was deafening, and the sight was so sublime that no painter's brush could do it justice. Far off to our right and to the south of us (we faced east), the same conditions were being met with. The enemy had defended, and resisted that day every part of its line, and the setting sun put an end to the fighting on both sides. On taking an account of the number of shots fired we found that nearly eighteen hundred rounds of fixed ammunition had been expended, since our taking position, and firing the first shot. As every projectile for our guns cost the government seven dollars, we alone expended nearly fourteen thousand dollars in that short interval of ten hours' active service, and other batteries fired about the same number of rounds.



THE FIFTEENTH INDIANA BATTERY LED BY LIEUT. FRED'K W. FOUT
INTO THE BATTLE OF RESACA.

Whenever I hear the remark that "coming events cast their shadow before," it recalls my premonition and dream of the night of the 13th of May in the woods, while laying on the ground, and sleeping with the halter strap around my wrist. I then saw our guns in position in the field, and at noon a large number of dead among them, some of my intimate acquaintances laying on the ground to the left of the battery, just as it came only too true, on the afternoon of the 14th. Another incident that occurred will never leave my memory. Shortly after General Sherman advised us to cease firing, I mounted my horse and rode off to the right, on a high hill covered with woods, close to the edge of the timber, where the second division batteries were actively engaged in firing at the enemy's breastworks. One of the guns of the Nineteenth Ohio had become disabled. I rode along back towards our position, but at once found myself in an open field, over which Judah's division had charged, but met a bloody repulse. I rode slowly and any sharp shooter could have picked me off. I had entered a cross road that had not been much used. Just as I reached a large tree a young soldier lay there with his musket in his right hand and a smile on his face. I thought him sleeping and so he was, in a sleep from which no one wakes. I dismounted and was about to shake him, but as my eyes caught sight of his under or left side, I saw that a cannon ball had ripped his heart away. I hastily mounted and rode along the road in a gallop until I reached our own guns. The sight of that dead young soldier boy cured me from viewing the rest of the field, charged over by the second and third division, and I remained at my post until the dark of the night gave us rest. The limber of the guns, as also the caissons, were under cover, but the guns and cannoneers had no protection whatever, and the whole of that day had been in an open field fight. The men made their evening meal and Lorenzen, our cook, served our appetites with a fine supper. It may have been that our hunger assisted the mess boss in making it palatable. The horses were fed and watered by turns. The cannoneers refilled the ammunition chests, and all rested as they were, by the guns and horses until midnight, when we were relieved by the Fourth Corps and moved a short distance to the rear, where we remained all night, but did not unhitch or unharness. Although the Fourteenth Corps and McPherson's Army of the Tennessee had been engaged in their front, along the west bank of Camp creek, on that day, the heavy battle had been with the Twenty-third Corps, of which Cox's division had borne

the brunt and carried off the success of the day, assisted by the Fourth Corps, on its left, and under their able division commanders, Woods and Stanley, kept up a fierce battle of which we, from our position, were the witnesses, until darkness called them to halt. When Judah's division of the Twenty-third Corps attempted to cross Camp creek the troops under him were exposed to a heavy and galling front fire, and as the Confederate line formed a right angle, they worked their batteries with deadly destruction, on Judah's right flank and his losses were heavy. For this exposure he was relieved of the command of the division and General Hascall put in his place. As Cox's division crossed the already referred to cotton field, they had met nothing but the enemy's outpost and skirmishers, but on approaching the western bank of Camp creek the opposition became hot and at this juncture, our battery, then hid in the woods, was called on, as already referred to. At the opening of our fire the division crossed Camp creek and made a wheel to the right, where, in General Manson's brigade, composed of the One-hundred-and-third Ohio, under Colonel Casement, the Fifth Tennessee (Union), the Twenty-fourth Kentucky and the Sixty-third Indiana, became the pivot, and Colonel Reiley's brigade, the Sixteenth Kentucky, the One-hundred-and-twelfth Illinois (Colonel Henderson), the One-hundred-and-fourth Ohio (Reiley's own regiment), became the left. As soon as this division had crossed Camp creek, the enemy's artillery, in position down the valley, opened a raking flank fire on them, and the Sixty-third Indiana suffered heavily. While Generals Cox and Manson were together in conversation at the most exposed point of Manson's brigade, a shell exploded near Manson and knocked him down and caused him to be carried off the field unconscious. How General Cox escaped unhurt is one of those mysteries which often occur in battle. I have often met General Manson in civil life and have always noticed his suffering from the injury received at that time. Colonel Hart of the Twenty-fourth Kentucky was ordered to assume command of Manson's brigade. As the east side of Camp creek afforded no protection for the limbers and caissons, we could not join the infantry of our division, but remained in position and action at the same place we occupied early in the morning. The failure of Judah's division to cross Camp creek caused additional exposure to Cox's division, but the gallant action of the Fourth Corps on Cox's left from about 2 p. m. relieved the Twenty-third Corps and protected it

against the intended flank movement of the enemy, already in motion at that time under the Confederate General Hood, which was further checked during the evening and night by the movement to our left of Hooker's Twentieth Corps. The enemy during that day had defended all their points and not one of the well-prepared intrenchments around Resaca had been given up, but the resources of Sherman's mind were so fertile that he, on the arrival of General Garrard's cavalry division, sent that body down to the Oostenaula river by the Rome road. Two pontoon bridges had been laid across that stream at Lay's Ferry three miles below Resaca. Garrard was to cross here and threaten Calhoun, a station on the railroad, seven miles below Resaca and above Kingston.

At early morning on the 15th the enemy was pressed at all points, but as he still shifted some of the troops under Hood to our left, that flank received the closest attention from the leaders of the battle, and at 8 o'clock our corps, the third division leading, were put in motion toward Hooker's rear and left, where we relieved the division of General Williams of the Twentieth Corps, and part of Geary's, of the same corps, that had been fighting heavily, about a mile north of the wood shed, on the railroad, and were now out of ammunition. The position occupied was on a ridge extending north and south between the Dalton and Resaca wagon road, and the railroad covering the extreme left of the army, facing on that point due south. Work for our protection was at once begun. At 3 p. m. we changed position and, in support of the rest of the corps, moved forward to the ground where the Twentieth Corps in the afternoon, had met the enemy in fierce battle and where the Seventieth Indiana Infantry, under Colonel Benj. Harrison, had met with severe losses. The Hon. Daniel M. Randall, now sergeant-at-arms in the United States Senate, in this attack, lost his right hand. In our position we were not called on to fire that day and no part of our division was in action on our left. About 3 p. m. the Confederate wounded were brought back, in great numbers, and those heavily and mortally wounded lay near where our battery stood, and it was a sad sight to see the southern youth giving their lives for a cause that could only have destroyed the Republican form of government. Many of the mortally wounded that had fallen into our hands, by the successful charge of Hooker's men breathed their last, while we, in deep silence, saw them pass away. Another large number of Con-

federate dead covered the field, and as soon as their lines had withdrawn they were gathered and received a soldier's burial. Colonel Reiley, of the One-hundred-and-fourth Ohio, and Colonel Henderson of the One-hundred-and-twentieth Illinois, commented on the sad scenes we were witnesses of, but such is war and not of the choosing of the Union-loving people. This was the first heavy engagement that the divisions of the Twenty-third Corps had taken part in on this campaign, and all, including the Indiana youths, known as "dough faces," under General Hovey, had acquitted themselves well and received the praise of their commanding officers. No other assaults than those made by Hooker's Twentieth Corps had been made that day but the rattling of musketry and roaring of artillery continued from early morning, all along the line. Late in the afternoon McPherson moved his line, of the Army of the Tennessee, to a ridge, from where he was able with his artillery, to reach the town and railroad bridge across the Osteenaula. The enemy's attempt to drive him off resulted in every instance in a bloody repulse and our men, everywhere, showed the finest fighting qualities. Of the Fifteenth Corps, Osterhaus's division had advanced upon the principal road that leads to Resaca, through a dense wood that faces Camp creek, and crossed here by a bridge which the enemy had failed to destroy. The leading regiment of Osterhaus, the Twelfth Missouri, saw their advantage. They charged the bridge and into the timber on the other side, intrenched themselves and greatly weakened the Confederate left flank by this movement. Logan ordered the other division of his corps, as also Dodge's division of the Sixteenth Corps, to cross, and by 6 o'clock made a forward movement to the heights held by the enemy, under Polk, carried them and erected some intrenchments right under the enemy's heavy artillery, and infantry fire. The efforts of Polk to recover the lost position were repulsed and McPherson continued to send reinforcements to the troops engaged. As the position commanded the railroad and wagon bridge across the Osteenaula, Johnston was compelled to cut a road, during the night, further east and lay a pontoon bridge across the river a mile in his rear, over which he retreated out of the range of McPherson's guns. General Sherman had directed General Dodge to send a division to Lay's Ferry, and to cross over to the south side of the Osteenaula to protect the laying of the pontoon bridge under Captain Reese, McPherson's chief engineer. One brigade crossed over, but was recalled as a result of a rumor, that the

Confederates were crossing between them and McPherson's army, which caused Sweeney, in command of the division, to withdraw for a distance of a mile and a half, to a more secure place. As soon as Johnston had learned of this movement, he sent Walker's division of infantry to Calhoun, but as no Union troops were found on the south side of the river, Walker was at once recalled. On the morning of the 15th Sweeney crossed his whole division, and erected defenses which had a meaning that he would remain there. He met with little opposition except from Martin's cavalry; the bridge was laid, the Federal cavalry crossed, under General Kilpatrick, and became very active, but that officer was wounded as he led his troops against the flank of Polk's Confederates.

Sherman now had his army concentrated and well in hand, which gave him an additional force with which to execute a flank movement, south of the Ostenaula, and a second pontoon bridge was laid at Lay's Ferry, near the mouth of Snake Creek, and with Garrard's cavalry on his rear, and flank, operating near Calhoun, and the river in his rear, made Johnston's position untenable who saw he could not safely delay any longer and retreated during the night of the 15th, burning the railroad bridge after him. Polk and Hardee crossed at the railroad bridge and marched to Calhoun, while Hood crossed the pontoon and marched to Adairsville. On our part of the line, the enemy opened a considerable cannonade about midnight, probably for no other reason than to let us know that they were withdrawing and to bid us good-bye, for such were our conclusions, when we heard the firing. Next morning General Sherman, at the head of his column, entered the town and promptly had the bridges repaired and marched his columns across the river, in support of Garrard's cavalry. Davis's division of the Fourteenth Corps led off on the march to Rome; the rest of McPherson's army crossed at Lay's Ferry, the Fourth and Fourteenth Corps crossed at Resaca, Schofield's Twenty-third Corps and Hooker's Twentieth Corps crossed the Conasauga at Fite's Ferry, two miles above Resaca, the cavalry of the Army of the Ohio, under Gen. Stoneman, covered the left and Kilpatrick advanced with the Army of the Cumberland. The total losses in the third division, Twenty-third Corps, was, killed 66, wounded 486, missing 10. Total 562.

During the night of the 15th we remained in position until about 10 a. m. next day. We fed and watered the teams, as for two days previously, with nose bags and buckets, and without taking the

harness off, marched to Hogan's Ford, where we forded the Connesauga river, about two miles below Tilton, into what may be called the Etowah district, a more open country than that portion of Georgia we had just passed through. The Etowah and the Ostanaula join at Rome, Ga., and form the Coosa river, the two rivers with the railroad running due south as far as Kingston form a triangle. The railroad at the latter place runs due east to Cass Station, then south through Cartersville and crossing the Etowah at Allatoona Pass, and a branch railroad runs from Kingston to Rome where it stopped, at that time. If General Johnston had held the same opinion of Sherman, as did the Southern newspapers, and the Richmond authorities, that the Federal general would not be able to handle so large an army in a general engagement, he had certainly reason, by the last few days' operations, to change his mind, which was plainly indicated by the Confederate leader, seeking a place where at least he could have protection for one of his flanks against the aggressive movements of the energetic leader of the Federal forces. Although each corps and division of Sherman's grand army, had received their orders where to cross the different rivers, General Hooker took it upon himself to violate his instruction. The Twenty-third Corps had been assigned different places to cross the Connasauga, to the eastward, and thence by the old Federal road across the Coosawattee, some five miles east of Adairville. This made our march several miles longer than the rest of the army, but we kept abreast of the center, although we did not have the benefit of the pontoons, they being at Lay's Ferry. The infantry waded the streams, so deep that the water reached up to their arm pits and the artillery and wagons had to be ferried over by boats. Our division crossed the Connasauga at Hogan's Ferry, and the Coosawattee at Field's Ferry. Hooker had been ordered to march on the Newton road, but he soon learned that the crossing at the mouth of the Connasauga was not fordable. He turned east and reached Fite's ford where a portion of Schofield's corps had been ordered to cross, and there crossed the Connasauga, just as a part of the Twenty-third Corps reached the ford, then marching to McClure's ford, another crossing assigned to Schofield, and crossed the Coosawattee. Schofield remonstrated with Hooker about his sublime cheek in taking charge of the former crossing, but the latter told the chief of the Army of the Ohio, that it would be best for him (Schofield) to march back to Resaca and cross in rear of the Army



MAJOR-GEN. JACOB D. COX.

of the Cumberland. Hooker also took charge of McClure's ford, another crossing assigned to Schofield, and crossed on finding his assigned fords unfordable. This was not the only place where Hooker blocked the road of other troops, as we shall see in the progress of our narrative. By doing so he disarranged the plans of the commander-in-chief, and inasmuch as Hooker had to ford the river at both places, he could have done so, and reached his position sooner if he had remained on the road to Newtown.

On the 17th, while marching from Hogan's Ferry to Field's Mill, we passed through an Indian reservation. While the native Americans were peacefully looking on, watching their pale faced brethren going after each other, they had really grown quite jubilant, but were about to have an unlooked for charge thrown on them. The people in the towns along the line of railroad, at Resaca, Calhoun, Adairsville, Kingston and Cassville, had left their homes and sought safety with bag and baggage in this Indian reservation, which they thought would be respected by friend and foe, and where they could remain without the tramp of a soldier to disturb them. Although the reservation was quite a distance north of the railroad, Hooker's imposition had caused us to make our march through the wild habitation of the Red man, where the women and children of the pale faces, whose husbands and fathers were with the Southern army, now sought protection from their deadly enemies. It was truly a sad sight to see these people, that should have lived in peace and happiness, camping out, with but meagre belongings, among these American Indians.

During the many halts our guns excited the great curiosity of the Red men, and smoking their pipes of peace, they came forward to closely inspect the death dealing instruments on wheels. The interference of Hooker, in our line of march caused us to be on the road nearly all night of the 17th, and we did not reach Big Springs until 3 a. m. on the morning of the 18th. The Confederates had halted to give us battle, a mile south of Calhoun, and north of Adairsville, but the theater in which to operate was found too narrow, and Johnston's engineers reported it so. Being pressed by the heavy column of the Army of the Cumberland in their front and the Armies of the Tennessee and Ohio moving on left and right flank, the Confederate chieftain gave orders to retreat to Cassville. Sherman in his game with Johnston had quite the advantage, as the Army of the Cumberland was al-

ways strong enough to hold the enemy until the Armies of the Ohio and the Tennessee could come in on his flanks and rear. Such movements continued throughout the whole of the Atlanta campaign. The Federal cavalry on the right flank of the Union line, under General Garrard, had marched down on the right bank of the Ostanaula, until it reached Rome, leaving its artillery behind. Garrard made a flying column of his troopers, supported by Davis' division of the Fourteenth Corps, and the army thus extended presented a front of twenty miles or more. After McPherson crossed the Ostanaula, with his army, at the mouth of Snake Creek, he took up the pontoons and marched to the crossing near a mill on the Oethealoguee creek, just south of Calhoun. The Army of the Cumberland had not been able to proceed so rapidly, and to cross the bridge at Resaca, with its large artillery and wagon trains, required the whole of the 16th, and for this reason Hooker had been ordered to follow the Newtown road and cross the Ostanaula there. Instead, he took Schofield's route and crossed the Connasauga between Resaca and Tilton, and forded the Coosawattee at McClure's Ferry, as described. In the march of Schofield's corps, up to Field's Mill on the Coosawattee, Hooker's Twentieth Corps was on the same road and we only came within four miles of the crossing on that day. The crossing of the Coosawattee by the Army of the Ohio occupied the whole of the 17th, and as the center of the Grand Army had been steadily advancing Schofield determined to be in position near Adairsville, on the morning of the 18th. After a little rest near the crossing, beginning at 10 o'clock that night until 3 in the morning of the 18th, he marched on the Adairsville road to within three miles of that village.

Hooker's corps had crossed the Coosawattee at McClure, and marched on the 17th on the road to Adairsville. This brought Hooker on the left of Howard's Fourth Corps, then the center of the Army of the Cumberland, as also of Sherman's whole army. As the Fourth Corps approached Adairsville the enemy's rear guard offered determined resistance. having made temporary breastworks of fence rails and logs, behind which they fought, retiring and then forming a new line, but very slowly did Johnston's troops move to the rear. It was at this place that Johnston intended to give us a decisive engagement, and General Sherman, who was with Newton's division of the Fourth Corps, drew the enemy's fire and himself had a narrow escape from a shot of the Confederate artillery.

McPherson's line of march had first led him away from Thomas, but in the evening of the 17th was turning to the eastward, on the roads to Adairsville, coming in on the left flank of Johnston's army, north of the town. The indications that evening gave Sherman the hope that Johnston would fight a pitched battle the next day and the campaign ended then and there. The commander-in-chief, therefore, issued his orders for concentration, but at daybreak on the 18th, the Confederate lines were vacant. Sherman's desire to come to battle with Johnston had the appearance of being gratified by the Confederate leader, as he had selected the narrow valley of the Othealogee creek, with his flanks bordering on the hills, well protected by cavalry and infantry, and the line deployed across the valley gave him a strong defensive position. But after testing the Federal advance with a brisk skirmish, against the central part of Sherman's column, the Confederate leader lost confidence in his selection of the ground, and retreated to Cassville and Kingston, believing that Sherman's army was now divided, that he could destroy the left wing of his adversary before the center and right wing could reach the battle field. Our march after crossing the river at Fields Mill was not far. We rested in the early hours of the morning of the 18th long enough to feed the teams, and then continued on, until we reached Marsteller's Mill, where the Twenty-third Corps ran again into Butterfield's division of the Twentieth Corps. This allowed us to rest for the night, and for the first time since our leaving Rocky Face ridge on the 12th, we were permitted to take the harness off the horses.

Early on the morning of the 19th we were again on the march, and as there was some chance of meeting the enemy in battle that day, we were eager to go forward. General Cox led our division and brought it up to the ground which was disputed by the enemy's cavalry. With Hooker's corps on our right, in line of battle, Schofield had the little army of the Ohio well in hand, and deployed the whole of the Twenty-third Corps on the left of Hooker. Our (Cox's) division formed the extreme left of our corps, and the army now advanced and crossed the two Run creek, into a position about a mile to the north and east of Cassville. For some distance a brisk skirmish had been kept up, but our movement had been covered by thick timber and under brush, through which there was hardly a cow path, surely nothing worthy the name of a road. As we emerged from the woods we found ourselves in the rear and on

the right of General Hood's Confederate Corps. Major Wells, the division chief of artillery, came and ordered me to bring the battery forward to a position in an open field, where General Cox had taken position to take a full view of the Confederate line, as now presented to us. We unlimbered our guns, I gave the elevation and distance at 800 yards and loaded with shrapnell. We fired to hit, and as it was done so accurately we received the compliments then and there from General Cox. We kept up this fire until dark, and remained in the same position all night. As Thomas had moved his whole army, the Twentieth, Fourth and Fourteenth Corps, we had a continuous line of battle on the north, extending to the hills that encircle Cassville on the west, opposing the Confederates that had formed on the range of hills east of Cassville, with their left reaching as far as Cartersville. In this position the Union Army remained for the night, expecting the morrow to be the day of a big battle.

The Confederates in their retreat had followed the railroad and at Kingston were joined by French's division from Rome, that had, on the approach of Davis' division of the Fourteenth Corps, evacuated that place. Very probably for lack of other transportation in the Confederacy, Johnston's army had learned the value of a line of communication by rail, just as well as we had, and since this road led into Allatoona gorges, it appeared that the Confederate leader was trying to decoy us in that direction, where Sherman's larger number of troops would not count so much against him. The Federal commander was, therefore, very anxious to get at his opponent before the mountain fastnesses were reached. Johnston's position, around the hills east of Cassville, were of his own selection and a very strong one, so much so that he decided to retreat no further, and in a stirring address to his troops, claimed that his communications were secure, and that he was ready to meet our columns with full confidence in the conduct of his officers and the courage of his soldiers, and so he would lead them into battle. This was on the 19th, just before we, the third division of the Twenty-third Corps, appeared upon his flank and rear, which caused Hood and Polk, his two principal corps commanders, to become alarmed and protested against going into battle at that place, which influence prevailing induced Johnston to continue the retreat across the Etowah river. In heeding the advice of his corps commanders Johnston made a great mistake, which he soon discovered, and never ceased to regret it. As Johnston's relations with the Richmond government were al-

ready strained, before he entered upon this campaign, the retreat from Dalton to the Etowah had not helped to restore the confidence of the Southern authorities, and if continued would finally deprive him of the command. His published order that a battle was to be fought, and then retreating during the night, had created great mischief with his troops, and a defeat in battle could have done no more damage to the morale of the army, than this movement to the rear, without a battle. By Sherman's position at Kingston, we could turn the fastness of the Allatoona Mountains, and that town was made a base of supplies, or the movement upon Dallas and Marietta, and on the 20th of May orders were in the hands of the commanders of the three armies who soon communicated them to the corps commanders. Then in turn transmitted them to the division and brigade commanders, that on the 23d the forward march was to begin, and with a supply in haversack and wagon to last twenty days, before we would be near the railroad again.

On the early morning of the 20th we were astir, having only to rise to be in position for battle, but to our surprise the enemy had left his trenches and was on the retreat. The duty to follow was delegated to General Cox, and his (our) third division. We marched at once down into Cassville, and as the road led close to the enemy's defences we inspected the destruction we had done with our guns on the evening before. General Thomas had also come over and taken a view, and while noticing the dismounted carriages and dead horses in rear of Hood's line, one of the general officers remarked: "Those boys that handled the guns that enfiladed these lines fired to hit." Another promptly answered: "Yes, and they wasted no ammunition." These remarks were very pleasing to us, and a merited compliment to the artillery captain that had instructed us, Captain John C. H. Von Sehlen, who always cautioned us to waste no ammunition and make the first shot hit the mark. It was sincerely regretted that he could not be with us to see the results of his teaching.

Our advance was in line of battle, our battery moved down into town, halted near a little run, close by where General Cox and staff halted, as did the whole division to give the retiring Confederates time to get out of our way, for their conclusions not to give battle at Cassville must have been reached late at night or early in the morning, for at 10 a. m. a division of the Southerners still barred our march to Cass Station and Cartersville. Near where we halted

was a one-story brick house, apparently abandoned. 'One of our men named Morgan, we called him "Mulligan" Morgan, by reason of his having lost three fingers with "Mulligan," at Lexington, Mo. (and who is, at this writing, a respected citizen of Peru, Indiana), entered the house and found no one there except a sleeping baby not more than six months old. He reported the find to me, and as my eyes just then were in the direction of the enemy's line of battle in our front, slowly retreating, we caught sight of a woman coming direct from them, toward us, dressed in a black silk, without hat or bonnet. The sweat was streaming down her cheeks, and with quick steps she entered the house, crying for her baby that was still asleep. Being questioned about her leaving home she said that her husband was with Johnston's army, and as the great God had all children in His charge, she trusted in Him, that no harm would come to the little one, and she would stay with her husband until the coming battle would be over, but as the Confederate officers had learned of her predicament they passed her through the lines, telling her that the Yankees would not harm her or the baby. With this encouragement she risked her life, and came to stay with her little one, but woman like, her thoughts had been more on the black silk dress than her infant child. We assured her that she was more safe in her home than elsewhere. She had thought so, too, until about 4 o'clock on the afternoon of the 19th when the Federal artillery opened on the Confederates, and the latter replied for over three hours, and she believed Dante's Infernos were in control. The fear she suffered in her cellar, first in one corner, then in another, during those hours, was indescribable, and she felt relieved when the firing ceased, but came to no conclusion to follow her husband until early in the morning. The baby, like herself, had been tired out, and she left it asleep in the crib, donned the best dress she had, left for the Confederate lines, from where she was turned back, as stated. Our division moved forward, but found stubborn resistance, so that we did not reach Cartersville until the twilight in the evening. The slow movement of the enemy to the rear was caused by the Confederates to prepare for the destruction of the bridges over the Etowah, which they burned as soon as the rear guard had crossed. From our side the One-hundred-and-third Ohio and the Twenty-fourth Kentucky, under command of Colonel Casement, were sent to destroy the mill and iron works, several miles up stream. The work was accomplished with neatness and dispatch, just in a manner as

Colonel Casement had a way of doing. These mills had been of the greatest value to the Confederacy, and Johnston had been willing to fight a battle to prevent their loss, but the destruction of these industrial works was only another sign that the Confederacy was going to pieces. Colonel Casement proved to be considerably of a mill man, and therefore made a clean job of its destruction without the loss of one man.

The Army of the Ohio, including Stoneman's cavalry division, were concentrated by Schofield at Cartersville, and enjoyed the few days' rest, for the first time since we had left Knoxville. General George Thomas with the heavy columns of the great center occupied Kingston, and McPherson's Army of the Tennessee was close to his right. Davis' division of the Fourteenth Corps was still at Rome, a place that had been of great importance to the Confederates, on account of its iron works and machine shops, and which had been a great depot of supplies for the Confederate government. General Blair, with his Seventh Corps, was on the road to join Sherman, from Decatur, Alabama. We had now been on the road ten days since starting to outflank Johnston, and lived on short rations, leaving wagons and baggage behind. The order for this had been literally carried out by officers and men, and both had learned to do without any surplus, except such as we were able to carry with us, and the soldier had learned to cling to his knapsack and mess kit to save him from utter misery. While the infantry officer was expected to be ready for quick movement, when occasion required it, he was not able to be supplied with both mess kit and quarters, and was therefore in a more distressing condition than we, and without wagon and baggage many valuable reports have never been made by reason of not even having their company desk at their disposal.

In the artillery this was somewhat different, as the government required us to pull a battery wagon with us, and there was always room for the company desk, so that at the moment we stopped the battery was able to make a full report of its day's operations. The commanding officer of our battery had relieved our company clerk from performing other duty, and although we had fired nearly three thousand rounds since the opening of the campaign, had lost the first cannoneer killed in Sherman's grand army, had opened the battle of Resaca on the early morning of the 14th of May, had enfiladed the Confederate lines at Cassville so that Johnston changed his whole plan of battle, yet not a line or single act has been re-

corded by the proper officer of the Fifteenth Indiana battery, and no excuse for this neglect existed except his utter incompetence.

The greatest sacrifice had to be made to carry out the reasonable orders of the commanding general, to leave our baggage behind, and without which the Georgia campaign, under Sherman, could hardly have been a success. "The soldier's joy is to destroy," especially when the troops are called on to live in portion on the enemy's country. Their track is covered by desolation and the rights of property are disregarded, and it is hard to distinguish the legitimate exercise of the rules of war from abuse. Where crops are taken, fences and timber appropriated for breastworks and camp fires, and buildings dismantled to build bridges at such times apparently necessary and lawful, but with such devastation disappear the well filled barn yards of pigs and poultry, the smoke houses cleaned of their bacon and the delicacies of the pantry all gone. Discipline strongly forbids these abuses, but there is strong sympathy with the soldier who is looking for a simple change of diet from the regular army ration, and the habit of his might ease his conscience as to his right, and only in exceptional cases where officers have winked at the license, that pillage has become wanton and in rare cases arson committed to cover the crime. With all of these troubles we were actually free from the vagabonds that have followed and scoured the battlefields of Europe, and then stripped the dead and the wounded, and criminal personal assaults upon the unarmed were never heard of. A vacant house, however, would usually find itself in flames and the region where active operations had taken place would become desolate, a sure sign of which would be that the carrion birds would hover overhead and then pounce down upon the dead horses and mules, feasting upon them without being disturbed by an other living thing. Such is the picture of a country that war has swept over. Strict orders forbidding soldiers from entering houses was tried to be carried out by the officers, but it required only a small fraction of the grand army of a hundred thousand men to spoil the efforts of the others, and in this regard the Confederate stragglers, as they retreated, were more to be feared than the invading Union forces, for the latter respect for person and property, among our own people, will compare favorably with any other army over the whole world, but any tendency to barbarity is necessarily an incident to the war, and not due to ferocious nature or lack of discipline.

During our rest at Cartersville, General Judah was relieved of the command of the second division, Twenty-third Army Corps, and Brigadier General Hascall succeeded him. Both were officers in the regular establishment and graduates of West Point. In the battle of Resaca the second division had met with severe loss without corresponding results. The brigade commanders in their report bitterly complained of the way the division had been led in the fight, compelling the army commander to examine into the complaints, which caused prompt action for a change, due to lack of judgment and coolness, when under grave responsibility. On the morning of the 23d of May the division marched from Cartersville along the Euharlee road, parallel with the Etowah river. When near a hamlet known as Etowah Cliffs, we came to a halt, caused by the interference of General Hooker (this time not his own fault), who had taken charge, by an order of General Thomas to cross his corps over the two pontoons laid by Schofield's engineers, near Milan's bridge. The latter had been burned, but as there were many fords near the crossing, Hooker could have passed the river without coming to Schofield's bridges and while thus detained, the enemy's cavalry appeared on the other side, and they promptly brought their artillery forward and fired on our flank while on the march, changing position just as we advanced, but we were not permitted to come to an action left, to reply to them. The order for Hooker to cross at the Twenty-third Corps bridges came near deranging Sherman's plans and caused us to halt on the road all that night. As Hooker had his trains to follow him they kept the right of way. Such a loose system of marching could only have serious result, if continued, and, happily, it did not occur again during that campaign.

On our Resaca movement we had started with ten days' rations to flank Johnston out of his Cassville position, but now we were ordered to provide for twenty days' rations, while absent from direct railroad communication, which indicated a movement of large proportion before we would again be in touch with the railroad near our camps. Kingston became the depot where supplies were loaded in the army wagons and a brigade, under General Raum, was placed there, as a garrison. Veterans, recruits and new regiments, all men full of enthusiasm and of the best quality, came forward to the army which supplied the losses sustained in battle. The Twenty-third Corps received nine regiments of these while resting on the Etowah. We also were fully supplied by fresh and

good beef from the herds that followed the army; also bacon, full rations of bread or flour were issued, with the regular allowance of small rations, coffee, sugar and extras in the shape of vegetables for men, and long forage for horses and mules. In the early part of the war, ground coffee of very poor quality had been issued, so that upon analyzing the same it was found that there was practically no coffee in it, but at this time the genuine article was issued. While the infantry used their bayonets, our men had attached an iron coffee mill on the trail of the gun or caisson, and under the caisson and near the fifth wheel was their mess kit, coffee pot and frying pan; also a large camp kettle for boiling and washing clothing. The battery boys were right there, both in promptness and first in coffee making, which to our army served the same as in the German forces, the "Erbst Wurst," and in the French the soup; but I believe the American beverage was much more of a comfort and luxury as well as a better restorative than either or any of the European substitutes. How and why the Confederate Army got along without this native stimulant, and were able to keep the field, I have never seen explained in print. Some of their writers have told us that on stopping on the march their haversacks and stomachs being empty they were told to stack arms and go into the corn fields and get their rations. Now, this would be all right when the corn was ready to be gathered, but how about it in the spring of the year? Our men would, during any halt, jump into a fence corner and the first thing to do was to make a cup of coffee, and then, as they would say, try it again, to crush this tremendous rebellion.

WHEELER'S CHARGE AT CASSVILLE.

On the evening of May 23d, while the division was waiting to cross the Etowah, I received an order from the corps headquarters to proceed in the early morning to Cass Station, where we had left our forage and battery wagon with the disabled horses and mules, and the supernumerary men, and to bring all to Kingston, draw several hundred fresh horses for the corps batteries, and rejoin as soon as possible, wherever the main column of the corps was found. Why I was selected I have never learned, for my knowledge was limited as to a good horse from a bad one, and either of the other two officers in our battery, or the other corps artillery officers had, on account of their rural life before the war, much better judgment than I of horses. But such were the orders, and I had no reason to ask why;

only to obey. I selected my orderly (Swain), a soldier of long experience before the war, and early in the morning received special instruction from General Cox, who cautioned me to look out for the enemy's cavalry, as our left flank was exposed, and they would most likely be found in the neighborhood of Cassville. Our ride was over a distance of ten miles, and on the road we met several citizens of old age picking up blankets and other articles in the vacated camps of the Twentieth Corps. The sun was warm and the road dusty. Without meeting any troops we reached Cassville, the place where we had left our battery wagon and forge with horses and men, but on inquiry of a lady and her daughter were told that they moved the night before to Cass Station. I asked these people for a drink of water. They asked if I did not prefer a glass of cool milk. They had during the fight of the 19th and 20th been out in the woods and taken their cow with them and had returned the day before to their home. Of course the milk was much preferred, and a crock full handed to us. We emptied the same and Swain mounted his horse, telling me, "Lieutenant, let us get out of here; I don't like the looks, as the surroundings are entirely too quiet." So it was. I put my left foot in the stirrup, ready to mount, still questioning the lady, when, to our surprise, Wheeler's cavalry, two thousand five hundred strong, came galloping down the same hill that had been occupied by Johnston's army on the 19th. A second and I was in my saddle, gave the spurs to my horse and Swain did the same. In a bound we were over the stone fence over three feet high, and as fast as the horses could run, on the road to Kingston. After reaching the high ground near the seminary, we looked back and saw the whole town full of the enemy. We lost no time and rode at a trot to the crossing of the Cass Station and Kingston roads, where a sutler of the Twentieth Corps had spread his wares. Swain dismounted and entered the tent, asking for a big pair of riding boots. Swain simply told the sutler he wanted them and no price was asked, but the sutler was informed that as the enemy would soon relieve him of the rest of his wares the best thing he could do was to mount his horse, take his cash and get out. Swain asked me what I wanted. I told him a can of peaches would do. The sutler would not let it go, but Swain mounted again. I was mounted, and while still arguing with the sutler the teams of the Twenty-third Corps, that had been at Cass Station with our battery wagon, came in sight down a mud road that

formed an angle at the sutler's tent. The colored drivers on the teams were thoroughly frightened, fearing capture by Wheeler's cavalry, and loudly did they plead for help and mercy. I placed myself in the road. On our right was a platoon of the enemy's cavalry trying to dispute our boys the right-of-way.

The quartermaster of the One-hundred-and-Twelfth Illinois, at the head of the train, told me that our men were in the column. The quartermaster left me and went back to see about his wagons and was captured. Just then we heard the command given by an enemy's officer, "Charge them." I wheeled my horse, Swain did the same and with revolver in hand rode back on the road to Kingston as fast as our horses could run. We soon reached a little stream with an open pasture on the right and left of the road. On our right was a platoon of the enemy's cavalry trying to get across the run and head us off. One of them, with a better horse than the others, succeeded. He rode up to a squad of convalescents, unarmed, and demanded their surrender. While talking to the men Swain and I came abreast of him on the road, both fired and his horse fell. The convalescents saw their chance and ran for the thick brush not more than two hundred yards distant. Swain and I galloped on and reached the brush, also. The advance train guard, a small body of men, had deployed along the edges of the woods and stopped the raiders from following. We rode on until we reached Colonel Boyd's quartermaster wagon broken down in the road. We took in the situation at once, saw the quartermaster's little safe, took it out of the wagon and carried it into the woods for a short distance. Just then we heard the Confederate horsemen galloping after us, causing us to again hastily mount and away we went to Kingston with our enemy in close pursuit. I lost my cap on the road, and in our flight as we passed a house two women were standing on the porch shouting, "Get, Yankees, get!" no doubt thinking this to be the end of our presence in Georgia. We did not stop now until we reached our outpost at Kingston. I sent Swain into town to get me a hat. With his return came Colonel Boyd, the chief quartermaster of the Twenty-third Corps, with a section of artillery from the Twenty-fourth Indiana battery, and about 500 men. With these we marched forward to see what had become of the others. We again passed the house where we received the admonition by the women to fly, but now no one greeted us on our return. Swain wanted to go in the house but I would not permit it. We finally

reached Boyd's wagon, or what was left of it. His safe was gone, but one of his clerks sneaked around in the woods, and to his great delight, found the safe where Swain and I had rolled it. When Boyd examined the contents he found them untouched, and, therefore, was highly delighted, but Swain was mad for he said that he had intended to come back, explode the safe, divide the contents, \$125,000 with me, and let Boyd account for the money as "lost in action."

We now proceeded to where the sutler had been, passing the run. We saw the dead horse that came so near making a lot of us prisoners, but oh, what a sight was the sutler's tent, not a thing left, only old shoes and dirty stockings marked the place where such a short time before the New York merchant had spread his wares, bent on making a fortune out of the men who offered their lives for their country. Now his money and stores all taken, and himself a prisoner for the rest of the war. We passed a little further and found a number of dead horses and mules covered with broken down wagons set on fire. We looked for our comrades of the battery wagon and forge. Just then Corporal Pearman of our battery came out of the brush where he had been in hiding and informed me that Alexander Matlock and five others, the saddler of the battery, and in charge of the forge, battery wagon and broken down horses, had been made prisoners, and that he, while hiding in the brush, had seen them driven off. The quartermaster of the One-hundred-and-twelfth Illinois Infantry had also been taken. We marched a little further and I examined the woods close by, somewhat in advance of the others. Colonel Boyd sent a staff officer after me, fearing I might go too far and be captured. I returned, and with Boyd's command, reached Kingston late in the evening. On my arrival at Kingston I reported to the post commander of what had occurred, and not finding any horses to draw, I, on the recommendation of the captain of the Twenty-fourth Indiana battery, was placed in charge of building a stockade, in an octagon form. Waiting several days for horses to arrive, and as none appeared, I asked for an order to return to the battery, as Swain had already returned, Pearman staying with me.

TOO MANY DOCTORS:

On the morning of the 31st Corporal Pearman and myself started on our march to the battery. We had not far to go until an

ambulance train heavily loaded with the wounded of the Twentieth Corps casualties met us, another and another followed at a respectful distance. The first one passed in silence, as though the occupants had already passed away. We probably made more than half the distance, when we passed in the woods a log cabin and found a young lady badly wounded in the leg. She related how she received the wound from a Confederate skirmisher that had taken protection behind the trees. The Confederate, of course, was driven off by the Federals, but they had wounded the fair lady while she looked on the exciting scene at the skirmish line. The wound had bled profusely, but proved to be only a flesh wound. The main line of our army soon reached the place, and a surgeon had dressed her wound. This was three days ago. Since then many surgeons, and probably some not surgeons, had passed that way, and as they learned of the lady's wound, they each in turn insisted on dressing and redressing the same.

At first she thought this necessary, but by the advice of one elderly physician she declined future surgical treatment, and the young saw-bones who were so eager to dress her leg had to pass on to the front where their services were more in demand.

We reached the battery after an all day ride, Pearman on foot and in the wagons and partly on my horse, when I wanted to stretch my legs by walking. We found that the day before Frank Rose had been wounded by a sharp shooter in a peculiar place, that had amputated a very useful member better than a surgeon's knife could have done, but it caused him to make a terrible howl. That same evening a spy had passed along our line and made many inquiries of such a nature that Lieutenant Harvey sent a notice of his action to division headquarters, then not far away; but as he could show his credentials he was not disturbed in his search for information. After making some more inquiries, he walked at right angles from our battery over to the enemy's line, and just in sufficient time for the Confederates to bring several batteries forward to open a most terrific fire upon us, as a sure evidence that it was a spy's work, who would sell his information to both sides.

The morning after my arrival I wanted to learn the lay of the land, and mounted my horse and took a ride off to the right. After passing some distance in the open woods and taking a good look at every point, without seeing our own line, I returned to what I thought the rear of our army. On the edge of an open field I rode

along unconcerned, until I reached a ravine. Here I was halted by an outpost of the Army of the Cumberland, and close by was Suttermeister of the Eleventh Indiana Battery. I identified myself to the vidette and went to Suttermeister's guns. One of the lieutenants said he would not have made the exposed ride for \$100,000, and as I was riding deliberately and slowly, did not see why the sharp shooters had not picked me off. They requested me to dismount at once, so as not to cause an attraction for the enemy, and after more greetings and looking through my glasses at the now plainly revealed enemy's line, they indicated how I could reach with safety my own battery. After such a narrow escape, I lost no time to get there. On my arrival at the battery I found a letter from my former schoolmate, Henry Brandt. He had been a resident of Texas, and the fortunes of war had made him a prisoner and sent him to Camp Morton.

I seated myself beside a rock, and by taking a tray from the caisson limber, made a writing desk to answer his letter. For several hours we had no rain, and writing in full view of the enemy's line, it was not long before two bullets struck against the rock I was writing on. I promptly changed to a more secure position, but it occurred to me as something strange, that they allowed me to ride in front of their line for nearly a mile without a shot being fired at me, and now while near secure quarters, they sought my destruction while writing to one of their comrades.

On June 12th, when Cox's division marched on the Sandtown and Marietta roads from Picket's Mill to New Hope Church, Colonel Cameron, then commanding a brigade, was ordered on a road parallel with the main road, but about three-fourths of a mile farther south. It was intended for him to draw the enemy's fire, if possible. The Fifteenth Indiana Battery was ordered to accompany him. Colonel Cameron, at the head of his brigade, carried out the order. Shortly after the start was made Lieutenant Harvey joined Cameron. The latter ordered Harvey to remain with the battery, and see that the men were ready at a moment's notice for action. Harvey deliberately told Cameron that neither he nor any men of the Fifteenth Indiana Battery were under his orders. After a few more words, Harvey came to see me and instructed me to pay no attention to Cameron's orders. Cameron soon followed Harvey and placed him under arrest, and put me in command of the battery. As soon as we reached the end of the march, General Cox sent for me,

and after cross-questioning me, ignored the whole trouble, which, if Cameron had persisted in, would have terminated very badly for Harvey, for early in the campaign, Sherman issued a circular from headquarters stating that if the question of rank came up where two or more officers happened to be together on duty, calling for a common head, the officer highest in rank present must give the orders and be held responsible. As our reports had to be made to division headquarters, Harvey had the firm belief that we were not subject to the brigade commander's orders. Harvey had similar trouble with General Reiley, another brigade commander, in our division.



GEN. T. J. HENDERSON.

CHAPTER XXVII.—JUNE, 1864.

SHERMAN AT BURNT HICKORY—DALLAS—NEW HOPE CHURCH—
PINE AND LOST MOUNTAIN.—KENESAW MOUNTAIN AND OL-
LEYS CREEK.

In the latter part of May the several columns of Sherman's grand army were in motion for Dallas, and thence along the ridge that forms the water shed of the Chattanooga and the Etowah towards Kenesaw and Marietta. The enemy's cavalry was very active on the southeastern bank of the Etowah, but Schofield had sent Stoneman to look after Wheeler at Cass Station, which caused the latter's prompt withdrawal, as soon as he had destroyed and captured a part of the disabled wagon train of the Twenty-third Corps, which I have just described. The infantry column of the Army of the Ohio did not push on so fast after crossing the Etowah, as necessity required that that corps was to remain in touch with the river for the protection of our left flank and rear until Johnston let go of the fastness of Allatoona. After Schofield crossed the Etowah on the 24th he marched east through Stilesborough, across Richland creek, and reached the road that runs from Cassville to Marietta. Stoneman had crossed the river on the 22d, but the erratic movements of Wheeler had caused the former to recross to watch the Confederate horsemen that had detained the Union troopers for several days in the vicinity of Allatoona. The third division of the Twenty-third Corps having the lead, "under General Cox," marched on the Cassville and Marietta road to Sligh's Mill, to the forks of the road, one branch turning along the ridges to Burnt Hickory, a place about half way from Kingston to Dallas, where the Army of the Cumberland had rested for the night. Cox's and Hascall's division of the Twenty-third Corps camped at Sligh's Mill while Hovey's

first division, with the trains, were on the road from Stilesborough, on Raccoon creek, several miles west of Sligh's Mill, protected by Cox and Hascall's division. McPherson's Army of the Tennessee was near Van Wert, west of the Army of the Cumberland, on the Rome and Dallas road. The two divisions of the Army of the Ohio remained at Sligh's Mill until May 25th, in the evening, thus permitting the center under Thomas, and the right wing, under McPherson, of the grand army, to swing forward and approach Dallas, while the Twenty-third Corps was to move in the same direction. When Johnston learned, through his cavalry leader, Wheeler, of the march of Sherman's army to Dallas, the Confederate leader at once put his troops in motion and Hardee's corps, then leading, and his left wing, marched to Dallas, took position covering the Atlanta road and formed in line to his right, towards New Hope Church.

Hood's corps was placed in position to the right of the church and Polk's in the center on the main road from Allatoona, all along the ridge between the Pumpkinvine Creek and the Etowah, near the source of the Sweetwater and Powder Spring Creek.

The Confederate movement was disclosed to Sherman by the capture of a dispatch which changed the Union leader's plans, so that he ordered Hooker to advance in the direction against the enemy at New Hope Church, instead of at Dallas. This caused the battle at the former place, between Hood, then on the defensive, and Hooker on the aggressive. The combat began at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon and lasted until dark. This affair caused all the rest of the grand army to march forward, to be near the point of battle. Schofield, by the way of Burnt Hickory, pushed the Twenty-third Corps forward, the rest of the Army of the Cumberland coming to the support of Hooker, and McPherson continued his march to Dallas.

The third division of the Twenty-third Corps marched at 5 p. m. from Sligh's Mill to Burnt Hickory, and then followed the road to Owen's Mill. On our march we were overtaken by a thunder storm that lasted all night with a heavy downpour of rain. We made great effort to get to the assistance of Hooker, but his wagons blocked the road, causing a slow march that fatigued us to the last degree. At midnight we had not reached Pumpkinvine Creek, but rested and waited for orders from Schofield, who had gone forward to communicate with Sherman. On his way back he met with an

accident, by the fall of his horse, and General Cox, then the senior officer, was placed in charge of the corps and reported to Sherman after an hour's rest. The divisions continued the forward march and at break of day reached their position on the field, being formed in line on the left of the Fourth Corps, advancing through a terribly tangled forest, until near Brown's saw mill, to the front of Hooker and to our extreme left, over the Dallas and Allatoona road.

As Johnston was outflanked by the Army of the Ohio on his right, Sherman expected McPherson's movement to bring about similar results on our right, but the latter was not able to cover the distance, although Davis' division of the Fourteenth Corps was still with him, but he could not connect with Hooker's line. The isolated position of the Army of the Tennessee in front of Dallas was a dangerous one, and if Johnston had been able to take care of the advantages he could have destroyed McPherson. The Confederates had formed their line along some branches of the Pumpkinvine Creek, and on the 27th McPherson moved toward his left to connect with Hooker, which brought Davis' division back to Palmer of the Fourteenth Corps, where it belonged. Two divisions that had been in reserve, one from the Fourth and the other from the Fourteenth Corps, were withdrawn and then pushed to our left to turn the enemy's right near Picket's Mill. The Confederates had already pushed themselves in the rear of our battery and we narrowly escaped capture by a brigade of the Twenty-third Corps being pushed forward to keep connection with the line of Howard. On account of the dense forest the movement was necessarily slow, and when Howard reached the enemy's position he found them busy extending their line to the east. The assault of Howard's troops did not succeed in carrying the Confederate position held by Cleburne, but the ground gained near the mill covered all the roads toward the railroad. The left wing of the Twenty-third Corps connected with Howard's position, and strong intrenchments were made for all the troops in line. On the following day, May 28th, the Army of the Tennessee was moved from the right flank to the extreme left and there connecting with the railroad. As this movement was noticed by the enemy they made a fierce assault upon our position at Dallas, but met a bloody repulse, with heavy loss. McPherson delayed his movements so as not to give the appearance that he had been forced by the Confederates. Sherman's hope to meet Johnston's army in open battle, instead of continued flank move-

ments, was not realized. This only caused the Confederates to give up more ground, but did not destroy their armies, neither side being willing to assault intrenched lines, so the campaign became monotonous.

After the battle of Resaca Sherman wrote to Halleck stating that the campaign progressed favorably, but he knew that before complete success was assured he must have battles which no doubt would have been at the time of the affairs at New Hope Church and Picket's Mill, but the dense forests of the country made it impracticable to deliver an attack by the whole army at once. Sherman was, therefore, forced to continue the systematic advance by flanking movements and avoid assaults on the enemy's intrenched position thus protected by dense forests. Sherman was quite well aware that Johnston could not retreat much farther, as the authorities in Richmond would not support a Fabian policy, and one not at all necessary had the campaign been in an open country, but Johnston also saw that if he offered battle to Sherman or assaulted the Union line, that the result would only end in disaster. He had, therefore, no other recourse than to continue the study of defense. Johnston was also aware that our movements on his right would cause him to abandon the position at New Hope Church, and he, therefore, had already selected the defences of Marietta, with Kenesaw Pine and Lost Mountain as salient points. As Sherman became better acquainted with the officers and men of his grand army, they had an opportunity to learn more of his methods, and sound judgment, and of the untiring mind by which every problem was solved, rested on indomitable courage and will, stimulated by obstacles, with the purpose always to be on the initiative, by which he could come nearer each day to a successful closing of the campaign.

As Sherman now had his whole army well in hand Thomas withdrew Hooker's corps from the line, and placed it in reserve.

On the 2d the Twenty-third Corps received orders to march to the left, and beyond Howard's Fourth Corps, and turn the enemy's flank upon the Burnt Hickory and Marietta road, then proceed to another road leading from New Hope to Ackworth, in the rear of the enemy's line, and cover our connection with the railroad south of the Etowah. By gaining this position we would be able to attack the enemy's line in reverse. Hooker's corps was ordered to support this movement. The cavalry of the Army of the Ohio were ordered to reach Allatoona Pass and hold it, until Blair's Seventeenth Corps,

then on the way from Alabama via Rome, would arrive to relieve them. As soon as Stoneman, with his cavalry, occupied Allatoona Pass he notified General Schofield that he would hold the gorge against a large force of the enemy. General Johnston, seeing that his position could no longer be held, gave instruction for the withdrawal, but as the right of our line was being changed he waited developments and remained in his position for several days longer.

On the morning of the 2d, when all was ready, Schofield marched his Twenty-third Corps to the left to the Burnt Hickory and Marietta road, near the Burnt Church, then with that road as his left guide, he marched east through a dense thicket where nothing was visible two rods ahead, so that to keep the skirmishers in line in battle formation was impossible, and my pocket compass became of great value. On this march Cox's adjutant general, Captain Saunders, was mortally wounded, while riding by the general's side. The scrub pines were so thick that it was hard to push a man or a horse through their interlaced branches, and in many cases the troops had to march around them. As the troops advanced, by company front, the right and left of the company was not visible by those in the center, so thick and dense was the tangled underbrush. As we had passed the divide that separates Pumpkinvine Creek and its branches from Allatoona creek, on our approach to the latter, the skirmishing began to be very sharp. The day had nearly passed when we reached the creek, and just as the column advanced and had forded the stream, a most terrific thunder storm broke over us, aided by the enemy's artillery fire from an unseen position, a combination so terrific that the heavenly roar could not be distinguished from the Confederate guns in action. The advanced line moved up very close to the enemy's intrenchment without knowing its distance. We had no opportunity to form in battery, but were halted in the thicket with the enemy's projectiles passing over head and pouring down, intermixed by such heavenly artillery, as thunder and lightning.

General Hascall, then in command of the second division, marched past us to our left, to develop the enemy's line and works, a short distance away, not over three hundred yards, and the engineers of our corps quickly made some dugouts for the Nineteenth Ohio Battery, which they occupied and opened fire on the enemy at short range. Paddock's Eighth Michigan Battery of Parrott guns were put in on the left of Shields, and these two batteries soon

silenced the Confederates, but the heavenly artillery discharged its volleys unconcerned as to who was handling the guns below. During the progress of this firing the infantry kept busy on the skirmish lines and sometimes the volleys would be such as to indicate that a regular battle was on. Butterfield's division of the Twentieth Corps was in close support of Hascall's division, that officer being requested by Schofield to go in on his left. The latter was informed that his orders were to support. Butterfield also claimed to outrank Schofield. This heavy rain made the creek unfordable, and if the enemy had made an attack on the first line of the third division then over the creek, they must surely have captured them as they could not have recrossed the creek, but with improvised foot bridges and good breast works, the division commander appears to have been satisfied that the second line could come to the support of the first in case the latter should be attacked. He had indicated that his headquarters would be in the center of the second line but, when he reached the place, it was in a dense thicket where no one could find him until a road had been cut and widened, a circular space, with a camp fire built near the trunk of a tree, where a part of his staff remained with him. As a momentary assault was expected General Cox notified all of his subordinates where to find him, and he remained under great inconvenience at the place during the night. The rain came down in such quantities that the mounted officers with their tall riding boots, found the water running out at the tops. General Cox and the others relieved themselves of the water by turning one leg in the air at a time.

The fortunes of war had, up to the death of Captain Saunders, been favorable to the headquarters of the division and corps, but any one familiar with General Cox could at once see the gloomy thoughts for his lost friend and companion, by the general's brow, and his former confidence in immunity appeared to have been lost. Saunders was a favorite among the group of officers, and his death was a heavy blow to the general and staff, when they had time to reflect over it.

On the following morning Hovey's division of the Twenty-third Corps that had been on detached service on our extreme right, was relieved by troops from General Thomas' center, and marched past our rear beyond Hascall to our extreme left. As the corps went forward, the Confederate intrenchments were outflanked, and the enemy abandoned his position as soon as threatened by our line.

We, of course, took charge of their works at once. Hovey advanced his division until he reached the Dallas and Ackworth road, near Allatoona Church. During this time Hascall and Cox held the cross-roads, on which the enemy's fortification was situated. Hooker's corps marched past Hovey to the east, and covered the left flank of the grand army in that direction. The other part of the grand army was now hastened towards the railroad, and on the 6th we were on the extreme right of Sherman's forces. Johnston had abandoned his position in our front on the night of the 4th, and taken position on his new line, selected with care, his left resting on Lost Mountain and his right on Brush Mountain in the rear of him. The abandonment of the enemy's line at New Hope Church gave us a chance to see and examine what preparations the enemy had made for our reception, and was closely inspected by all who had an opportunity to see them. They were of the most careful protection for both infantry and artillery, and finished with neatness, lined behind a dense forest where they could not be seen until we were right upon them and then Sherman saved probably thousands of lives by maneuvering the enemy out of them, and forcing them to a position where they had to assault our works. By the shifting of the grand army from the right to the left McPherson became the extreme left on Proctor's Creek, a branch of Allatoona Creek, in front of Ackworth on the railroad. Thomas' great Cumberland army was between Mount Olive and Golgotha, covering the roads from Cassville and Kingston to Marietta and Lost Mountain, the Army of the Ohio in Echelon, on the right, covering the hospitals and trains during its transit to the railroad, the third division, Twenty-third Corps, remaining for several days in the position that we had carried on the 3d, which separated us a mile from the other forces. As the railroad bridge, near Cartersville had not yet been rebuilt, a pontoon was constructed over that stream and General Blair, with his two divisions of the Seventeenth Army Corps, was ordered to Ackworth from Kingston by that route. Blair's corps arrived in good time, and just about covered the losses in battle and sickness up to that date. We were now in a more open country, and the Union lines were hurriedly readjusted, preparatory to a decisive engagement expected with Johnston, at an early date. While these arrangements were being made General Alvin P. Hovey, in command of the first division, Twenty-third Corps, wanted to resign his command and asked for a leave of absence, to await the President's

action. As a reason for his action, he gave that an independent command had been offered him when he returned from Vicksburg in 1863, for services rendered at Champion Hill providing he recruited the men for such a command. Six regiments of infantry and five of cavalry had been organized during this time. The infantry were beardless boys, and organized into the first division of the Twenty-third Corps, and on account of their extreme youth were called the "Indiana Dough Faces." The mounted troops were divided in the commands of Generals Stoneman and Killpatrick. Hovey wanted the cavalry attached to his division, into one organization under him, and further growled that the promotion promised him had not been forthcoming. Schofield appeared to have been dissatisfied with Hovey at the early beginning of the campaign, but as the active work he was now engaged in made it inconvenient for a change, Schofield tried to please Hovey by trying to get more infantry for him, but all the infantry then at the disposal of Sherman were a regular part of other divisions, and as far as a mixed division of cavalry and infantry was at that stage of the war, when Grant and Sherman were fighting for big game, out of the question, a soldier of Hovey's intelligence ought to have known this.

Sherman also tried to induce Hovey not to be hasty, and wait until the campaign was over, and not insist upon changes in face of the enemy, but the general in chief appealed without success and Sherman advised the War Department that Hovey's dissatisfaction was due because he had not been made a major general and that he should recommend the acceptance of the resignation and indorse the circumstances in full on Hovey's application to resign. As a tender of a resignation in face of the enemy by an officer was sufficient cause for summary dismissal, the army was surprised, when, on July 25th, the commanding general received notice that Hovey and Osterhaus had each been promoted to major generals, Hovey by brevet, and the other to a full grade.

Sherman, who had a few days previous asked that General Howard be transferred to the Army of the Tennessee, a place made vacant by the death of McPherson, and written the authorities that after the close of the campaign he would name officers worthy of promotion and requested the President not to promote any officer, on leave of absence, or other causes than wounds in battle, but a dispatch from the War Department was already on the way announcing the promotions. Sherman replied that in his opinion the promo-

tions were an act of injustice to the officers who remained at their post, in face of danger and to advance such as Hovey and Osterhaus who left us in the midst of bullets, to go to the rear to get promotion. If the rear is the post of honor we should all turn in that direction. This vigorous protest called for a personal letter to Sherman from the President, admitting that it was well taken, but explained the reasons which were almost absolutely political and not military. He also referred to former recommendations of Grant and Sherman that had been given these officers in former campaigns, which he could not disregard. The President explained the Osterhaus promotion as being of high merit, and part of it on account of his nationality as a German, those people being the most loyal to the Union, and Indiana and Missouri were counted as doubtful States in the coming presidential campaign. No matter what excuses were given for the promotions they would have been wrong, by advancing a second lieutenant, and much more so by giving rank of the highest grade in such a campaign without consulting the highest general in the field; and despite his protest that such action would have a depressive effect on the army in the field.

As the number of major generals was limited by Congress these two appointments filled all the vacancies, and no other promotions of that rank in Sherman's army could be given, and when Atlanta was taken Sherman very properly recommended several officers for promotion to the higher grade, but not one of them ever received it. Sherman was indignant, and he was right, for he favored a good military administration. He explained to Mr. Lincoln more fully the ambition for military fame of designing politicians, and assured the President that every general in the army had agreed unanimously that the promotions simply resulted from political influence, and not from ability or actual service, and also reminded him that as the campaign was not yet closed, he had not recommended any one. There were several vacancies of the rank of brigadier general, and a few were filled at this time, in the Army of the Potomac, leaving still four vacancies of that grade. Grant wanted Sherman to recommend such as were worthy of promotion. As to Osterhaus, Grant added, that the former had been a good soldier, but if not in the field he regretted his promotion, which would have relieved him, and the administration, of his former recommendation.

In the case of Hovey it may be said that Indiana had three brigadier generals, in the Twenty-third Corps, Hovey was the youngest

in rank, and had seen the least active service during the campaign. Manson was wounded in the battle of Resaca, while leading his brigade, in a charge, and never fully recovered from the injury. Hascall distinguished himself at every step of the campaign, and both were serving to the close of the war without any further promotion, for neither were favored by the then Governor Oliver P. Morton, who was the almighty political power in that State. Hovey never was called on to enter the field again, but served his time out as Commander of the District of Indiana. Osterhaus soon returned to his post in the Fifteenth Army Corps and served in Sherman's command to the close of the war. Hovey's division was divided between Cox's third and Hascall's second, of the Twenty-third Army Corps.

The heavy rain, during the month of June, made the dirt roads for the large army wagons and artillery almost impassable, and as the drivers would try and catch a dry place to the right and left the mud ruts would spread far and wide, thus making the roads as wide as the hill would permit, so much so that the original road could not be distinguished. On inspection of the enemies' works, that were now in our possession, they were found to be of immense dimension and great strength, and the Federal commander appeared to be pleased that at no place had he been led to a direct assault against them, and since the Confederates had abandoned them it was hoped that Johnston had now retreated beyond the Chattahoochie. To be able to follow the Confederates it was necessary to prepare ourselves, in rebuilding the bridge over the Etowah and to establish a depot of supplies at Allatoona, also to fortify the Southern gorge at that place, and put it in a defencable condition, to be held by a small garrison, and as a provisional base to be abandoned at will when a wide turning movement would become necessary. It was soon learned that Johnston had only fallen back to his strong line along Kenesaw, Marietta and Lost Mountain, covering the railroad to his rear. At first Johnston had left the impression that he intended to retreat across the Chattahoochie, and Sherman had in his mind's eye the movement to capture Atlanta and Mobile at the same time, the latter by the ships of Farragut and General Canby of the Southwestern Army, but the attention of the Washington authorities had been on the affairs of Grant on the Chickahominy and Cold Harbor, where Grant was fighting one of the bloodiest battles of the war, and the movement against Mobile was not

thought of. The bloody assault on unknown fortifications in the wild woods of Virginia had caused the other army commanders to advance with caution against the breastworks of the enemy, and Sherman referred to this when he wrote the authorities at Washington, in the early part of June, that he would have to fight Joe Johnston in a pitched battle, but would not run up and against his covered fortifications.

On the 7th the Federal lines had been readjusted, and the whole army position had been completely reversed, from that of June 2d, with McPherson on the left, Thomas in the center and Schofield on the right. By the continuous rain the roads had become so bad that communication with Kingston was over a deep mire, through which the beef cattle were driven, but the wagons that hauled the hard bread were not able to supply us and we were cut short on our allowance; but other rations, coffee and sugar, were issued in full. In ordering Blair to the front, by the way of Kingston, with his Seventeenth Corps, Sherman had remarked that he intended to be in Marietta on Wednesday, but by the operation of General Joe Johnston it took several Wednesdays before we reached there, but our confidence in the final success was never doubted.

From the 5th to the 9th we changed camp daily, getting nearer Johnston's new line by moving from one hill to the other, and crossing one creek after another, and forcing back the enemy's left, skirmishing, unlimbering and firing as we marched forward, almost always in a drenching rain, when an hour of sunshine was a rarity. At this time our division was increased by several regiments, of the very best fighting material; the First Tennessee and the Eleventh and Twelfth Kentucky, the Sixty-fifth Illinois, Colonel Cameron (Scotch regiment, returned from a veteran furlough) and a new brigade, with the Fifth Tennessee added, was formed, and General W. C. McLean, from the second division, assigned to command it. Colonel Cameron, then the senior officer, was assigned to the second brigade. On June 9th, Barter's brigade of Hovey's division, reported to General Cox. The breaking up of the first division has been already referred to by Hovey's promotion. During these few days which we may call rest (although we were in action every day, as these dense forests through which we passed had to be continually developed on the skirmish line), we had an inspection of our harness, as a requisition for a new outfit had been filed with the ordnance department, just as we left Knoxville, but could not be waited for. The

same reached us here, and our old harness, not altogether in a bad condition, except for some oiling, was ordered to be thrown in a nearby well, with rocks on top, so if found by the enemy they could not resurrect it. A fresh supply of horses were also at our disposal, and Captain Cockerill of Battery D, First Ohio Artillery, and myself were ordered to select them in a corral, near the railroad at Allatoona. It occurred to me again that my selection for this duty was wrong, as I never was an expert on horses, but somehow a pacer was among the selections, and as soon as I reached camp with the animals, Lieutenant Harevy appropriated the dun pacer and settled with the quartermaster for the same, acquiring title thereto, and although this horse was in many close calls, he lived to a good old age, and fifteen years after the war I saw him roaming over green pastures near Indianapolis.

As General Wheeler had captured our brilliant uniforms, packed away in the battery wagon, all of which went to the enemy on his raid, at Cassville, we were reduced to a blouse, and reinforced blue riding pantaloons, issued to the troops by the quartermaster, but we were content and had no cause to complain. Our orders were enforced and discipline was maintained just as easily, without the shoulder straps.

On the 9th the whole division moved two miles, to the Sandtown road, then south to Camp Mill, where we found the enemy in position. The division was placed in position, the right brigade, McLaw's, connected with Hascall's second division, and Barter and Reilly's brigade continued the line to the left, near to the Twentieth Corps, and Cameron's brigade was in reserve B, by the holding of Pine Mountain and a chain of hills to the east. Instead of retreating across the Chattahoochie river, as Sherman had expected the Confederate leader to do, it plainly indicated that another flanking contest was inevitable, around the mountain spurs that covered Marietta on the north and the west.

Garrard's division of mounted troops, were on the left of McPherson, Stoneman's cavalry division of the Army of the Ohio on the right of the Twenty-third Corps, and McCook's horsemen of the Army of the Cumberland were protecting the crossing of the Etowah, while the Army of the Cumberland was in the center.

The 10th of the month was the date when the whole army advanced to come in close contact with the enemy. Blair's recently arrived Seventeenth Corps marched down on the Ackworth and

Marietta road, through the village of Big Shanty, on to Brush Mountain, where they found the enemy in force. On the south side of Noonday creek Logan's Fifteenth Corps and Dodge's Sixteenth were held in Clay's column, on the right of Blair, ready to move to the assistance of the Seventeenth Corps if occasion required it. The Army of the Cumberland had gone forward in three columns, Palmer's Fourteenth on the left, and next to McPherson, on the road to Newton's Mills; Howard's Fourth Corps in the center and Hooker's Twentieth Corps on the right, connecting with Schofield's Twenty-third and marching straight upon Pine Mountain. The Army of the Cumberland operated in the upper waters of Procter's Creek, which has its source between Kenesaw and Pine Mountain, and runs parallel to Noonday and Allatoona Creek, all three having their outlets into the Etowah. Johnston having noticed the movements of the Federal forces on his left flank, at once divined its meaning, and formed his line of infantry between Gilgal and Brush Mountain. Hardee's left was at the Church and Bate's division on Pine Mountain, on the right of Hardee's corps. Polk's corps extended to the right, across the railroad by the Ackworth and Marietta wagon road with Noonday creek covering part of Polk's right flank; Hood's corps on the extreme right along the foot of Brush Mountain, behind Noonday creek, while Wheeler's cavalry on the Confederate right, and Jackson covered their left. The country in the front of the left and center of the Union line was mountainous and rough, but the right, although hilly, was less difficult to operate in. The Confederate line could only be approached by crossing the ravines parallel to Johnston's front. The general course of these little valleys run in a northeast and southwesterly direction. East of Marietta the country is more open and favorable to approach, and it appeared at one time that Sherman intended to move in that direction, but the railroad in his rear, would have been a great deal exposed as it runs for several miles parallel to the river, and by moving the Federal forces to the east, the numerous fords across the Etowah would have been exposed, and nearer to Johnston than Sherman. This considered, the National commander determined to operate by the right flank. From the continuous heavy rains the roads for army trains and artillery were impassable, and by reason of the swollen streams, water-soaked woods and fields, active operations became almost impossible. With the cold chilling winds from the east, came the continuous showers from the ocean, entirely at vari-

ance from what we had expected, in the sunny clime of Georgia. The continuous skirmishing along the whole line furnished excitement, and the bad weather did not receive the notice it would have otherwise, as the hills and rolling grounds in which we operated gave protection for the limbers and caissons, the guns of the corps batteries were often pushed right up on the skirmish line. Colonel Wright, in charge of the bridge construction, had completed the Etowah railroad bridge, and on the 11th the whistle of the locomotive gave notice to friend and foe that it had neared Big Shanty, and full supplies were now in our rear and close to Sherman's grand army, so it was but natural that the noise of the locomotive was greeted with prolonged cheers.

About the 7th we were annoyed by several small detachments of cavalry that had approached very close to our lines, on account of the peculiar formation of the country we operated in, and skirmishes were an hourly occurrence, so much so that Schofield determined to break it up. He therefore sent Hascall's division, under its able leader, on a reconnoissance to the right, with Cox's third division in close support. The Twenty-third Corps, by this movement, had developed and pushed back Johnston's left wing of his army, so much so in the two days of the 8th and 9th, that Sherman, on the 10th, pushed his whole army forward.

This brought our division (Cox's) to the extreme right of Sherman's forces, and about 9 o'clock that morning we started on our march, from near Allatoona Church, and marched five miles on the Sandtown road on Allatoona Creek. The battery was brought forward, unlimbered and fired a few shots, letting the enemy know that we were near. Expecting a night attack we rested, sleeping as we had often done before, at our post, ready for action at a moment; the horses remaining harnessed.

On the morning of the 11th we found the enemy had not retreated, but instead started a bickering fight, supported by deep-toned and crashing artillery which was kept up until 4 p. m., when our division again made a short advance. As the lines were very close together the firing by the infantry, as also the artillery, was at point blank range, and the mortality great, as the regiments in the front suffered severely. During the night the lines did not change, but the outposts were very busy on both sides, digging for protection, and on the morning of the 12th were so close together as to be within speaking distance, both sides hugging to their pits behind pro-

tection, as exposure resulted only either in being made a corpse or given a furlough. The position of the division was not changed during the 13th and the same destructive skirmish was carried on all day, on one part or another of the dividing line. The skirmishers of the Fourth Corps occupied one side of the log house, the Confederates the other side. At daybreak the Confederates, noticing the two Dunlaps (boys from Franklin, Indiana, and members of the Seventy-ninth Indiana, Colonel Fred Kuefler's regiment), leveled their guns at the hoosiers. They, too, offered resistance, and there would have been at least two corpses, but just then Henry Witte of the same Hoosier regiment, came up in the rear of the Johnnies and demanded their surrender. They looked into the muzzle of the guns. Of course the gallant Confederates had no recourse, turned over their arms and were marched to secure quarters in the Union line. There were no doubt many similar occurrences, but this one shows how interlaced the opposing forces were on those rainy June days. The possession by either side of the log house would have been a citadel to them.

The skirmishers were pushed forward from one hill to another, with the main line of infantry and artillery closely following. The whole front of Sherman's line now reached, from right to left, a distance of ten miles. Sherman's headquarters were at Big Shanty, on the railroad, but at an early hour he was in the saddle to inspect the line himself to see if he could not find a weak place in Johnston's defenses where we might break through. At about 10 o'clock in the morning he reached Howard's Fourth Corps in front of Pine Mountain. With glasses in hand he viewed the Confederate position, and discovered a group of men similarly engaged to see what they could of the Federals. General Howard being near, he asked that officer to bring a battery (Captain Simonson's Fifth Indiana) forward and fire a few rounds at the group. This was done and the aim so well taken that the group dispersed, but left General Polk dead on the ground.

Sherman continued on his inspection, reaching our position about 2 p. m. At that time some signal officer, able to read the Confederate code, had figured out that Polk had been killed. This was confirmed by prisoners captured, of which there were an abundance on that day; among these, the Fourteenth Alabama, 360 strong. The whole army pushed forward, but at no place was there an assault made on the enemy's fortifications which were of the same

design as ours. Part of the Army of the Cumberland, under General Palmer, on his right, and Howard's Fourth Corps on the left, pushed in an angle between Pine Mountain and the Confederate defences east of it, while the wings of our army also pushed forward and crowded back the enemy's outpost and intrenched close to the Confederate lines, so close, in fact, that the Southerners, from their higher points, could overlook our movements and camps. After Sherman's inspection, orders had been issued to advance, on the morning of the 15th, all along the line and to press the weak points. The Army of the Cumberland, in the center, soon discovered that Pine Mountain was abandoned, and the Confederate line had been concentrated between Kenesaw and Lost Mountain. During the last few days our battery had been having several little affairs with the enemy's artillery, who seemed to be well supplied with ammunition, but used it not with best results.

On the 15th the center lines of the grand army moved forward beyond Pine Mountain. Our division, next to the right of Butterfield's of the Twentieth Corps, made a successful forward movement, aided by Hascall's second division, driving the enemy from his trenches, and by noon had full possession of them. They had erected very defensive works for their artillery, but the cross-fire from the batteries of the third and second divisions of the Twenty-third Corps caused the Confederates to vacate. We occupied the place and Butterfield's infantry, with the Seventieth Indiana, Colonel Benj. Harrison's regiment, who, with fixed bayonets, went in on a charge just before dark. The enemy being well protected behind a line of breastworks, gave them a bloody reception, but they held their ground. During the meantime we were in heavy action, sustaining them on their right, and the other batteries of the third and second divisions of the Twenty-third Army Corps, with an enfilading cross fire on the enemy's intrenchments, did likewise. The work of the battery had been heavy all that day and the number of rounds fired by the Fifteenth Indiana was 320 shrapnell and shell, while the other corps batteries fired no less. About 10 o'clock in the morning a little incident occurred that I had to be a witness of and have never forgotten. Just as we had pulled into position and had opened fire, a young staff officer that was on the staff of either General Hascall's division or of one of his brigades, being lost, came up to our battery. General Cox was then in between our guns and taking a view of the enemy's positions, was asked by him as to the

location of Hascall's division. It was plainly visible that the young officer had increased his courage by some stimulants. Cox directed him where to find Hascall, and told him that Hascall's left was on Cameron's right, and Cameron was advancing in the woods on the right of the road, but the proper way would be to reach Hascall by a detour to the rear. The officer took in the situation, and as he did not know the word rear, he gave his horse the spurs and off he went where Cameron's brigade was to be looked for. He had gone about three hundred yards and ran right into a pile of fence rails in the middle of the road, behind which were the enemy's skirmishers. They fired at him and he fell bleeding, to the ground. We fired at the rail pile. The skirmishers, those that were left, retreated and an ambulance was sent forward and as the wounded officer passed us, his blood trickling from his wound, cried most pitifully for his mother. The horse, also bleeding, was led after him. Who he was, and whether he lived through the war, I have never learned.

Another little incident occurred about noon that day. The Confederates had possession of an abandoned log house, close to and near Allatoona creek, and kept up a very destructive fire at our outpost. We made it a mark for our guns. Of course the balls and shells crashed through it, but did not dislodge the sharp shooters. General Cox, unconcerned, moved about the guns and closely viewed every part of the enemy's line, and thus exposed himself. I looked through my glasses, noticed three of the enemy pointing their guns at us not over three hundred yards away. I called the attention of General Cox to this and he stepped forward toward me, away from a tree against which he had just leaned, and in a moment came the shell which took the bark off the tree just where the general had been standing.

As Cameron's brigade, on our right, in the woods had outflanked the enemy, the skirmishers were either captured or retreated. We promptly marched forward and occupied the now deserted works of the Confederates, by changing the face of the embrasure from the north to the south. The advantages gained on our right by Schofield's Twenty-third Corps were greatly assisted by the forward movement of the Fourth and Fourteenth Corps, in the center, by pressing the Confederate line south of Noonday Creek, and on our extreme left. The enemy was forced by Logan and Blair's corps, of the Army of the Tennessee, to

withdraw, and move his lines around the east side of Kenesaw Mountain. We had been in position on the left of the Gilgal and Marietta road on the evening of the 15th, but early on the morning of the 16th, Hascall's division on our right was pushed forward to some open and high ground. We followed with the right of our division until we reached a position for the battery, now on the right of the road, where we immediately opened fire and were able to sweep the Gilgal and Marietta road for a considerable distance, while the Second Division Batteries on our right were having a most complete cross fire on the Confederate left flank, under General Hardee.

We had moved from one knoll to another, following up the enemy, always firing and advancing, expecting him not to make a stand and show fight until he reached his new entrenchments on the south side of Mud Creek, but as the unexpected will always happen, so here. The Confederates moved slowly, and just as we had taken another advance, shortly before dark, we found ourselves in front of a Confederate battery of about twenty pieces. We had scarcely unlimbered and fired a few rounds sufficient for the enemy to locate our position, when we received volley after volley from their artillery. Our horses, limbers and caissons were not exposed and did not suffer, so to expose the men was useless, and we kept under cover until the Southerners got tired of spending their ammunition.

The greatest damage done was the knocking to pieces of either Schofield's or Cox's mess tent, but as they fired solid shot, their balls plowed the ground, bounded and rebounded in the air, where they struck, but injured no one. Gilliland, one of the cannoneers on gun No. 3, made a most miraculous escape from being ripped to pieces. Just as I gave the command to lie down, he obeyed, but stretched cross ways. Not finding the position comfortable, he drew in his legs to the length of the guns, not a second too soon, for a solid shot plowed the ground where his feet had just been. We remained in position all night, and at early dawn, Major Wells, the division chief of artillery, ordered us to fire a few volleys at the enemy's position of the night before, to see if the Confederate artillery battalion was still there. As we could elicit no response, the whole division moved forward, as also did the second division, under Hascall, to develop the enemy's new line along the east bank of the creek, with a bend to the south, to the

crossing of the direct road from Marietta to New Hope Church, by the way of Lost Mountain. The Confederates at this point were under command of General Hardee, and were withdrawn about two miles, during the night of the 16th, leaving Jackson's cavalry to retard our advance, but as the whole Federal army had its eyes open, the forward movement was promptly made and the noise of the batteries from one position to another did not leave the enemy in doubt as to our coming right along on the Sandtown road.

At the Derby plantation we reached the road to Marietta, Cox's division leading, and trying to find the enemy's flank. As we reached the open ground we found ourselves on the western side of Mud Creek, where that stream runs almost due south. Along the eastern side, on the high cliffs and on the extreme left flank of the Confederates, Hardee had placed his artillery in commanding positions, for over a mile or more in length, along which the creek and also the road runs in parallel lines. The banks on each side of the stream are hilly, with one hill higher than the other, which rose in its solitary position to overlook the rest on the south and southeast, and for miles distant in the clear low lands of Mud Creek. This hill was a regular Mamalon.

Our battery had been in advance the evening before, and as already stated, shelled the woods early in the morning on the right of the road on which the division now advanced. As soon as the division reached the edge of the timber with the open valley of Mud Creek in view, Cox's skirmishers were pushed forward close up to the creek, and Battery D, First Ohio Artillery, at a full gallop, crossed the field and up on the aforesaid high hill took position and opened fire. Before they had reached their place the head of the column of our battery emerged from the woods and Major Wells, the chief of artillery, indicated to me the position where to form. I ordered the cannoneers mounted and gave the signal "forward into line," at full interval, trot, march, etc. The second piece would trot, the third gallop, and the fourth run as fast as the horses could move. In this line we passed through and over some abandoned cotton fields and came to an action at right angles with Battery D. We were lustily engaged in destroying the Confederate wagon train, then retreating in confusion on the Sandtown road. Battery D fired directly south.

The Confederates, with a larger number of guns, soon had a

flank fire on us. I was just then giving the order to change two pieces, to fire to the left, when Lieutenant Harvey came up greatly excited and demanded of me to withdraw the battery. I explained to him that this could not be done, as my orders were executed according to General Cox's and his Chief of Artillery instructions. He remarked something about us all being killed if we stayed, and I replied that that was what we had come to Georgia for, either to kill or to be killed. He being my superior officer could have ordered the battery to retire, but instead, paced at a rapid rate towards where General Cox and staff were halting, and, after making a spectacle of himself, again came forward in company with the Chief of Artillery.

The latter seeing that we were greatly exposed, ordered me to withdraw for protection, out of the line of flank fire from the enemy behind the Mamalon, on which Battery D was making the fight against the enemy's guns, east of Mud Creek.

The crest of the hill formed an excellent protection, over which the muzzle of the guns of the Ohio battery were only visible. Battery D maintained the fight for several hours in a most brilliant style. As the enemy's column had withdrawn on the Sandtown road, there was nothing for us to do but to await developments. Just then, on our right, through the open field, marched Hascall's second division, with banners flying in an alignment seldom seen and never forgotten; that was truly an inspiring sight.

As we were now resting, I rode up to where the Ohio boys had their guns. The distance across Mud Creek to the enemy's line was about eight hundred yards. The enemy's artillery still kept up fire at an interval, but appeared to be husbanding their ammunition. Just then, and right down in front of us, appeared a man on horseback accompanied by a single orderly. The ground that he surveyed was about three hundred yards distant from us and nearer to the enemy. From the ravine he was in, he rode up to the crest to look over at the enemy's guns, about five hundred yards away, but just then a ball from the Confederate sharpshooters struck him in the foot. In hot haste, his orderly following him, he rode back. The wounded man proved to be General Hooker.

Soon two six-gun batteries appeared and were pushed into position by hand, overlooking the crest within point blank range

of the enemy's line. When all was ready they fired by volleys and silenced the enemy's guns at that point.

In the afternoon a battalion of engineers appeared and constructed some breastworks for our battery, but the labor was in vain, as we were no longer exposed. Hascall's division advanced on our right and gained the position on the crest, between Mud and Nose Creek. The enemy's line made a short turn to the left with strong fortification in the angle which proved easily held by them during the next day. On our left the Confederate new line, under Hardee, in connecting with the old line, had caused a salient angle, and by the hills in front of Palmer and Howard, Thomas had an enfilading fire on the enemy's works, making Johnston's position no longer tenable.

The Confederate engineers were already at work on the 17th for a new line of fortification around Marietta. Early on the morning of the 18th movements of the enemy indicated that he was preparing to withdraw. Howard having noticed this, pushed Wood's and Newton's divisions forward and with a rush carried the line in their front, capturing some prisoners. The Confederates made countercharges, expecting to capture our works, but were repulsed. The Army of the Cumberland lost no time in bringing their artillery into position, and with daylight on the 18th, a brigade of Newton's division, Fourth Corps, deployed its skirmishers to hold the ground already gained, but now the whole division moved forward. The trench carried was the connection between the old and the new works and a Confederate advance position which they vainly tried to hold, as a salient point in their line. As night had overtaken Newton's operation, the men were making their position secure within a hundred yards of the enemy's line. Howard's position induced the enemy to withdraw his lines in his newly prepared trenches, closer to Marietta, while a strong Confederate skirmish line was left in charge to retard our advance.

The key to the situation was Kenesaw Mountain, from whose top the water runs down its forest covered sides into deep ravines, making the holding an impregnable military position, and from the summits of which the Confederates could overlook every part of our line, making all concealments as to Sherman's movements impossible. During the 18th the activity of Sherman's army from early morning, was one continuous roar of artillery, and it appeared that every gun on the Federal side was in action. With the interming-

ling of the wide awake skirmishers the day became as memorable as forty-nine years previous at the battle of Waterloo, where the maps of the European world were changed. The same great effort was made on this day by the southerners but without success. Lieut. Palmer of Battery D called my attention to the vibration and detonation of the battle noise. I agreed with him that it was awful, yet sublime, remarking that the day was as great a day of battle as my ancestors had fought at Waterloo, with Blucher. Palmer remarked, "You have a quite a taste for history, Fred, and you ought to note down events as they occur now, for you may want to write a narrative in your old age." I little thought then that 39 years later I would be bringing my recollections to the front. The thundering caannonade of Sherman's invincible army was intermixed with heavenly artillery during a large part of the day, so that it was difficult to distinguish one from the other, and way up on Mud Creek where the bottoms were clear, the puffs of Thomas' guns could be seen in active service. On account of the open country along the creek the battle field was more in view than on any other part of the Atlanta campaign, and to see the performances of the game of war on this day was worth a life time to any man, and once seen could never be forgotten. At times the rain fell in torrents and continued so during most of the night. During the firing of the artillery on the 17th the 112th Illinois music band, of about 15 pieces, played several times from its position in the open field, and within plain hearing of the enemy's artillery. While the engineers and infantry were preparing some breastworks for our battery, several of them were wounded. As the enemy's left had now been considerably outflanked by our cavalry Hascall's division had gone forward to press them still further to the rear and if possible to assault their lines. We expected a serious battle next day, but during the night of the 18th the Confederates abandoned their Mud Creek line, a defense of six miles in length, of as fine breastworks as were ever constructed during the Civil War, retreating behind Nose Creek with his left, and resting his right behind Noonday Creek. With this contraction of his lines, Johnston was able to send Hood's corps from his extreme right to his left, he believing that we were getting, by that route, on the line of his communication. When these movements took place the Federal leaders thought that Marietta was being abandoned, but Lorrington, who was then in command of Polk's Confederate corps

had extended his line to the right, protecting the angle that covered Marietta with the Kenesaw Mountain. The whole of the Confederate position from Marietta on the right to Hardee's left was in the form of a semi-circle, with Kenesaw Mountain in the center, facing to the west with lunettas and works on spurs and commanding hills, covered with abatis and entanglements of forest trees. As soon as the enemy's withdrawal became known our army was on its feet to follow them. Although the rain had ceased the country we operated in was a quagmire, and the streams, usually dry at this season of the year were swollen and offered the greatest obstruction. The lagoons were filled up with quick sand and dangerous to the artillery and wagons of being engulfed. If new tracks were made for the supply wagons, along a supposed solid ground, the passing of the few trains would make them utterly impassable, and the rear of the Army of the Cumberland in the center and the Army of the Ohio on the right, from Mud Creek to Allatoona, found no road visible.

On the morning of the 19th of June the whole line on our right moved forward and skirmishing was very brisk during that day, following the enemy from his old position to his new line. On the 20th, Blair's extreme left moved forward and General Leggett sent Forces' brigade to a hill east of the line, to advance, and by a brisk skirmish carried the crest, from where they had a full view of the tierce cavalry combat then going on between Wheeler on the Confederate side and Garrard in charge of the Union horse. Leggett was just in time to assist the Federal cavalry with a battery that he brought up, but he advanced so far to the front that the other wing of Blair's corps took Leggett for the enemy and fired on him with artillery from his rear. A messenger was sent with speed and explained the mistake but no great damage had been done. The Fifteenth and Sixteenth Corps moved forward, keeping up the alignment with Blair's Seventeenth Corps and reached the enemy's position on Kenesaw Mountain and close to them, under a heavy fire. Next in line, and to the right of the Army of the Tennessee was Palmer's Fourteenth Corps of the Army of the Cumberland, while Howard's Fourth Corps was on a road from Gilgal Church to Marietta. Hooker's Twentieth Corps was held in the vicinity where the road crosses from Lost Mountain to Marietta. In crossing Mud Creek, Geary's division of the Twentieth Corps used a bridge, much out of repair, and the swollen stream

threatened to carry it away. Butterfield's and Williams' men crossed on the same bridge and the corps were massed in columns of brigades, the skirmishers in the advance. On the 20th, part of the Fourth Corps relieved Williams' division of the Twentieth Corps. The latter in turn moved to the right of the Twentieth Corps. Stanley advanced and took possession of two hills in its front. One known as Bald Knob Hill was occupied by a small force of Kirby's brigade. The other was wooded and Whitaker intrenched himself there. The enemy made a vigorous effort to retake Bald Knob Hill, and Kirby's force was driven off. During the 21st the shifting of the forces was to the right, and the Army of the Tennessee in part relieved the Army of the Cumberland and the whole of the grand center, under Thomas, was extended to come in close connection with Schofield's Army of the Ohio. Howard made an effort to retake and hold Bald Knob, on Stanley's right, and for an hour all the available artillery in his corps was directed against the hill and the two brigades went forward and the enemy driven off with the loss of a considerable number of prisoners. Bald Knob was intrenched under the hot fire of the Confederate artillery, by a forward movement of a brigade of Wood's division. They occupied a hill, farther to the south, which caused the enemy to abandon his strong skirmish line and thereby relieved the pressure on Bald Knob. The position now occupied by the Fourth Corps brought them in view of an open field several hundred yards wide. Hooker's Corps advanced on Howard's right to an important position on Culp's farm, which brought them in connection with Hascall's left.

The morning of the 19th disclosed to the Twenty-third Corps that the enemy had left their presence. The two divisions, Cox's and Hascall's, were at once put in motion to seek a crossing of the creek. As already stated, the ground to our right was open country for a mile or more to our south and west, and then began a thick woods, with underbrush that no eye could see through over five yards ahead, covering the west bank of Mud Creek, until the bridge was reached. It had been expected that the enemy would fire the bridge on his retiring across it, but our skirmishers had followed so close that he had no time to take such advantage. Colonel Casement, at the head of his regiment, had moved through the thick woods, between the road and the river, and was now close up to the bridge, but it was dark and further progress could not be made that

day. On the morning of the 20th we were still with our battery in our water soaked position on the Sandtown road in the rear of the "Mamalon." Skirmishing opened briskly at the break of day all along Mud Creek, and we were hitched and ready to move at the command. At about 10 o'clock Major Wells, the division chief of artillery came and said: "Fout, mount your cannoneers and bring your section forward." The command was given, we started on a gallop on the road and for the brush, and after about a mile through the woods came to a dead halt. The artillery chief commanded me to leave the caissons and mount a sufficient number of cannoneers on the guns, each with a fixed canister in hand, and at a gallop to go forward until I reached a clearing on rising ground, then come to an action left and send the canister on each side and through the bridge which we would find about 100 yards to our front. Three cannoneers and the gunner crowded on the limber and one cannoneer sat astride the gun at the trunions, each with a round of canister in hand, and at a full gallop reached the higher ground indicated by Major Wells, on the right of the road. The work of unlimbering, loading and firing was that of a moment, and the astonished soldiers that had protected the bridge kept in hiding, while the bridge over which our Twenty-third Corps passed was saved to us. Shortly after this Lieut. Kuntz came up with the other section of the Fifteenth Indiana and his fire of canister was added to our action.

The two streams, Mud Creek and Nose Creek, unite a short distance above the bridge and at the bridge the stream is known as Nose Creek only. We were not to enjoy the fruits of our brilliant action very long for the enemy brought forward two batteries on the opposing high ground and opened with a double number of guns on us. One battery was to our left oblique and the other to the right. The two were about 400 yards apart and now opened with a cross fire at a distance not exceeding three hundred and fifty yards. The enemy's guns on our left, and in direct line of the bridge, received our first attention and with the assistance of Col. Casement's skirmishers, which he led in person, close up to the bridge, the Confederates very soon slackened their fire, but the other battery, right on the road, with guns and limbers protected, gave us the best of their service, and Lieut. Kuntz's section suffered the most. He lost a wheel of the 4th piece, had two horses killed and Cannoneer Perry of the 4th piece was wounded. The rising ground

on which we were was not over four feet high, from the bed of the road, therefore offering no protection for either limbers or cannoneers. Some of the trees were also obstructive to our range of fire. A little after noon the engineer battalion of the division arrived and made some dugouts for our guns. This gave the men a little more protection, but not the horses and limbers. Under the protection of our fire Col. Casement, by his indomitable will, sent Capt. C. Hayes with a detail from his regiment across the bridge, he himself soon following on the stringers. The flooring had been taken up, he and men crawled over and he soon had a solid line of skirmishers on the other side, and under the cover of the bank advanced and made the bridge safe by driving the enemy's skirmishers to the rear. And we had taken care of the enemy's artillery; they withdrew their guns which enabled the other part of Cameron's brigade to follow across the bridge. As soon as Casement had a solid footing the engineers appeared with timber, refloored the bridge and made entrenchments on the higher ground of the embankment. Thus ended a most brilliant artillery charge, saving a bridge that enabled the right wing of Sherman's army to secure a footing on Johnston's left which caused that Confederate leader, a week later, to withdraw from Kenesaw Mountain. Colonel Casement, if he had done no other brave act during the war, this alone would entitle him to a monument equal to any of the leaders in our Civil War in his own state. The action of our battery, at this point, certainly filled the brightest page in the history of the Indiana soldiers, but not a line has been found in the records, only that it was a "Twenty-third Corps battery that by over matching the enemy's artillery and saved the bridge". On the 21st the whole of the Twenty-third boys crossed, Cox's division leading, and Hascall turned the head of the column of his division to the left where they soon connected with Hooker's right. Our cavalry, part of Stoneman's horse, met the Confederate mounted troops, under Jackson, in considerable force out on the Powder Springs road, and as the cavalry detachment under Colonel Adams became hard pressed, the Twelfth Kentucky Infantry and two guns of Battery D First Ohio Artillery were sent to his assistance. On June 22d we moved forward to the junction of Powder Springs and Marietta Roads, and were placed close to where the Confederate battery on our right had been stationed. Here was a young Confederate, cold in death with his right hand holding his musket, and his left hand

holding a large part of a loaf of bread towards his mouth. In this position a piece of shell had struck him and carried part of his head away. Not far distant was a doctor of the One-hundred-eighteenth Ohio straddling over a man and hunting with his probe for a bullet in the right breast of the soldier. He soon found the missile and sent the volunteer to the rear. The strong resistance that Hascall's skirmishers met with indicated that the enemy was near. Hooker's army corps was now close to the Marietta and Powder Spring Roads and the Twenty-third Corps would soon be crossing it. As the enemy's line, under Hardee, was considerably stretched, Hood's Corps that had been in close column near Marietta, was sent from the Confederate right to his left, leaving Wheeler with cavalry to take care of the Confederate right and Loring's Corps stretched to the right to support Wheeler. Hood had marched all night and on the morning of the 22d was on the road to Powder Spring, at Zion's Church, and not far from Culp's Farm. As Hood was by nature aggressive, our forces under General Hascall, did not have long to wait to learn of his presence and with his men made a fierce assault with a two division front, and one in reserve, but as the attack had not been made until in the afternoon, the Twenty-third Corps was well prepared to receive them. In the morning before the assault Cox's division had marched south on the Sandtown Road, to a crossing from Marietta to Powder Springs village at Chaney's house. Hascall's division was on the march to the left, on the road from Powder Springs' Church to Marietta. Hascall reached his place at noon and Cox then crossed the road to Powder Spring, at Zion's Church, and not far from creek, a stream that had its source in the plateau at Marietta. Reiley's brigade was moved up close to the Valley of Olley's Creek, and the other three brigades of the division covered the flanks and rear of the first brigade, which was in an isolated position, fully a half mile in advance. Hooker's whole corps was in touch with the left of Hascall, and Howard's Fourth Corps connected his right with Hooker. The right of the Twentieth Corps was strongly intrenched and well supported by artillery. The enemy had just vacated a short time before the defenses now occupied by Hooker, and the latter had made close connection with Schofield's left when Hood burst upon them. Williams' division of the Twentieth Corps formed in columns of brigades, pressed forward, reaching the left flank of Hascall's on the Marietta Road, near Culp's Farm. Small runs

and ravines ran at right angles through Williams' and Geary's line into Noses Creek. Hascall's division was on a ridge, south of the Marietta Road, his right facing the valley of Olley's creek and covered Cox's division, then on the road from Culp's to Cheney's. The close contact of the opposing forces caused a number of prisoners to be made by the Federal advance belonging to both Hood's and Hardee's Corps. Hooker had Williams' division prepared itself for defense and Schofield gave orders to Hascall to throw up breastworks, but hardly had the line been formed and a beginning at the breastworks been made when Hood's impetuous assault, as already stated, was made. The formation of Williams' division of the Twentieth Corps was in a convex form, this causing Hood's right division (Hindmon's) to strike the center of Williams, and the right of Geary's, of the Twentieth Corps, and the other division under Stevenson reached and assaulted Hascall's Twenty-third Corps division. Through the ravines and hollows the Confederates gained some ground between Williams' and Geary's, but Knipe's brigade south of the Marietta road held its ground. As soon as the Confederates reached the open they were received by three six-gun batteries of the Twentieth Corps with a converging fire of canister, shrapnell and shell that stunned the exposed enemy and gave Williams and Geary the opportunity to reform their line. After a few volleys of musketry, the enemy left the field and sought his intrenchment. As Butterfield's division of Hooker's Corps occupied a position in the trenches of Howard's line, the latter sent the reserve regiments of his corps relieving Butterfield early in the night, the latter was placed in reserve of Williams' division. Hood's left, along the Marietta Road, reached through the thick woods past Ruger's brigade of the Twentieth Corps, and opened the combat with Hascall's division. Hascall connected on Hooker's right, and continued to hold on to a ridge which covered the road upon which he advanced, and a branch road that led off to General Cox's position at the Cheney House. The two divisions of the Twenty-third Corps formed an angle of a triangle by the roads on which they had advanced, and the road which connected them, as stated, but as Hascall noticed a desirable ridge in his front on which a new line for an advance could be formed, he sent Colonel Gallup of the Fourteenth Kentucky with the skirmishers forward to occupy it, and had the three brigades of his division throw up the breastworks on





GEN. JOHN S. CASEMENT.

the main line. As the skirmishers advanced they captured some prisoners and from them it was learned that Hood's Corps was on the march, from the enemy's extreme right and forming to assault. This was reported to Hascall and Schofield, the two were together and the Confederates immediately followed with the attack, but Gallup lost no time in making slight defenses and was able to hold the Confederates (part of Stevenson's division) back for a time, and then retired to the main line, but as his own volley had terrible effect in his front, his men held on until peremptory orders were given them to retire, which these brave Kentuckians did, in good order, leaving sixty-five Confederate dead as evidence of having done their duty. As soon as Gallup was out of the way, the Nineteenth Ohio battery and Paddock's Eighth Michigan battery from their well selected positions, raked the Confederate lines with canister, aided by the Infantry fire from behind their hastily constructed defenses, and cleared the field. As Hood's attacks were always determined and persistent, Schofield late in the afternoon ordered Cox to bring the three brigades of his division from Cheney's Farm so support Hascall. The order was promptly executed, but by the time of Cox's arrival the battle in front of Hascall was over. Soon the third division was in line with a refused right, and on the open ground for a mile or more distant, in the valley of the Olley Creek, were Reiley's brigade on the far right and front, which position was covered by pickets and patrols to watch the enemy's movements. The Twenty-third Indiana battery was with Reiley's brigade at the time. The enemy could have easily made a capture of the whole brigade, but we shall soon see the good judgment of General Schofield in taking the risk. The Third division batteries were put in line with those of the second division overlooking a large field and protecting the left wing of Reiley's exposed brigade.

The useless losses without any results to the Confederates were admitted by Johnston to be about 1,000, the Union losses mostly in Knipe's Brigade of the Twentieth Corps and in Williams' division were about 130. Hascall of the Twenty-third Corps had about the same number, other casualties in Hooker's corps were probably 75 more. The assault seems to have been made by Hood on his own responsibility. He had hoped to outflank the Union army and could assail them while marching in column, and gain advantages such as Jackson claimed to have made at Chancellorsville. Although his idea was a good

one he was disappointed and his generalship in this case did not succeed. The interior by which he marched from in front of McPherson to the left of Hardee gave him many advantages and he had reason to believe that our solid columns were not extended so far south and east and that an inferior force he would soon be able to brush away; but, finding our line extended and not to be shaken, deranged his plans, and he found the northern youth that opposed him equal in courage to his own and as they were led with intelligence and skill, he had to withdraw his battered divisions, and in his report failed to give it the importance the engagement deserved. There were several lessons learned by both sides, in attack and defense, in this wooded country, surrounding the field of operation. While Hood's attack on the north of the road fell on Knipe's brigade, there were but few casualties in the rest of the division. The same on the south of the road in Hascall's division was where the most fierce and determined assault was made. The rest of the division, while the Confederates advanced, was able to inflict great loss, without suffering in return. If the Federal officers had resorted to the Confederate style of reporting similar affairs, they could with truth claim that two brigades of the Federal forces had repulsed Hood's whole Confederate army corps, but in a so densely wooded country where the field is not visible and the attack is made on a salient point, one brigade can check a whole line, for the fear of the assailants being themselves assaulted by a concealed enemy, makes them cautious, and they seldom go in after their connection has been broken, and those on the defensive know the value of covered flanks. The near support, also, is a large element in battle to be considered on both sides as to the whole number, in supporting distance. From prisoners captured by Geary's division, the corps commander, Hooker, was made to believe that he was being assaulted by three corps of Johnston's army and had repulsed them, but he was worried about his right flank. This he reported to the General-in-Chief. At this news Sherman became concerned about Schofield not having carried out the spirit of his instruction, and next morning came to the church in the woods near Kolb's house where he met both Schofield and Hooker. On his way to this place he had found Butterfield's division in reserve. As soon as Schofield learned of Hooker's message, he became indignant and declared the message wrong, without any excuse and wanted Sherman and Hooker to go to the front of Hascall

for the evidence of his assertion. Hooker was reminded that Johnston's whole army contained only three corps, and if these had attacked him the enemy's line would have extended over a larger front than two brigades, in his corps, by which he plainly indicated his dislike for such sensational reports as had been sent by Hooker, and which were unjust to Schofield. After the enemy had been repulsed and Butterfield's division close at hand, an officer of Hooker's experience ought to have been less concerned about his flank, as he had expressed himself in his dispatch, even if the Twenty-third Corps had not been present. The incident concerned only the two officers, but it is these little things that make up the whole and present to us in full view Hooker's character, which had great influence later in his final withdrawal from the army.

During the time that Hood made the attack nearly every gun on both sides had been in action and the cannonade was most terrific. From the left to the right, the active demonstration all along the lines, disclosed no change, except Hood's corps, and the extension of Loring's Corps to occupy part of Hood's old position, on Johnston's right, and as McPherson made some demonstration against that flank he found Wheeler supported by infantry and strongly intrenched in his front.

Just at this time things began to look rather blue for Sherman. Hood's assault had checked the flanking movement on the part of the Army of the Ohio. Johnston had been enabled to stretch his right beyond McPherson, and a direct assault would insure no promise of success, and Sherman's subordinates were against any further stretching of their lines.

Thomas suggested the contraction and strengthening of the lines on our left. The Confederate cavalry had crossed the Etowah, and with the aid of torpedoes had derailed and destroyed trains loaded with army supplies. The Federal cavalry under Garrard, on Schofield's right, reported the Confederate horse much stronger than his own, and as Sherman's expectations from that arm had not been realized, the outlook was not encouraging, something Sherman could not easily endure. In a humorous way he wrote to Thomas: "I suppose Joe Johnston, with a smaller force, intends to surround us." Believing that the enemy's force was now so stretched that their lines could be broken by the main strength of the Federals, he was willing to try it, and demonstrations were kept up on both flanks to attract the enemy's attention away from the center.

On the 27th Thomas was ordered to attack in the center. McPherson was to make a feint with cavalry and infantry, on his extreme left, and also to assault a point south and west of Kenesaw. Schofield was to continue his demonstration on the extreme right, and attack a point near the Powder Spring Road, close to the scene of the 22d. The army commanders were left to carry out the details.

On the 25th Sherman visited Schofield's right and accompanied the active reconnoissance, the Twenty-third Corps was then making. They found the enemy had strengthened his works by preparing protection for three batteries, with embrasure on the Powder Spring's Road, with a line that extended as far as could be seen to the right, through timber and open ground, up to Schofield's right flank, on the other side of Olley's Creek. The instructions to Schofield were changed, and instead of making an assault in force, he was ordered to make a strong demonstration to attract the enemy's attention to the right wing of the army, and in this way render assistance to Thomas and McPherson.

Sherman was not inclined to assault Johnston's line in the front. He had intended to employ a force equal to the enemy to keep the latter in his trenches around Kenesaw, and with the rest of our forces move to our right and crush Johnston's left. Sherman believed that when we secured possession of Noses' Creek and our advance on the Powder Springs and Marietta Roads, he could bring the army of the Cumberland into such a position, aided by Schofield's corps, and Stoneman's cavalry, as to draw the enemy's attention on his flank, so that Johnston would let go of Kenesaw and seek protection south of the Chattahoochie.

But the mire and terrible condition of the roads made the movement slow. Up to the morning of the 22d, the enemy had only cavalry with which to oppose Schofield's advance on the Powder Springs and Marietta roads, but Johnston, ever watchful of danger, had ordered Hood from his position on the right, to march to his extreme left, to surround, and, if possible, crush our right, but was defeated. Sherman examined his line and continued on to McPherson, advising Thomas to take advantage of any change in the enemy's front, and keep Schofield posted. As the latter was under continued orders to keep in touch with the Army of the Cumberland, up to that time all things were coming Sherman's way. With the enemy's left exposed, and the Marietta Road in our possession, with

an opportunity to use it, gave us every advantage wished for. If our troops under Hooker and Hascall could have reached Zion Church ahead of Hood, Johnston would have abandoned Kenesaw and taken position along the line of Nickajack, and Sherman's assault on Kenesaw Mountain, on the 27th, would not have been made.

The message of Hooker to Sherman about his right flank, on the 22d of June, naturally annoyed the latter; that the situation by one of his able Corps Commanders had been so exaggerated. Thomas received a similar message from Hooker with a request that re-enforcement be sent at once. The former thought that Hooker had been stampeded and sent him a division from the Fourth Corps. But when the truth was revealed it was found that only one brigade of Hooker and one of Schofield's had met with the severe loss of but 300, while the enemy had to record over three times that number. Hooker's report caused Sherman to fear that the army in its flanking operation would lose its energy and become less aggressive, and would probably not profit by the opportunity for decisive action, if offered. To this must be added the great difficulty to supply the right wing, then at a great distance from the railroad. Believing that Johnston held his army by a very thin defense, it was not strange that the Federal Commander thought it about time to strike, and break through the Confederate lines and rout their forces. This was plausible in the wooded country we were operating in; in an open country the attack would have been tactical, both as to method and the points to be assaulted. But if Sherman's army had approached the Confederates by a regular sap, and one line carried, two or three others would have been found behind them. Heretofore he had steadily gained ground, and seen where the enemy had abandoned formidable works that we had out-flanked, and to stop now, and let the enemy interrupt our communication of supplies would only demoralize our troops. With a fair chance for success by an assault at some part of the line, the same should be made, and, if successful, it would be a decisive event; if a failure, it was ventured on sound military principles. Sherman, therefore, made preparation for the serious effort to break through entrenchments on some part of the enemy's lines.

On Monday morning, June 27th, at 8 o'clock, a general advance was ordered, McPherson on the extreme left, with Garrard's cavalry, who should be demonstrative and busy making an attack at the south and west of Kenesaw. Strong skirmish lines were to

be advanced to take any advantage during the combat, and, if possible, get to the crest of the mountain. Thomas was to select the point of assault in the center, and with demonstrations to the right and left, assist them. Schofield was to attack on the Powder Springs and Marietta Road, and threaten the extreme flank of the Confederates, any advantages gained to be followed up rapidly.

The day previous Schofield had been ordered to make a strong demonstration with the right, and, if possible, to induce the enemy to strengthen that wing at the relief of our center and left wing, which would ease the attack of Thomas and McPherson on the morrow. By order of Schofield, General Cox pushed Reiley's brigade, then in front of Cheenay's, forward to Olley's Creek, brushing away anything he might find to oppose him. Reiley advanced, and by brisk skirmish soon found himself in possession of the higher ground, closer to the creek; the Fifteenth and the Twenty-third Indiana Batteries protecting him. He was opposed by the enemy's dismounted cavalry, under Jackson, intrenched on the right of the road beyond the creek, with artillery in position and covered by an intrenched hill, which was the prolongation of a fortified line, on the higher ground beyond Olley's Creek, which separates it from Nickajack. Reiley was directed to push his guns forward, intrench them in the very strongest position, support them with his brigade as well as possible, and make a great demonstration with the artillery fire, so as to attract the attention of the enemy. Two guns of the Twenty-third Indiana remained in position, supported by the One Hundredth and One Hundred and Fourth Ohio, but the Sixteenth Kentucky, the Eleventh Illinois, the Eighth Tennessee and the Fifteenth Indiana Battery and with the other two guns of the Twenty-third Indiana marched forward on a private road that led by the plantation of a Mr. Cox, with the intention to cross Olley's Creek and turn the enemy's position on his left, but the column was now up to an impassable swamp, and Reiley was compelled to bivouac for the night. Early on the morning of the 27th, the Eighth Tennessee leading, we marched to the right of the swamp, on a by-road, and found the enemy opposing. The batteries moved forward into position, the section of the Twenty-third Indiana, close to our right, and soon we had the enemy cleared out of the road, and that part of the brigade we were with was the first to cross Olley's Creek.

The One Hundredth and One Hundred and Fourth Ohio Vol-

unteers crossed on the Atlanta road, and One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois and the Sixteenth Kentucky advanced on the farm road, drove the enemy out of his works and crossed there. The Second Brigade was still further on our left and of great assistance in helping push the enemy to the rear from our crossing. We now marched up the Atlanta road, about one mile from the creek, into a strong position and intrenched there. When the second Brigade, under Col. Byrd, crossed Olley's Creek, they reached a point that was on the line of height on which Hood's left flank rested. The rising was partly isolated and well situated for a defense. Byrd was ordered to lose no time, and immediately intrench on all sides, as the place was to be held as a separate redoubt against all comers. He extended his pickets to his right, until connected with Reiley's while on his left were the rest of the Third Division of the Twenty-third Corps; the space between Byrd's right and left flank being an open valley. The sections of the battery that had covered the movement under Byrd were now making themselves useful reaching for the enemy, on the intervening ground, with their well directed fire.

According to Confederate reports our movements had caused them considerable uneasiness, and the aggressive action of the army of the Tennessee and that of the Cumberland along the whole line convinced Johnston and Hood that they had no troops to spare to re-inforce their left flank, sufficiently strong to resist our advance.

Schofield had the warm approval of Sherman for what he had done on the right flank, but the latter cautioned him that it was necessary for the isolated brigade to use the greatest watchfulness, while separated from support. The temporary bridge that Byrd had crossed was made reliable, and operations on that flank were continued early in the morning. General Cox, with the rest of the brigades moved forward down on the Sandtown Road, and Hascall, then on the extreme right flank of the solid lines that connected with the right flank of the army of the Cumberland, was trying to advance on the Marietta Road, from Culp's Farm.

Logan with his corps that was to lead the principal attack on the crest of little Kenesaw to the south and west, assisted by Blair and Dodge with feints and demonstrations in front of their corps, ordered the attack to be made by Morgan L. Smith's Division, consisting of the brigades of Giles A. Smith and Lightburn, supported by Walcott's Brigade of Harrow's Division. The formation of

attack was made in two lines, and were to go forward with the army of the Cumberland, at a given signal. By the shifting of the lines, the army of the Cumberland had gained ground to the right, bringing Palmer's Fourteenth Corps in the center and Howard's Fourth Corps on the left.

The only point in the front of this the last named corps favorable to attack was in front of Stanley's Division. There the ground permitted the formation of the assaulting columns outside of the trenches, and under cover, the Corps Commanders had to perform the duties of selecting position to be assaulted and order the details of the troops to carry the positions. Newton was ordered to prepare for an advance in the morning, in two columns. This brought Harker's and Wagner's brigades to the front and Kimbal's in reserve. They were formed in two columns of regiments, about a hundred yards apart; part of Stanley's and Wood's Division being held for support.

The Commander of the Fourteenth Corps selected Davis' Division to make the assault, at a point in front of Stanley and the latter's right. Davis was withdrawn from his place in the line, and during the night of the 26th lay in bivouac in the rear of Stanley.

Early at break of day, on the 27th, Davis and his Brigade Commanders were in the saddle and selected a place for assault in front Whittaker's Brigade of Stanley's Division, where the enemy's line presented a salient point, not covered by entanglement. The division of Davis was advanced to within six hundred yards of the enemy's trenches, just far enough not to be reached by the enemy's fire; McCook and Mitchel's Brigades in front, Morgan in reserve, and Baird's Division in close support of both Stanley and Davis, with the Twentieth Corps on the right, ready to come to the assistance of either Howard or Palmer, if a favorable contingency should arise.

The movement of Cox's Division on the 26th, had brought such favorable results, that Schofield, with Sherman's approval, limited the attack of Hascall's Division to a strong demonstration, while Cox was to continue to forward the movement on the Sandtown Road.

Early on Monday morning Cameron's brigade of Cox's Division opened the aggressive movement on the right and crossed Olley's Creek by the bridge constructed by Byrd the day before, and advanced through the valley to the slopes in the rear of Byrd's

position. Byrd who had only straddled the hill during the night, now formed line and pushed a strong line of skirmishers up the creek in the direction of where Hood had refused his lines and trenches. Cameron changed to the right and down the stream, facing towards the enemy in front of Reiley who was held here by the enemy's artillery, that commanded the road and broken bridge across Olley's Creek. As Reiley now had the most advanced position, Cameron moved forward and by a sharp skirmish caused the enemy to give way in haste. Cameron formed connection with Reiley's left and extended along the ridge until he connected with Byrd's right, who was on higher ground to the north.

These movements had taken place early in the morning of the 27th and before the hour of battle fixed for the main line, and while we were active in strengthening our line for the artillery and infantry, the deafening cannonade was heard off to our left and away in the rear. As the enemy had no time or men to give any attention to the movement of the small Twenty-third Corps, General Cox took the advantage to move Reiley's Brigade forward, following the retreat of the enemy's cavalry for two miles or more, near a cross-road that rounds the south spur of a hilly ridge which separates Olley's Creek from the Nickajack, and leads into the principal Marietta and Sandtown Road on the Chattahoochie River. The occupation of this position was of the greatest importance. The lines of the hills that line the Nickajack, prevented any extension of the Confederate line in that direction, and the road was open to us to reach the railroad, near Smyrna Camp ground, five miles south of Marietta.

A single division had hardly the strength to make the position defensible, but the ridge aided Byrd to connect with Reiley, by a strong line of skirmishers to give it more strength, and Cameron's Brigade was put in between the two. The Division Commander reported the position to General Schofield, who ordered General Cox to intrench the line and hold it. In advance of this intrenchment was a rising ground, in open timber, about three-fourths of a mile to the front, and our battery, the Fifteenth Indiana, supported by one regiment of infantry, were placed on this ground. The Battalion of Engineers was at once sent forward, and with great industry had sufficient protection for us to open on the enemy's dismounted cavalry, of which the woods to the left and right were full. Several men while at work building this lunette were wounded and killed. Lieut. Harvey complained of this advanced position at Division

Headquarters, and several times went forward and back, exposing himself and horse to get an order for our withdrawal, but no attention was paid to him on that point; it was our duty to be there, and we remained.

The Lieutenant little knew the important position we occupied, even if we had been sacrificed. Such would have been justified as had often been done in war before and since, and I am proud to say that we were not disturbed, for this position gave us a chance, if it had been required to fire across Johnston's rear. We were now around him in the form of a horseshoe and were on the extreme right flank, that annoyed the enemy most. It was true that we were separated by a long interval from the rest of the brigade or division by Olley's Creek, but while the army of the Ohio was skirmishing, bloody engagements assuming the general character of a battle were going on elsewhere. The batteries of the Army of the Tennessee, 90 guns, opened on the rocky spur of Little Kenesaw. The advance of the columns of the army of the Cumberland along the Burnt Hickory and Marietta road, that leads from Gilgal Church to Marietta, was preceded by a general artillery fire of Thomas' army of 160 guns, and at a given signal joined by the Fourth and Fourteenth Corps. About 9 o'clock the column advanced. At the same time the skirmishers of the whole army, on every part of the field became active, but on the selected points of attack the solid columns of the Fourth and Fourteenth Corps rushed forward, cheering as they went, and led and followed by such devotion and courage as is rarely shown. Newton's column reached the entanglement; the formation was lost in struggling to get through, and the infantry and artillery fire was too hot to be endured, and the men protected themselves as best they could by the fallen timber, and opened a returning fire on the enemy in their intrenchments.

General Harker, gallantly leading his brigade to a renewed assault, was mortally wounded, and hundreds of brave men and officers following him, fell also.

Davis' Division of the Fourteenth made an equally heroic effort with no better result. The Confederates credit the assaulting columns with the most determined and persistent bravery they ever met. Davis led his men over rocky and rough ground, covered with forest and tangled under-growth. His enthusiastic division marched too fast at first, and by the time they crossed the distance to the enemy's work they were blown, and had no strength for the final

effort to assault the parapet. Colonel McCook and Colonel Hannon, while leading their brigades, fell in the assault with a heavy list of casualties of officers and men in each brigade to bear them company. They reached the point of their object, but as the narrow front of their column now came in view of the enemy, a concentrated fire of musketry and canister from the enemy's artillery prevented any further advance. They had to lie upon the ground and protect themselves as best they could, and by General Thomas' consent intrenched themselves under a terrible fire, for it was safer to remain than to return over the ground and be swept by the enemy's artillery. The little digging that they were able to make, enabled them to hold on until night, when their trenches would be made permanent, enabling them to remain close to the enemy's line resting on their arms for several days and nights.

The assaulting column of the army of the Tennessee, under Smith, upon Little Kenesaw, had been at first more successful and with a rush carried the enemy's line of intrenchment, but then found that they were right up against the slope of a steep and rocky mountain, the thick entanglement formed by trees, caused a slow advance, and the men had to resort to climbing instead of marching.

Logan's assault reached the left of Lorrington's Corps, and Howard attacked Cleyburn's Division, then being the center of Hardee.

Lorrington's skirmishers, some six hundred yards in advance of his line, kept up a rapid fire on Smith's column until close quarters were reached, and they retired to the main intrenchment. The Federal troops continued their advance, but were now met by the enemy's infantry fire in the front and on their flanks, and surrounded on each side by the enemy's batteries, yet they kept on with a steadiness and determination that won the admiration of the enemy, and they held the advance ground under the most destructive fire of shot and shell, where the Great Captain of all battles gave them his natural protection from total destruction on the forest-covered field.

As no further results could be obtained, Logan ordered a withdrawal of the advanced division to the line of rifle pits first captured, and these were strengthened and held. Seven Regimental Commanders had fallen in this charge, and one, Colonel Burnhill of the 14th Illinois, within twenty feet of the enemy's principal work.

Howard's Fourth Corps met with no better success against Cleyburn's line, and the Confederates' batteries swept their front.

Palmer's Fourteenth Corps assault reached Cheatam's Division

of Hardee's Corps, and had pierced the enemy's line, but a fresh reserve brigade was brought forward, just in the nick of time, and saved the Confederate line at this point.

Twenty-five hundred of the brave boys of the North failed to answer to their names at roll call next morning, and five hundred equally brave, as only Americans can be on the field of battle, caused the mothers to mourn the loss of their sons in the Sunny South.

In the early part of the campaign each division had an organized battalion of pioneers, composed of two or three hundred men of runaway slaves. They received by an act of Congress \$10.00 per month and rations. As soon as night would come, this battalion would be set to work to dig intrenchments. The infantry would rest and be fresh for action next morning, and during the day the colored pioneer would rest. When Sherman reviewed this work he remarked: "Who ever runs up against this will get hurt."

As the southern people on both sides of the Chattanooga and Atlanta railroad had given up planting, at least for that year, for as one remarked: "They all believed that Sherman's invincible army would just march that way," most of them on account of their loyalty to the southern cause, and for the safety of their slaves, had put the latter at Johnston's disposition, who had organized them the same as had Sherman, into an engineer Battalion. These had built the most skillful works for us to run up against, which Sherman had carefully avoided until he reached Kenesaw, and as he predicted got badly hurt himself, which was so much admired by our southern friends, the enemy, that they have here complimented, in their reports, the northern bravery.

It was well that only three points had been selected for attack, in front of Tennessee and Cumberland Army, and the ground over which the center column marched, admitted each only to be of two company's front without hardly any flank protection. When the columns became checked by the obstruction and concentrated artillery fire, they became conscious of having lost the necessary impetus to carry the works, and the Division Commanders became convinced that further efforts at those salient points would only be an unnecessary loss of life. However they maintained such a rapid fire that the enemy had no time to think of a counter-charge.

In almost every case the forest ran right up to the enemy's trenches. This gave the thoughtful soldier such protection, as he by his coolness and intelligence could take advantage of.

When the enemy became aware that our advancing column was in the form of a wedge, he gave the edge of this, as they advanced, his serious attention, and understood quite well that the rest of the combat was only a demonstration to cover the assaults, and as they were equally brave, concentrated their artillery upon the heads of the assailants, and the reserves were rushed to the point of danger, and everybody knew unless the first rush was a success any other effort would be a complete failure. The number of casualties might have been largely increased, but it was impossible to have led the column any better, as they never halted until progress was out of the question.

The effort to crush the Confederate line had been tried and failed, and it would have been unjustifiable to have caused further loss without corresponding results.

The opposing armies had the same experience and found that a veteran with a rifle, in atrench, was equal to five in his front. In attacking a line the charging column would see little more than a sheet of flame, coming between the head logs of a parapet while they marched against an unforeseen foe. In this case the situation demanded to hunt for an open place, but the Division and Corps Commanders knew when the effort had failed.

The weakness of narrow and deep columns of attack against such intrenchments had ben fully tested by both armies at the affairs near New Hope Church and again at Marietta. Our copies of the French tactics had taught us that the formation of a column of Division, with a two company front, was the proper form in which to attack, but Wellington had shown that over an open country such a column had melted away before the British, armed with nothing better than the old blunderbuss, loaded with buck and ball, yet the traditional charging column, as organized by Napoleon was held on to. Our assaulting column was of the same formation, and in the wooded country did not give front enough to make a break in the enemy's line, and only offered the greatest mark to the enemy's concentrated and flanking fire, without the least possible chance to inflict a corresponding punishment on our opponent in return.

As soon as we were securely situated in our Lunetta and had a little time to survey the lay of the land, it became evident that we were upon some separate hills that connected on our left with the principal ridge, upon which Johnston's army was lined, and by

holding these, Schofield would be able to control the lower part of the Nickajack Valley, through which the Marietta Road ran. The division batteries occupied the position which was across the road we had advanced on.

An aid of General Cox, Lieut. Couchlin, one of the most daring and intelligent officers that the state of Kentucky sent to the field, passed along the direct and shortest line, from Byrd to Cameron and Reilly, reported a continuous ridge and that it would afford an excellent line for pickets to be placed on, that could give us ample warning of an hostile advance. We now kept up a continuous fire across the enemy's rear in the direction of Marietta, but these affairs that we had had, from early morning on the 27th, were small to be compared with the later terrible assault on Kenesaw Mountain by the Army of the Tennessee and Cumberland Army. The advantages of stretching the right of our army could not be seen when Sherman made the reconnoissance, on the 25th, for the Confederate line then stretched across the Powder Spring Road, and beyond our right. When Gen. Cox reported the possession of the ridge, he assured Gen. Schofield that the enemy could not extend his line along it, as he was in a position to infilade it by a flanking fire, and only asked that the thinly stretched line of his division, now so distant from support, should be strengthened by troops not needed on other parts of the line, to make his right safe and available for future movements, if so desired. Cox only suggested this as an impression from his own observation. The front of the third division was now over three miles long, from Barter's left to Reilly's right, the former covering the right of the continuous line of the army intrenchments; and, in extending the brigades of his division it was certainly a great risk, but the withdrawal of his right would have been a great disappointment. Schofield at once saw the importance of Cox's position, and as Sherman's movements had been a failure elsewhere, he determined to take advantage of what had been gained, and Stoneman's cavalry was promptly ordered up to picket the interval, and help hold the ground. The details were reported by Schofield to Sherman, and the latter at once remarked supplies while we would be away from the railroad. The weather that if we had our supplies well up he would move by the right flank, but we now must cover our railroad for a few days. One brigade and battery were left in the much exposed position in the lunette, while every effort was made to accumulate several days'

had begun to be more favorable and the hot sun soon dried up the roads. Sherman's chief engineer, Captain Poe, reconnoitered the position in our front, and his report confirmed the army commanders' purpose of making our lunette the pivot of the swinging movement of the whole army. The position occupied by our battery was once again one of the most important in the whole campaign, but not a line is found in the public records of that duty, so well performed, yet the senior officer of the battery had ample time to attend to this.

On the 29th a tour of inspection was made by Schofield and Cox, in company with Generals Thomas and Howard, to arrange the details of the grand swing of the army. A brigade of dismounted cavalry arrived on that day to help stretch out Cox's line. On July 1st Hooker relieved Hascall, and the whole 23rd Corps moved forward a mile on the Marietta Road, toward Ruff's Mill.

The Confederate Commander was now quite well aware that his position was already turned, and on the 28th, his engineers, with a heavy detail of the Georgia militia, under General Gustavus W. Smith (himself an engineer), and a lot of impressed negroes, fortified two lines north of the Chattahoochie, one crossing the railroad at Smyrna, on a ridge running from the northeast to the southwest, with its left curved to the south, following the Nickajack Creek; the other closer to the river, covering two miles of the railroad, on the western side of the Chattahoochie Bridge, which was in the deep southerly bend of the river, thence turning at right angles and crossing a ridge, reaching the Nickajack again, which takes its course for several miles parallel to the Chattahoochie. The Confederates were equally industrious in improving the fortifications expecting that we would attempt to break the line of the Chattahoochie. The intrenchments were perfection of engineering skill, but nature was again on the side of the Federal commander. The weather had so improved the road that it gave Sherman freedom of movement to maneuver the Confederates out of these two positions with an ease and rapidity that astonished and alarmed the Confederate government in Richmond, and caused them to relieve Johnston of his command, and now place at the head of their army before us, General John B. Hood.

In our advanced position in the lunette, on the night of June 28th, while wide awake and expecting the enemy to assault us, we heard the sounds of moving railroad trains, passing between Ma-

rietta and the river, indicating that materials of war were being sent by Johnston to the rear. Sherman improved the time by bringing supplies to the front to accomplish something decisive, and arranging for the preliminary movements. By the stretching to the right, from its position in front of Kenesaw, the Army of the Cumberland was able to relieve Hascall's division of the Army of the Ohio. This brought the whole of the 23rd Corps together, by which Schofield was enabled to cover all the direct roads to Marietta, and the railroad in the Nickajack Valley, reaching a ridge beyond Olley's Creek, on the left, and some rising ground near Nickajack, where the Marietta and Sandtown Road connects with the highway on which the movements had been made. On the evening of the 29th a new addition to the 23rd Corps artillery arrived, in the 22nd Indiana battery, reporting to Hascall's division. They had, up to that time, been detained at Knoxville and met the fate that we had feared so much. This battery spent the 30th in getting itself adjusted to the new conditions in the field.

Our own division occupied a ridge, or rising, as already described, the 15th Indiana battery was in position across the road, Hascall's whole division had marched through and pushing the enemy towards Ruff's station on the railroad. Just about noon Captain Denning and Lieut. Nicholson, with two pieces of 12 pound Napoleon guns, passed through the lines of our guns, on the road to the front. Knowing each other we greeted. The officers had gone forward to where Captain Schields, the 2nd division chief of artillery, had selected a place for them. While directing the pieces to their position, for their first time in action during the war, Captain Denning became the target of the enemy's sharp shooters, he soon sank from his horse, mortally wounded, and died on the 3rd of July. It is strange but true, that the first effort this officer made to do his duty cost him his life. Captain Meyers of the 23rd Indiana took matters much easier. Just before we left for the field, on May 1st, from Knoxville, this worthy and trusty of Governor Morton had charges preferred against him for drunkenness, numerous misdemeanors and general worthlessness. His battery having a good personal and an able first lieutenant, Wilbur was sent to the field under that officer and did excellent service. The Captain never rejoined his battery until in February '65, when, to our disgust, he became the leading spirit and boon companion of our own Lieut. Harvey, and, from all that I saw of him, his morals did not

improve during his arrest and trial, for, after Lee's surrender he made himself prominent by abusing paroled prisoners, and when I called his attention to it it came very near bringing on a personal conflict. On July 2nd Smith's Division of Logan's Corps, arrived from its position in front of little Kenesaw, and temporarily reported to Schofield, and was placed on the latter's right flank.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—JULY, 1864.

THE TWENTY-THIRD CORPS THE FIRST TO CROSS THE CHATTAHOOCHEE.—HOOD IS PLACED IN COMMAND OF THE CONFEDERATES.—THE BATTLE OF PEACH TREE.—THE FIFTEENTH INDIANA BATTERY SENT THE FIRST CANNON SHOT INTO ATLANTA PROPER.—THE BATTLE OF ATLANTA.—DEATH OF M'PHERSON AND THE BATTLE OF EZRA CHURCH.

Stoneman's cavalry had reached Sandtown on the Chattahoochee, McPherson, with the rest of the Army of the Tennessee, moved to the right of Schofield, which left Garrad's cavalry, the only Federal force to protect the railroad near Marietta. On the night of July 2nd Johnston evacuated his strong works on Kenesaw, and took possession of his well prepared intrenchments, in the rear of the Nickajack. The Army of the Cumberland was ordered to advance through Marietta, and anlong the railroad, until this column reached Ruff's station, where the enemy's line was developed. General McPherson, with the Army of the Tennessee, filed in on our extreme right and bivouaced near the army of the Ohio. That afternoon, about 3 P. M., while we halted with our battery on the road, ready to get in action, McPherson and Sherman met Schofield where we halted, and, for the first time I saw the Commander of the Tennessee army, with his ever smiling face, mounted on his horse. He made a fine impression, and little did we think that in the next great battle this general, as straight as an arrow, would be one of the victims.

Thomas and McPherson were now close up to Johnston and the line of Federal skirmishers had the strength of a battle line, with artillery at every available place and prominent point. Stoneman's cavalry far out on our right, was in possession of some of the crossings of the Chattahoochee. Schofield massed his 23rd Corps in

columns, to march in any direction, Garrard's cavalry was sent up to Ross Mills, about 15 miles up the river, and the trains with supplies unloaded at Marietta. Johnston, on the night of the 4th, again retreated; with his flanks intrenched on the river, covering the railroad bridge and several ferries for a distance, from left to right, of about six miles. With his well-known prudence, he had these works prepared by the old men and boys of the Georgia militia and slaves. About three miles from the river there is a fork of the roads, one runs parallel with the railroad on the right hand, while the left one leads straight for Atlanta, via Paice's Ferry. The right road was covered by the strongest and best finished field fortifications that we met during the entire war. Generals Thomas and McPherson promptly followed the extreme right road, the latter reaching the Chattahoochie River below Turner's Ferry. Stoneman's cavalry reached as far to the right as Sandtown, while the left hand or straight Atlanta road was unoccupied and unguarded, and Howard's 4th Corps reached the river by that route at Paice's Ferry. Stoneman supposed that Johnston occupied his last line for the protection of his train, and to gain time to get them out of the way, and Thomas had orders to assault the enemy's last line, expecting to make a good capture before the Confederates crossed the river. Sherman had been deceived by Johnston's strong resistance, and the severe fighting that Thomas had to engage in, so he personally reconnoitered the enemy's strong redoubts and abatis, which satisfied him that Johnston was well prepared to receive him where he was. While he was on this tour of inspection, with General Davis, a negro came out of the enemy's abatis, frightened nearly to death. He claimed to have been hidden under a log all day, with shot, shell and musket balls going over him, and, during a lull had crept to our skirmishers and made himself known, and who, in turn, sent him to Sherman and Davis, and gave them the information that he and a thousand more slaves had been at work for a month on these lines, that reached the river about a mile above, to Turner's Ferry below, a total length of about six miles.

As Johnston was now in his last lines, north of the Chattahoochie, Sherman was highly elated, as he was now on a high ground that enabled him to overlook the enemy's movements in the valley of the Chattahoochie, instead of the Confederates looking down on us, as they had been able to do on Kenesaw Mountain. The hill just back of Vining's Station, afforded a view by which

the houses in Atlanta could be seen, nine miles away, and the preparation observed for our reception, also the camps of soldiers and the large covered wagon trains. Sherman, of course, believed that Johnston with his army had crossed the Chattahoochie, and had left only a rear guard to cover the bridges, but the truth was that only the Confederate cavalry and trains had crossed. A large part of the enemy's line west from Paice's Ferry was covered by dense woods, which came near being the cause of General Sherman riding right into the enemy's camp, as Frank Sherman, an officer on Howard's staff, actually did later in the day. He was taken to Atlanta and the enemy believed they had General Sherman, our Commander in Chief.

The 23rd Corps, in its reserve position at Smyrna Camp ground, were able to make a few purchases for our mess from the commissary. Lieut. Pease of Battery D, and myself, took a ride to Marietta to see if we could not enlarge our supplies from sutlers, but none had reached that place as yet. We were, however, able to get our canteen filled at the commissary. Outside of this we had only the regular rations and some condensed potatoes. Since the 28th we had what we called comparative rest, although in action every day except the 5th, 6th and 7th of July, while in reserve. We moved on the 8th, with the division, about eight miles up the river to Soap Creek, where a pontoon was to be laid for our crossing, by Colonel Buell's pontooneers, of the Army of the Cumberland. To reach the place, we marched on by roads some distance from the river, to prevent our being seen by the enemy. As our division was in the lead, we were placed in the angle of the creek and river, near a paper mill. No camp fires, or exposure of men and horses were permitted. The pickets were pushed towards the river, concealed from the videttes on the other side, and about a mile distant, up the river from the mill, was a dam which, at low water stage, enabled a crossing, but as the river was still up, the ford was difficult and dangerous, more so, on account of the rough stones, that had been placed in the current. The main reliance, therefore, to cross the river was on the pontoons. Soap Creek, for some distance, runs parallel with the river, and then, by a sharp curve, turns into the larger stream. The ground between the river and the creek is a ridge several hundred feet high, and of about the same height as the ridges on the other side. As soon as the pontoon train came within reach of the creek, five hundred men were detailed to set up

the canvass boats and launch them. Byrd's brigade was ordered to lead in crossing, and the 12th Kentucky regiment was to be ferried over in boats. The rest of the brigade deployed along the river, to protect them, with their fire, as soon as the boats should start. The regiment, in charge of Lieut. Col. Rousseau, was not to fire, but to form as quickly as he could reach the shore and charge any force he might find in his front, and, if possible, seize the ridge above the river and form connection with the brigade of Col. Cameron, who had been ordered to cross Soap Creek, march to and conceal his men at the fish dam, push an advance guard over it, and, if the river could be forded, cross at the appointed time, with his brigade, and make a junction with those that would cross on boats, and over the pontoons. The crossing of Soap Creek was dangerous, but Cameron's men overcame the obstacle and picked their way across the slippery fish dam. At half past three in the afternoon a reconnoissance, from the top of our ridge, showed no signs or symptoms of alarm on the other side of the river. A vidette post, with a piece of artillery, was all that appeared on the heights in front of the mouth of Soap Creek, known as Phillip's Ferry. The notice to advance was given, and Col. Casement with the one hundred and third Ohio, of Cameron's brigade, crossed at the fish dam, by scrambling along the broken rocks, through a swift current, and were the first troops to cross the Chattahoochie of Sherman's invincible army. Just then twenty white pontoon boats shot out from Soap Creek, pulled by expert oarsmen, selected from Hascall's division and loaded with Rousseau's Kentuckians, of Byrd's brigade of the 3rd division, crossed over, pushed forward and covered the cotton lands, in line, on the edge of the stream. The enemy's outpost fired one single cannon shot, the gun was reloaded, but before it could be fired again, Rousseau's men were up and at them with their rifles, and no one was left to aim and fire it. The Confederate cavalry sized up the situation, and galloped away to carry the news. As the crossing only required a few moments, Rousseau had charged up the steep ridge and captured the gun without the loss of a man. The cannoniers had followed the mounted men in their retreat. Cameron's brigade came down the river and joined Rousseau's position, covering the ferry. The rest of Byrd's brigade was soon ferried over, and quick work was made to lay the pontoon bridge, which was completed just before dark, and our battery, the 15th Indiana, was the first artillery that crossed over. The second bridge

was already in progress and soon completed. It was dark and we halted in the bottom. The farrier had began to shoe some of the horses, while waiting for the pontoons, but as we crossed with the work not fully completed they now set to work and finished. The battery had been formed in park, at close interval, expecting orders to unhitch. Close to the rear lay the river, not over ten yards distant. The day had been extremely hot and the road dusty. The pure clear water of the Chattahoochie was inviting to the men for a bath. We had waited for an hour, and were still awaiting orders, when one after another of the men stripped off their clothing and jumped into the stream. When about all were in, here came the orders to bring the battery onto the ridge. There was no bugle to be sounded, so at the top of my voice I yelled the command "drivers mount," but no drivers stood to horse. In a minute the drivers quickly appeared and mounted, most of them in birthday attire with not even the traditional fig leaf. With their wearing apparel held in front of them they urged the jaded horses forward, and onto the hill we went, executed a left about and formed in battery. For the night, nearly all the non-commissioned officers were placed under arrest, and remained there for several days.

Lieut. Harvey wanted to reduce them to the ranks, but as Lieut. Kuntz and myself advised against this, it was not done and they were all restored to duty.

The ridge south of the Chattahoochie made a natural bridge head and Cox's division of five brigades, Cameron, Byrd, Reilly, Barter's and Crittenden's dismounted cavalry brigades prepared intrenchments to hold it against all comers. As evidence of the complete surprise to the Confederates, was a letter found in a deserted camp of the Confederates, wherein the soldier, in trying to allay the fears about his safety, said that he felt as free of peril, as if he was at home on his plantation, that the solitude was not even broken by a single horseman on the other side of the river, but before he had completed the letter, the apparition of Byrd's Union loving Tennesseans lined the banks of the river, and in solid column advanced upon the now completely surprised Confederates, who left their half cooked supper and unfinished letters, for other eyes than those for whom they were written. Johnston appears to have been badly served by his mounted force, on this occasion, for the crossing at the Fish dam, and the two bridges at Isham's Ford, were laid with little opposition, and Cox's division intrenched, before the

Confederates could concentrate in his front. He lost no time to test our strength with cavalry at this point, for he realized that Sherman's army had now crossed the Chattahoochie in force. He therefore abandoned the northern bank of the river, selected the line of Peach Tree Creek, as the next stop for the defense of Atlanta, while the railroad and other bridges behind him were destroyed by fire. The Confederate horsemen under Wheeler, in the vicinity of Rosswell, had been withdrawn, and when Garrard's mounted troops advanced there he found no one to oppose him. Sherman at once sent Howard's 4th and Dodge's 16th Corps to Rosswell to intrench on the south side of the river, and to build a bridge in place of the one the enemy had burned. As Sherman, at his headquarters near Vining Station, was able to view the Confederate movement, he noticed the flutter in the enemy's camp, the meaning of which he could not divine as it might mean a concentration against Schofield, or a retreat to a new position. The Federal commander needed a little time to bring forward supplies and recruits. He also waited for Rousseau's mounted division to reach him from Decatur, Alabama, which had been ordered to strike the railroad between Montgomery and Atlanta. Stoneman was ordered to cross the Chattahoochie above Campbeltown and strike the railroad southwest of Atlanta, on a week's raid. Johnston was well prepared to withdraw across the Chattahoochie. He had, for each corps, two bridges and the railroad bridge, maintained a bold front, but in the night of the 9th withdrew his three corps, and held off the attacks of Thomas and McPherson by a bold skirmish line. Early in the morning of the 10th the pontoons were removed, and his rear guard burned the railroad and wagon bridges. Howard's 4th Corps was immediately ordered to support Schofield at Phillips Ferry, and Dodge's 16th Corps, with Newton's division, remained at Rosswell. For several days McPherson kept up his demonstration at Turner's ferry, near the mouth of Nickajack, creating a doubt, as to which flank Sherman's invincible army would now move. Schofield, at Phillip's Ferry, built a bridge by which he released the pontoons, to be used elsewhere. The same was done by Dodge at Rosswell, 650 feet long. The ford at that place was rough, and the water deep. Cox's division received a support of two more brigades, and then marched forward to another ridge, fully a mile distant, from where we crossed the river. The division batteries were placed in position and the engineer battalion was put to work to prepare suitable intrenchments

for us. Johnston had anticipated Sherman in his retreat, before the latter had prepared suitable plans to follow him, but, on the 11th, Sherman was able to communicate to his subordinates what the next move would be. On the 12th Thomas was to cross at Power's Ferry, and build a bridge, head on to the south bank. On the 13th McPherson, with Logan, was to be at Rosswell, to join Dodge, and Newton's division was to rejoin the 4th Corps near Schofield at Phillip's Ferry, and on the return of Stoneman from his raid, Blair was to join the Army of the Tennessee, at Rosswell. Stoneman did not reach the railroad near Atlanta, but burned bridges and boats along the Chattahoochie, towards Newman, and was back on the 15th. On the 16th a general advance all along the line was ordered.

General Steadman was placed in command of the district of the Etowah, including northern Georgia, and took good care of Sherman's rear with his mounted infantry under Watkins and Croxton. These two defeated General Pillow, of Fort Donaldson fame, while the latter tried to reach the railroad at Lafayette. Stoneman's force was increased by a division of the 15th corps, under Gen. R. E. Smith, which made Sherman's rear secure against raids. Sherman was not as quick as usual to reach a decision, as to whether it would be best to cross the Chattahoochie above or below the railroad bridge. From Rosswell to the railroad the river runs almost due south, and below the bridge its course is southwest, while Sandtown is south of Atlanta, and situated ten miles from the river, by railroad, upon a high plateau, with streams descending in all directions, which run in the southeast to the Ocmulgee, then to the ocean and in the northwest and southwest into the Chattahoochie. The ridge upon which Decatur and Atlanta rests runs parallel with the Chattahoochie river, and a number of small streams run at right angles from the town to the river. On account of these streams it would have been difficult for Johnston to make a defense close to the river, for the deep ravines would have made the movement of troops impossible for one to support the other.

Sherman's movement of attack was necessarily governed by the shortest way to reach Johnston's communication, as the Montgomery and Macon railroads both leave the city by the same route, to the southwest, until they reach East Point. The former continues parallel to the river, and the latter makes a right angle to the southeast. This was the route by which to reach Johnston's communications, but with Sherman's invincible army between Sandtown and

Campbletown, they would have been in the rear of Atlanta, which would have compelled the Confederates to have abandoned the town, and relied on getting supplies by the Decatur road, retaining communication with Richmond, and retreating towards Augusta. The streams between the Chattahoochie and the Augusta railroad are somewhat different from those west and southwest of Atlanta, and instead of running at right angles into the river, run parallel to it and the three larger ones known as Peach Tree Creek, Nancy Creek, and Little Peach Tree Creek, that run nearly due west and enter the Chattahoochie by a wide and muddy bed, close to the railroad bridge. The ridges of these creeks afforded the best kind of position for the Confederate defense, but as Johnston feared to be outflanked by the National armies, between his forces and the Augusta railroad, he selected the south bank of Peach Tree Creek, near Atlanta, anticipating that Sherman would cross above him, which was done. There were many reasons why Sherman chose the upper route to get at Johnston. If he had adopted the Sandtown and Campbletown route, he would have given the enemy's cavalry an opportunity of crossing the river, almost in our rear, where they would have broken up the railroad, stopped our supplies and destroyed our communication for nearly twenty miles. At the same time information had been received by Sherman that the enemy was withdrawing twenty thousand men, under Early, from the Shenandoah valley, to be sent to Johnston, and that the Augusta railroad should be destroyed as soon as possible, to prevent its further use by the enemy between Atlanta and Richmond. As soon as Sherman had decided from which side to approach Atlanta, he ordered Schofield from near the river, by the way of Cross Keys, direct to Decatur, and the Army of the Tennessee, under McPherson, to the east of Decatur towards Stone Mountain, with Garrard's cavalry, still further east, destroying the railroad and telegraphs, up to Covington, and Thomas with the heavy columns of the Army of the Cumberland, on several roads from Pace's and Phillip's Ferries, direct to Atlanta. The latter's right flank would reach that town first, after which a wheel to the right would be executed by the Army of the Ohio and Tennessee, encircling the city from the three sides, north, east and southeast, which would cover the railroad and the bridge over the Chattahoochie then to be rebuilt and fortified by a bridgehead. To execute the wheel, as Sherman had designed it, would require only one day's march for Thomas to reach his posi-

tion, while McPherson on the outer flank, had fully four days marching, before he could cover the intended distance. While these movements were going on the enemy might be induced to attack Thomas's right flank, if it was presented to them, but the Army of the Cumberland in itself was sixty thousand strong, commanded by an officer that enjoyed the greatest military reputation for unflinching courage, which fact gave Sherman the confidence that Thomas could hold his own against the whole of Johnston's army, until the Army of the Tennessee and Ohio had completed their part in the game. Johnston's personal knowledge of the lay of the land gave him great advantage over the imperfect chart that Sherman had to rely on, and the Confederate commander was confident that Sherman's right wing would be exposed as soon as it should cross Peach Tree Creek and be in motion. Their well prepared intrenchments began at the railroad, about two miles from the river, and extended east for six miles until they reached the Pea Vine, at its connection with Peach Tree Creek, and then south to the Georgia railroad, between Atlanta and Decatur. This was a well chosen position, and with the best of intrenchments. But Johnston's continued retreating had brought about such a condition between himself and the Confederate Government, that he was not to give us battle in his well chosen lines; and as duty required, he had regularly reported the movements of his army in his dispatch, announcing the crossing of the Chattahoochie, he briefly said, "as a result of the enemy's advance to our left, we took this position, which is slightly intrenched." In answer to this the Confederate president telegraphed his fears, pointing out the danger of the position, reminding him that other points had been stripped of troops to assist him, and that any further re-enforcements were out of the question, and that with the army he now commanded success was expected.

This intentional rebuke, or otherwise, was spread over the country by telegraph, and Johnston's feelings were not calmed thereby. The latter answered that he had had no opportunity for battle, except to assault intrenchments, and asked to have the mounted troops under Forrest and others, in Alabama and Mississippi, sent to him to break up Sherman's communication and force him to retreat. Davis answered that no such force was in the west, or available to the Confederate cause; advising Johnston to use the cavalry, then with him, for that purpose.

On the evening of the 8th Johnston announced to the Rich-

mond authorities that we had crossed the Chattahoochie, and intrenched at Isham Ferry, and was two miles from the river. On the eleventh of the month he recommended that all the prisoners at Andersonville prison should be sent elsewhere, thus indicating that he would probably retreat from Atlanta without a battle, which the importance of the position demanded. President Davis now felt justified in his conclusions, but before acting he dispatched General Bragg, of Chickamauga fame, to Atlanta to examine the true condition of affairs. Bragg reached the place on the 13th and advised Mr. Davis of what he saw, and indicated that Atlanta would be evacuated. The army was ten thousand less than on June 10th, and could find no encouragement for success. Bragg remained near Johnston and paid the latter several visits which were courteously and kindly received, but Bragg added, "he has not sought my advice and I did not volunteer it, and apparently he has no plans for the future." "We expect to meet the enemy three miles from here, and he impresses the troops that he is now inclined to fight." "The enemy under Sherman, is very cautious, and intrenches on taking every new position." "The opposing forces are reduced alike by the hard campaign, though the mortality of our army is reported slight." The above dispatch by Bragg of the 16th, decided the Confederate President to make the change in the Commander of the Army, and on the next day Hood was appointed General in the provisional Army of the Confederacy and ordered to relieve Johnston. Hood declined the responsibility and suggested delay until the Atlanta campaign should be decided, but Mr. Davis' reply permitted of no delay and stated that he regretted the necessity for a change, but it was the only alternative of continuing a policy which had proven so disastrous. As he had been reluctant to make the change, there could be but one question either could entertain, and this was as to what was best for the public good, and for this both had sacrificed personal considerations. Before Johnston parted company with Hood, he explained to him his plans, which were to attack Sherman when his army was divided crossing Peach Tree Creek, and if successful to press the advantage; if unsuccessful, to hold the lines until Governor Brown's militia could occupy Atlanta, and then draw the army through the town, and with his three corps march out against one of Sherman's flanks, and, even if this attack did not succeed, he could hold Atlanta forever. He should have given his plans to the Confederate President, as fully as he now gave them to Hood, for

when pressed for an inquiry on the 16th as to what his plans were, he replied, "The enemy has double our number which compels us to be on the defensive, and my operation must depend upon that of the enemy, and must watch for an opportunity to fight to advantage. We will try and hold Atlanta with the militia, and the army movements will be freer and wider."

Had he furnished the details of his purpose to the Confederate President, as he now did to General Hood, and maintained a good understanding with his Government, it is safe to say he would not have been removed, but, if we read the dispatch he sent, we find that the Confederate President was not unreasonable in confirming his previous apprehension, or, if Johnston had frankly told Bragg what his plans were, the latter would have influenced Mr. Davis's decision. As an excuse, Johnston referred to the retreat of Lee in Virginia, which had been more rapid than his own, and deeper into Virginia than into Georgia, and that the confident language of a military commander could not be regarded as evidence of his competency.

Johnston was very kind to his successor and assisted him, on the 18th, to complete the movement to Peach Tree Creek, and issued all orders, through his chief of staff, to carry out his well laid plans to crush Sherman's right wing, while the invincible army was in motion crossing that difficult stream; urging on Hood, if successful, to press the advantage to decisive results, and, if unsuccessful to let Governor Brown's militia hold Atlanta and then to take the three corps, march through the town in the night and attack and crush our left flank, and if that did not succeed hold Atlanta, as he did not believe we could ever completely invest it. This plan and arrangement of Johnston, on the part of the Confederates, was all right but let us see what Sherman's move was.

There had been some delay in getting a pontoon over the Chattahoochie at Pace's Ferry for Thomas to cross his troops on, but, on the 17th, a division of Howard's 4th Corps had crossed at Powers' Ferry, and then marched down to Pace's Ferry, driving off the enemy and skirmishers protecting the laying of the bridge at Pace's Ferry, who then rejoined the corps at Buckhead. Palmer's 14th and Hooker's 20th Corps crossed at Pace's Ferry, the 14th Corps became the right, the 20th Corps the center, and the 4th Corps the left of the Army of the Cumberland. When Palmer had marched about a mile from the Chattahoochie, he reached Nancy Creek, just

a little distance above where that stream joins Peach Tree Creek, which became the extreme right flank and the pivot of the army on which the great wheeling movement was to be made. The left wing of the Cumberland Army was at Buckhead, under Howard, next to his right was Hooker, while Schofield, on the left of Howard, marched through Cross Keys south to the north fork of Peach Tree Creek. Sherman had stretched his tent fly, known as his headquarters on that campaign with Schofield for that night. During the day one of Schofield's skirmishers captured a Confederate outpost and on him found an Atlanta paper of that morning, announcing the change in Confederate commanders. After Schofield read the paper he handed it to Sherman. The latter asked Schofield if he knew Hood, and what kind of a fellow he was. Hood had been Schofield's classmate and they knew each other well, and he told Sherman that Hood was bold to rashness, and before he knew it "Hood would hit him like h——!" This already occurred on the 20th, when Hood assaulted the Army of the Cumberland. On the 18th McPherson reached the Augusta railroad, two miles from Stone Mountain, and seven from Decatur. There Smith's division of Logan's corps, and Garrard's cavalry destroyed several miles of the railroad. On the 19th the three armies moved forward and met but feeble resistance. The right of the Army of the Cumberland on that day rested at Howell's mill, the left was swinging across Peach Tree Creek near the south fork, and connected with Schofield, who was approaching Decatur from the north, while McPherson was marching on the same place from the east. Thomas held on, well to his right, with Hooker close up to the 14th Corps, and Howard close on to Hooker, with a thin line stretched on Howard's left to reach Schofield. There seems to have been an error on the map indicating two Howell's Mills, one on the Nancy Creek, the other on Peach Tree, which causes a difference in the line of nearly two miles. This left a gap between the Army of the Ohio and that of the Cumberland, and two divisions in Howard's corps were shifted to his left to help close it, while Schofield edged to his right and marched to Colonel Howard's house, on the road to the distillery, which aided in closing the gap between the two armies. Thomas crossed Peach Tree Creek, in line of battle, and was compelled to build bridges for every division deployed. McPherson was astride the Augusta railroad, and kept lined up with Schofield. On the 20th Sherman kept his headquarters with Schofield. We had advanced from early morning and rested

in an open field, on the right of the road for the noon hour. About two hundred yards to our front the field was curtained by a thick woods on the west of us, and another thick timbered woods due south of us. Just across the road from the field we were halting in and just beyond our left was another open field, but neither field was in cultivation that year. The division was in columns of regiments, and the points where the fields and the woods joined was high ground. Some one remarked that the church spires in the city of Atlanta could be seen from the rising in our front. My curiosity got the better of me and I mounted my sorrel to see about it. When I reached the crossroads of the woods and the field, I rode along a little further and soon found myself right in rear of our own vidette post, on the left of the road. Not having noticed them, I remained on the road, and to my horror and surprise, not over fifty yards distant, found a platoon of the enemy's cavalry charging on me. I wheeled around and to my great relief saw our vidette and infantry outpost open fire on the Confederate scouts. At a gallop I crossed the point of the open field, expecting to get back to our battery quickest by that route. As I reached the road which runs to Howell Mills there appeared another Confederate scouting party that met a similar fate as the one on the distillery road. I rode into the woods and finally reached the battery, a badly scared soldier, but cured of seeing Atlanta's church steeples alone and in front of the enemy. Just as I returned, and a little after noon, a fearful cannonade was heard on our right, in the direction of the Army of the Cumberland, which lasted for about two hours.

Sherman soon learned that Schofield's prediction about Hood had been correct, for the enemy had made a furious assault on Hooker's Corps, also on Johnston's division of the 14th Corps and Newton's division of the 4th Corps, just after they had crossed Peach Tree Creek, and were resting in line of battle, when the enemy, without notice, came pouring down upon them and got mixed into such close quarters, that, in many places they fought hand to hand. General Thomas happened to be near Newton's division, placed a number of field batteries in a good position on the north side of Peach Tree Creek and directed a furious fire on the solid column of the enemy, then exposing his flank as he passed around Newton's flank. The combat lasted for several hours, during which it was hard and close. The Confederates retired to their trenches in the city, having carried out the first part of Mr. Davis's aggressive plans,

by leaving their dead and many wounded in our hands on the field.

The losses to Johnston's and Newton's division were light, as they had a protected parapet. Hooker's corps fought in the open field and had to record a loss of about fifteen hundred. He reported four hundred dead of the enemy and fully four thousand more wounded, but this was guesswork. Most of the enemy's wounded reached their own lines. As Sherman's right had successfully met the bold sally of the enemy, it was a complete defeat for the Confederates, and as future operations were to be on the same line, it placed Sherman's whole army on guard to meet the unexpected from the new commander of the Confederate forces. This sally, as related, had been carefully planned by General Joe Johnston, but he was not left to carry it out. It showed, however, that he had intended to fight and hoped to destroy us outside of the city of Atlanta. The line and front of the Army of the Cumberland that received this assault was in a compact mass of a mile in length, while the Army of the Ohio and Tennessee covered a distance of eight miles, but instructions were at once given for the left and center of our line to advance in close columns up to the finished intrenchments of the enemy's line. This caused our forces to overlap them considerably on the left. Although houses and churches in Atlanta were now plainly visible, strong parapets, with ditches and abattis, prepared long in advance by the best of Confederate engineers, were be-

The 15th Corps advanced astride the Augusta railroad, the 17th had deployed to its left, the Army of Ohio was to the right of tween us.

Logan's corps, then came the Army of the Cumberland with Howard's Hooker's and Palmer's corps, in close connection, on the extreme right. Each corps had its own strong reserves, and their trains in the rear. McPherson's trains were at Decatur, under the protection of a brigade commanded by Colonel Sprague of the 63rd Ohio. General Dodge's 16th Corps had been pushed out on the right of McPherson by contracting the line of investment, and the 17th Corps had pushed its operation on the day before south of the Augusta railroad to Leggett's Hill, a rising piece of ground that General Leggett's division had carried by assault, in which General Gresham was badly wounded, also Col. Tom Reynolds wounded in the leg, who saved the same from being amputated by a joke. He was of Irish birth, hence full of native wit. When the doctors were debating the propriety of relieving him of his leg to save his life,

he begged the doctors to "spare the leg as he considered it a most valuable leg since it had been imported." The surgeons thought that if he was still able to crack a joke, they could trust his vitality to save his limb.

Wheeler's cavalry had made a most desperate effort to hold back the advancing divisions of Blair's corps, but at six o'clock that evening he was within the fortification of the city, Cheatham had stretched his line as much as he could, but Hood was compelled to order Hardee with a division to support the cavalry.

Cleburne received the order, and his division moved into the breastworks, on the rising ground, including Bald (Leggett's) Hill, south of the railroad, where Wheeler's cavalry made their last effort just before night. The order for Hardee to send a division to the support of Wheeler, to keep McPherson out of Atlanta, can best be understood by explaining a little more of the enemy's movement at Peach Tree Creek battle. The assault of Stewart's corps was west of Shoal Creek, with his right entering the angle between Ward and Geary's division, and his left extending beyond Williams. Hardee marched down between Shoal and Clear Creek, with only Newton's division to oppose him, but Ward supported Newton's right flank. Bate's division was Hardee's right, Walker's in the center and Maney's on the left with Cleburne in reserve. As the enemy approached, Newton's right brigade fronted to the right and rear, and Walker's division was the first to strike the Union breastworks which met, as usual, when defences are assaulted, with a bloody repulse, and become so shattered, that it was not able to be put again into action.

Bates' Confederate division had marched around, in the woods, to find a way to Newton's left flank, and Cleburne's division from Hardee's reserve had taken the place of Walker's defeated column, with orders to renew the assault on Newton, but just then a call was made by Wheeler and Cheatham, for re-enforcements to keep McPherson's left wing of the invincible army from capturing Atlanta, so Cleburne was sent. Hardee, with great prudence, delayed further attack, until Bates could take Cleburne's place, but by then night had come on and a merciful God stopped the useless slaughter of the southern boys for that day. In Hood's report, which was not made until January, 1865, he unjustly blames Hardee for his complete failure in the Peach Tree Creek battle. Hood, as also his officers, had intended that this should have been a decisive engagement, and

his troops had been ordered to make a desperate assault on anything they should find in their front, and make an end of the campaign. By the showing he made in killed and wounded, he certainly expected better results. If he had made the assault at one o'clock instead of at three, his repulse would have still been easier, for at that time Palmer with his whole corps was in position and in front of Hardee and Stewart, but Hardee's further attack on that evening was cut short by Hood's order to send re-enforcements to Wheeler, which was made necessary as stated, because McPherson was upon Cheatham's flank, thus preventing Hood from taking any advantage of the gap in the Federal line. If Wheeler had not been re-enforced by Cleburne's division, McPherson would have followed the Confederate horsemen and captured the city that very night.

BATTLE OF ATLANTA.

During the night we halted in the field, the division was deployed in line of battle, and the batteries in position. The distance from Atlanta, which could be seen from some parts of the line, was about four miles. On the 21st the Armies of the Ohio and Cumberland advanced and intrenched on the skirmish lines, as near as possible to the nemy's intrenchments. By the forward movement of General Wood's division of the 4th Corps, Howard was able to present a solid front from Schofield's corps on his left to Hooker's 20th Corps, while McPherson quickly reached Schofield's left with Logan's 15th Corps, Blair's left rested on Leggett's Hill, a mile south of the railroad, which Cleburne's men had so desperately defended the evening before, and had only been driven off with a heavy loss on our side. The hill, under the enemy's cross fire, was at once intrenched, though the weather was intensely hot, and many of the officers and men on that day suffered from sun stroke. The fortifications on Leggett's Hill were of the best design, with traverses to protect the guns which proved of great value next day. The city of Atlanta, from this point, was in full view and the rolling mill was within range of McPherson's guns. As Hood's flanks had become insecure, he retired during the night from his Peach Tree Creek line, but upon inspection of his works in the northern part of the city, his chief engineer reported the defenses to be badly located, and a new line in higher ground had to be selected and fortified during the night by Cheatham's and Stewart's corps, also Smith's Geor-

gia state militia of old men and boys. Into these new trenches the defeated troops were withdrawn and placed in position, except Hardee's corps of four divisions. These marched through the city and by a long detour toward the Stone Mountain where they hoped to make an attack on the extreme flank and rear of the Army of the Tennessee and crush it, expecting to follow up any success by advancing Cheatham's corps due east from the city upon Schofield, with the hopes of annihilating Sherman's army from the south and southwest.

Hood's original intention had been to attack McPherson from the south on the McDonough Road, but Blair's corps had intrenched with his right resting on Leggett's Hill, and his left refused, faced south and southeast, causing Hood to make a change in his orders. Hardee withdrew from his position in the line, two and a half miles north of the city, then marched through the town and by a circuit of fifteen miles northeast towards Decatur. When within two and a half miles of that town he halted to have his troops closed up and rested, then forming to face to the northwest. That Sherman's whole army would be on the lookout for unexpected blows from Hood was but natural, after his assault of the previous day on Thomas, and no one knew Hood better than Schofield. On the 21st we had advanced on the distillery road, about one and a half miles closer to Atlanta, and had kept up the alignment with McPherson and Thomas. That evening, as we halted, the chief of artillery, Major Wells, came to me, asking to follow him with my section. I did so and he took me about six hundred yards into a dense woods, had me unlimber and a company of pioneers ready to throw up a little breastworks for the two guns, but with no protection for horses and limbers, while the caissons remained with the rest of the battery. The Major instructed me to load the guns with canister and fire at anything that approached from that direction, enjoining us to keep the greatest silence, but how could we see anything approaching us in a dense woods and on a pitch dark night. I must confess that my fears were that our time had come and that we had been chosen to be sacrificed in order to give the alarm of a night attack, and my fears were well grounded, while we, in dead silence, listened for any noise; my fears were such had my hair inclined to be white, they would surely have been such in the morning. With lanyard in hand, and primer in the vent, No. 4 leaned on the wheel all night, ready to pull at the approaching noise, but as none came, at 4 a. m. our

chief called me and had us withdraw our charges of canister, and then we returned to camp to enjoy a little rest with the others of the battery. The enemy had been in our front not over two hundred yards distant, but at 1 a.m. had left and retreated into the fortifications in the city. As soon as daylight had fully arrived Cox's division moved forward, on the distillery road, and after a march of two miles reached the Howard house. Schofield and Sherman, with the head of the column, soon had their telescopes strapped to a tripod and with the enemy working like beavers in full view of all that cared to look. Scarcely had our appearance attracted the enemy when some well directed shells of the siege guns exploded where we were. Sherman, on foot, walked right in on the road, and Captain Cockerell of Battery D noticed that these shells created the greatest danger. He followed Sherman for about fifty yards and called his attention to the danger. The General appeared to be in deep thought, but returned with Cockerell, and, as some of his staff officers had returned, kept himself busy with them. Captain Daniels of the signal corps soon had a station fixed on the top of the turret, in the Howard house, and the waving of the flags brought several general officers to the spot, among them McPherson, Dodge and Logan. We halted in the road, the 15th Indiana battery leading the division artillery column. Major Wells called on me to bring the guns forward, file the head of column to the left, and come to an action right and fire at the enemy, then busy perfecting their breastworks, some nine hundred yards distant. This was as promptly complied with as the commands could be given, and the first shot from that position under Sherman's, Schofield's, McPherson's, Dodge's and Logan's very eyes were sent to the doomed city by our guns, but the enemy's line was still some three quarters of a mile from the city, and an ordinary shot could not reach the town, so, without orders, one of the number 6's prepared a case shot with a double charge and a twenty seconds fuse, unknown to me and the gun sergeant. A higher elevation was given and the shell went on its way to the center of the city. This and the recoil of the gun had been noticed by the general officers then around our guns. The chief of artillery, in great anger was beside me and wanted to know why I had fired into the city, and not confined myself, as ordered, to the line of the enemy's defense. I stammered an excuse that I was as ignorant as he was, and feared my shoulder straps would be lost. This shot was the first that reached the heart of the city, and

I have evidence from reliable witnesses that it struck the Trout House, a hotel, near the depot. As nothing came of the incident I was enabled to retain my rank. Cockerill's battery D took position next to us and for several hours we enjoyed the privilege of chasing the Georgia militia over the breastworks whenever they appeared.

At the same time there appeared a general officer on the Confederate side with his staff and escort. He became a prominent mark for our practice, and we had the satisfaction to see him change position about as often as he came in sight of us. He proved later to be General Hood, taking a survey of our position, also waiting for Hardee to make his assault on the rear of Sherman's left and crush the Army of the Tennessee. Their skirmishing, by the opposing outpost, especially on the distillery road, west of Clear Creek became very lively. Sherman and the aforementioned officers were in and about our limbers and caissons with map in hand tracing the lines occupied, sometimes standing, then sitting on the porch of the Howard House, and finally McPherson and Sherman were seen a little off to our right still tracing over their maps, while seated beneath a tree. Just then the skirmishing on our extreme left and rear became very hot and lively and with this, about 11 a.m., was mingled the deep roar of artillery. In the direction of Decatur and south of us near Bald Hill, McPherson, dressed in a full Major General's uniform with gauntlet gloves incasing his hands, high top riding boots, mounted his horse sitting as erect as an arrow and with staff and escort following him, rode off in a gallop to the left of his line. The volume of the firing, both infantry and artillery, on that part of the field increased for the distance of about five miles, and the enemy inside of Atlanta was very active, and the thundering cannonade of the heavy guns on both sides, aided by the rattling volleys of the infantry were deafening. This soon became more aggressive and nearing our lines rapidly. We, of course, were active and gave the Confederates prompt reply with the best practice that we knew how. Some provisional breastworks, about three feet high, had been erected, which afforded little protection, but we were saved by the bad marksmanship of the enemy and their extremely bad powder that refused to carry their projectiles far enough to reach us. Our line was now continuous, from Thomas' right flank to the left of McPherson, including Bald Hill, occupied by Leggett on the previous day. As the extreme right gave protection to the railroad crossing of the Chattahoochie, the work of rebuilding the bridge

was progressing rapidly. During the time we were engaging the enemy with our rifle guns, Logan's corps filed in on the left of us, and formed a straight line from our left, due south to the Augusta railroad. One regiment, for lack of space in the lines lay close in rear of our battery, and for the first time during the war I found a soldier having his wife with him in the field. The woman, unmindful of the shrieking shells set at once about her work to prepare a meal for her husband's mess, while the battle with all its fury was in progress. She was treated by officers and men with the courtesy due a lady, and had proven herself such.

The storm of combat had lasted about a half hour, when Sherman, who was still near our guns, received word that McPherson had been killed. McPherson had left Sherman at the Howard House and in a gallop had ridden to the railroad where he met Logan and Blair between their lines, and Dodge's 16th Corps. The heavy firing of the last named corps indicated a large force of the enemy in our rear. Logan and Blair rode to their corps in a gallop and McPherson to Dodge's corps.

To reach Fuller's and Sweeny's division of that corps, the enemy had to cross an open field, and as Fuller was on the right he was reached first and though at first repulsed, renewed the assault with great determination. Just then Welker's Missouri battery, supported by the 14th Ohio infantry, swept the front of Fuller and Sweeney, permitting the Confederates under Walker and Bates to cross the field. McPherson just now on Fuller's right had ordered the trains away, and received a message from Blair that his flank had been attacked. A brigade of Logan's reserve, under Gen. Wangelin, was near, and the latter received a personal order from General McPherson to fill the gap between Dodge and Blair. This satisfied him that Dodge could hold his position and he started at a gallop for Blair's line over a road which had been clear of the enemy, but he had not advanced over a hundred yards when he ran into Cleburne's Confederate skirmish line, then advancing. They called on him to halt and surrender, but, instead, he saluted and wheeled to gallop away. The enemy fired a volley and the great general with the traditional smile on his face sank from his horse, mortally wounded. As his staff were busy carrying orders, he was alone with an orderly. The latter was wounded and captured, but a wounded soldier nearby got away and gave the information of the great loss that the invincible army had sustained.

In a short time the tide of battle shifted in another direction and the general's body was recovered before it was cold. His pockets, however, had been rifled of valuable papers and letters of instruction given him on the previous day, and in the morning while in conversation with Sherman. The body was soon brought by an ambulance to the Howard house, but, as that place was now in the line of the enemy's fire, Sherman sent a personal staff and escort to Marietta, and from there forwarded it to Clide, Ohio, where the dead general was buried with military honors. General Fuller being near the place where McPherson fell sent the 64th Ohio infantry forward to cover that flank. This organization was armed with Henry rifles, and were able to check Cleburne's skirmishers with great loss, capturing a flag and about forty prisoners, and with them McPherson's equipments and his pocket dispatch book, with letters from Sherman and details of plans of that day and future movements.

In his advance Hardee brought out his left, in full view of Atlanta, and lapped over Blair's front and left wing, while Morgan L. Smith's division, protected by a line of works, had no trouble to repel the enemy's movements, inflicting terrible loss, as Cleburne's and Maney's remaining troops tried with great courage to cross the open field. They were attacked from several sides, and many killed and others made prisoners. The time did not permit to make a movement to change front except to face about. This was performed by Smith's division, leaping over the works and firing from the other side. The enemy's advance pressed on and reached Bald Hill and tried to assault Force's brigade, now holding the ground which they had taken the day before. They, too, were obliged to fight from the reverse of their works, but determined to hold the hill, and several officers of high rank were wounded in the effort. As the ground over which Hardee's corps had advanced was a dense forest, considerable time was consumed in making the described movements, which caused some of the Union organization to be broken into squads, but with the true western instinct of a frontiersman, the disjointed platoons of Sherman's invincibles, sought such natural protection as made Hardee's intrepid troopers pay dearly for every foot of ground he was advancing over. Wangelin's brigade, of Logan's corps, had reached the line on Dodge's right as intended in the last order given by McPherson, while living, and was of great assistance in covering

Blair's change of front, of which Bald Hill had become the pivot and the scene of stubborn fighting for the new line.

Wangelin's connection between Dodge and Blair made a continuous line, which the further assaults of the enemy was unable to shake. General Sherman promptly placed Logan in temporary command of the Army of the Tennessee, and in a message encouraged him by expressing great confidence in him and his troops. As Sherman heard of Wheeler's assault on Sprague's brigade that guarded the wagon train at Decatur, he ordered Schofield to send an additional brigade, to guard his own train behind the Pea Vine Creek and assist Sprague, also to send re-enforcements to the left flank of Dodge's corps, on the Augusta railroad.

Reilly's brigade was sent to the Pea Vine Creek and General Cox, at the head of Barter's and Cameron's brigade, with the 15th Indiana battery, was sent on the direct Decatur road to support Logan. As we reached the flank Dodge requested one of the brigades to be placed in his line, expecting a momentary renewal of the assault, and Barter was sent him. Cameron and the 15th Indiana were taken to a rising ground, within a mile and a half of Decatur, and intrenched. Sprague in Decatur was soon hard pressed by Wheeler, but Reilly being near the two drove off the Confederate troopers, who now retired in our direction to join the right flank of Hardee, but finding us ready to meet him, drew off in the woods toward Stone Mountain, and did not disturb our lines any further that day. We had been in action all the morning until withdrawn for the just described movement, when about one o'clock the infantry brigades being already well on the way, Major Wells ordered us to limber up and follow him. We did as ordered, and, at a gallop, with cannoneers mounted, passed along the west side of Pea Vine Creek. About a half mile distant from our starting point, on the east side of the creek, was the field hospital with a corps of surgeons and operating tables; for the bloody work was performed in the open, and, oh, what a sight. Here were arms and legs piled up in tiers, as we were accustomed in the good old days to pile up the winter wood, after being sawed to length for stoves or fire places. There lay a number of men (or boys as we all then were) with faces covered over, dead, having passed away under the surgeon's knife. Others, sitting on the ground waiting their turn on the operating table, and still others dressed and moving about with bandages. Again others, laid on the stretcher, and

ready to be placed in the ambulance to be sent to hospital in the rear. Such a sight will probably never be seen again on the American continent. This was only the field hospital of one division, and there were many divisions in action that day. But what we had seen was nothing to what we now saw, as we advanced at a full gallop. We reached the place where Hardee's right had first struck Dodge's corps in the flank on the left. On the right of the road was an open woods and Hardee's troops while crossing the fence, by a left wheel, had received the full fire from one of the 16th Corps reserve divisions, that had been able to deliver a charge at close interval. Some of the officers, mounted on fine steeds, were killed while crossing the fence. The horses astride the rails, and the officers lying in a helpless heap near by. The Confederate dead were thick along the line, but a little further where Dodge's reserve had made the stand were a corresponding number of our northern boys down on the ground to rise no more. In the woods lay the Confederate division preparing to assault the Union veterans before them and drive them to the open field, that had been our left at the Howard house. We passed their right at a pace that would put a present day fire apparatus as they fly through the streets of our large cities badly behind in a race with our guns. The drivers were urging their horses at the greatest speed, leaning forward with whip in hands and spurring the poor animals, that seemed to smell the battle from afar, knowing their presence was needed, and they themselves sped on bleeding at the nostrils, mouths covered with foam and ears pointed to the front to catch the full noise of battle. Not a spoke was visible, and the races of the old Roman chariots in their coliseums were but puerile as compared to our effort to reach the line of battle. The dust covered the whole battery, and the leading carriage could scarcely be seen by the one following. We soon reached the railroad, passing the head of the column, to the left, and kept on flying along the mud road to Decatur where Cameron's brigade had formed a line astride the railroad and the mud road, and we came to an action front, which was the work of a minute, and the engineers hastily prepared a little piece of breast-works for our protection. In this position we awaited the assault of Wheeler's cavalry. He soon pushed his skirmishers in our direction, but, seeing the position held with firmness and determination, he marched off towards the south to rejoin, late in the evening, the rest of Hood's defeated veterans. We remained in this po-

sition until next morning when we returned to our former position, near the Howard House. Hardee's first assault had spent its force and from the hours of one to three p. m. both sides appeared to be readjusting their lines. The enemy's right division was in the thicket of the timber, advancing to the open ground in Logan's rear. The latter's line extended from the Howard House to the railroad cut, and a little south of it was a knoll on which De Grasse's battery had taken position, close to a dwelling house, which should have been burned early in the morning, for the reason that the enemy used it in the afternoon as a citadel. If the enemy had faced to the rear as we passed their position in the woods on our way to Decatur they could have destroyed us by one volley, but instead were bent on getting to Dodge's rear, and followed the latter's reserve to the open ground, hoping to carry out the plan to destroy the Army of the Tennessee. Sherman was well aware of Hardee's right, as he was still with Schofield at the Howard house, and in person ordered all the 23rd Corps batteries into position, at right angles, facing from our position, in line, south, to await the advance of Hardee's right and Cheatham's corps making assault from Atlanta through the open field. Sherman had gathered about thirty pieces, well manned, south of the Howard house, and about three o'clock the enemy's right appeared at the edge of the woods in the open field and with a yell went forward to Logan's rear. As the Southerners offered their right flank the 23rd Corps artillery did their best and the Confederates received such a terrible destructive fire that they halted and sought safety in retreat to the railroad cut and the woods. The southern boys were re-formed and again urged forward, but again and again the canister, shrapnell and shell of the 23rd Corps' artillery was too destructive for them. At the time these efforts took place, Logan's men changed front, crossed the breastworks and opened a fire on their pursuers, which caused the enemy not reached by the 23rd Corps guns to leave, with the ground covered with dead and wounded.

As soon as General Hood in Atlanta saw his troops in the open field in front of Blair's line he ordered Cheatham's corps over the breastworks and pushed them forward to the front, attacking Blair on his right and rear and assaulting the Federal line between Logan and Blair.

By getting possession of a large house near the railroad before mentioned, and from the cover of this house they were able to kill

every horse in De Grasse's battery and push a column forward to capture that battery, but several guns of their 20 pound Parrott pattern were spiked before they fell into the enemy's hands. Dodge's 16th Corps, as also Blair's 17th Corps, were assaulted by Cheatham's advance, and quite a gap was made, the Confederates charging to the right and left as they passed the railroad track. General Morgan L. Smith had sent Col. Jones of the 53rd Ohio with two regiments and a section of artillery well to the front. The Confederates under Cheatham were soon on their flank, causing Jones to withdraw to the principal lines. In this movement Cheatham had the advantage of the railroad embankment and the large house already referred to. Leggett had just driven off Hardee's assault from his rear by crossing to the front of the breastworks, when Cheatham forced them to seek the other side and again defend their proper front. Blair being on the higher ground, south of the railroad, had considerable advantage in holding the ground, and with most desperate fighting drove off the enemy, but part of the 15th Corps, to the north, was taken in reverse by the enemy's artillery, now stationed at the edge of the woods where McPherson had been killed, and scrambled away to and near the railroad track where, with courage and determination, they formed a new line. Jones, in command of Lightburne's brigade had made a desperate fight to drive the enemy from his front, but just then Hardee's fire in his rear reached the reserve of Morgan L. Smith's division, and Cheatham, having possession of the railroad cut and the house on the hill, was able to reach Jones from his right flank and rear, by rushing through the railroad cut, forcing the Federals to retire and spike the guns of the Illinois battery. Under the same movement the second line retreated, and for a time De Grasse's battery was in the hands of the enemy. Wood's division, then the right of the 15th Corps, closely connected with Schofield's 23rd Corps and by the enemy edging through the railroad had passed through the gap and in the rear line of the 15th Corps. Sherman having noticed the separation of his old corps from his lookout at the Howard House directed in person the artillery that now operated on the enemy's flank, as it came into view, while charging to the east. This was done, and the batteries of the 23rd Corps had the advantage to reach Cheatham's flank at short range, while he crowded along the railroad. Under this fire Cheatham's left flank crumbled to pieces, and, by now making a counter charge the enemy was

routed from his advanced position by the 15th Corps and the guns, except two, were recaptured and the 15th Corps intrenchments re-occupied and the line restored.

The two corps of the enemy that made these movements were operating on two sides of an angle which caused their commanders to be miles apart and which prevented them from making a joint attack. This enabled the Federals, under Blair and Logan, first to repel Hardee from the front and later Cheatham from the rear, and, during the lull while Cleburne and Manney were reorganizing their lines for another attack, Blair was able to have his men make a light line of breastworks, that connected Bald Hill with Dodge's line. The latter had also perfected a line of defense, sufficiently strong to enable him to hold it against all comers. Although the enemy repeated the attacks the chances of success for them had disappeared and further efforts only added to their list of casualties, by which the position of the left wing of Sherman's invincible army, now under Logan, was no longer imperiled. The effort of the Georgia militia to storm the heights at the Howard House was easily repulsed by Schofield's single line. General Thomas had been looking for a weak spot in the enemy's line, in front of the Army of the Cumberland, but found Stewart's Confederate corps behind an elaborately prepared breastworks, to receive him, and it would have been the height of folly to assault them.

As night now came on Hardee withdrew his right, and the whole Confederate line that faced to the east were on a ridge, between Sugar Creek and Entrenchment Creek, which connected with the salient points in the Atlanta fortification. Hood had expected that Sherman would operate by that flank to reach the Macon railroad, but Sherman's mind had at this stage of the campaign another game in view. To carry this out he increased the distance of destruction of the Augusta railroad for fully ninety miles east, (to his rear), so that no re-enforcements from Richmond could be in easy reach of Hood, while Sherman operated against that city, but while the cavalry under Garrard had been very active towards Covington, his advance had enabled Hood to have Hardee appear upon the flank of the Army of the Tennessee, without warning, although the attack was equal in numbers, four division against four, and the odds were in favor of a rear attack, aided by another rear attack, under Cheatham, with overwhelming numbers against Blair, which he, however, repulsed with heavy loss under circumstances

that made it necessary to reform his line after the unexpected assault of Hardee's corps and, as he was able to present an impregnable front, he developed fighting qualities in his troops that have seldom been equaled and never excelled.

The impulsive tactics of Hood's aggressive campaign, for the few days he had been in command, cost the national army on this day 3,521 killed, wounded and missing, and a loss of ten pieces of artillery. De Grasse's battery was recaptured and the other guns lost were Murray's regular battery, which was captured while on the march, and two guns of battery C, 1st Illinois artillery from Morgan L. Smith's division of Logan's corps. These guns were dragged from the field by the enemy. 1,000 dead of the enemy were delivered to Hood under the flag of truce, in front of Blair's corps, and 422 of the brave southern boys were buried in front of Dodge's corps, while 700 young men heroes of the lost cause were found dead in front of Logan. Blair believed that the dead in front of his other division would number a thousand more, making a total of 3,200 with a liberal deduction for mistakes. We may claim at least 2,500 dead of Hood's army, equal to Lee's and Meade's loss at Gettysburg, in three days, out of 75,000 each engaged, and these were recorded in the battle of Atlanta in the short hours from eleven a. m. until the sunset on that day which showed the kind of stuff Sherman's invincibles were made of.

After his failure Hood complained of Hardee being too slow, and the movement had not been made far enough to the east, and the attack lacking in vigor, but, as Hardee had traveled 15 miles in seven hours during the dark of the night and had been halted by a passing cavalry column then forming, and moving through a thicket for miles, over a broken country, without being able to see in advance, not knowing the line of his opponent, so that he could dress his own line accordingly. If we take all of this in consideration, then Hardee's movements could not have been improved on. When Hardee's right struck Dodge's corps which saved Sherman's left flank, this attack was made as early as could have been expected, and for all time to come the movement of his troops on that eventful day in the woods will be considered as a fine piece of military maneuver by any military student who may study it.

During the early morning of the 22nd, before McPherson, Dodge or any other of the generals of the Army of the Tennessee arrived at the Howard House, General Sherman and others noted

that the troops in Atlanta were moving to the south. We could also see people in great numbers among them, women on the tops of the houses watching the Yankee army, and to view the impending battle. Such craning of the neck and risk at exposure, plainly indicated to the veterans that they were out for sight seeing and it was probably due to this, that caused the chief of artillery, Major Wells, to demand that we fire at the lines, and not into the city.

The silence of the enemy's guns up to that time, made our officers believe, General Sherman also, that Hood was preparing to abandon Atlanta. So closely had we invested the city that McPherson joined in the belief. Shortly after noon, during the time that Sherman was giving his personal attention to Schofield's artillery, the latter prepared part of his corps and a large part of Hascall's division, to make a counter charge along Clear Creek, if the enemy should break through, and get in between Cheatham and the city; but as this movement would have been of assistance to the Army of the Tennessee, and as Thomas was not prepared to send any part of his reserve to assist Schofield, Sherman remarked that it would be well to let the Army of the Tennessee fight its own battle. Had Schofield's plan been supported by Thomas and encouraged by Sherman, we would have cut Hood's army in two, and by overpowering numbers would have destroyed it, and captured the city of Atlanta before night; but the opportunity was not taken advantage of, and the chances for this brilliant movement on Atlanta from the east, passed by, the object of the movement having been accomplished by the destruction of the Augusta railroad for nearly 90 miles, in such a manner that the same could not be rebuilt on short notice, so as to be of any benefit to the Confederates; and, as supplies played an important part with Sherman's invincible army, the Commanding General decided to move by the right flank, instead of to the Macon railroad by the rough and ready station. The absence of Garrard's mounted troops, and also Rousseau's division that had destroyed the Montgomery railroad near Opelika, was awaited before making any further movements. On our arrival from Decatur early on the morning of the 23rd, we were assigned to our old position in front of the Howard House. During the night good breastworks with embrasures had been prepared for us, and some buildings on the Howard plantation had been dismantled to make platforms for the guns. Our firing was kept up at slow intervals not alone on the enemy's parapet, but into the city.

During this cannonade, one of my men made an offensive remark, which, with revolver ready, I resented, and serious results would have probably ensued, had not Lieut. Harvey relieved me. I should simply have enforced my orders of discipline, and I have ever since regretted my action as to this incident. During the night we had a detail of cannoneers, by relays, who continued to fire, and just after dark Capt. Daniels and his assistants touched off a fine piece of fire works for signal purposes. This was seldom seen and must have been very impressive to our friends, the enemy, in the city and around Atlanta, as it was inspiring to our men watching the foe behind the powder burned breastworks of the doomed city.

By the death of McPherson that afternoon, Sherman was under the necessity of appointing another commander for the Army of the Tennessee. Hooker, by his senior rank, would have been entitled to the command. Logan expected the promotion, but as he was only a volunteer General, and heavily engaged in politics just then, that class of generals were not sought after as Department Commanders, and the West Point graduate was more favorably thought of, although Logan had won his advanced position by bravery, and his valuable services were highly considered. However, like many volunteer officers he delighted to quarrel with his superiors about commands given him, but in the execution of his instruction in battle, he would, with brilliancy and great gallantry, see the work done well, and in the late battle Sherman was profuse in his praises of Logan, and disclaimed any depreciation of Logan's high merit, in appointing another to the command of the Army of the Tennessee. With General Hooker the matter was different. He held the senior rank, to both Sherman and Thomas, and therefore claimed the right of the appointment, but from June 22nd, the date that Hooker sent his message to Sherman concerning the right flank, there had been quite a breach, continually increasing between the two great generals, causing Sherman to doubt whether he could rely on the co-operation of Hooker to such an extent as to insure the success of this campaign. This placed Hooker out of line of promotion although Sherman repudiates the intimation that he favored officers bred in the regular army, but with our knowledge at that time of the military affairs, we then believed that West Point had considerable influence in determining the appointment of a new commander of the Army of the Tennessee, and by doing so, Sher-

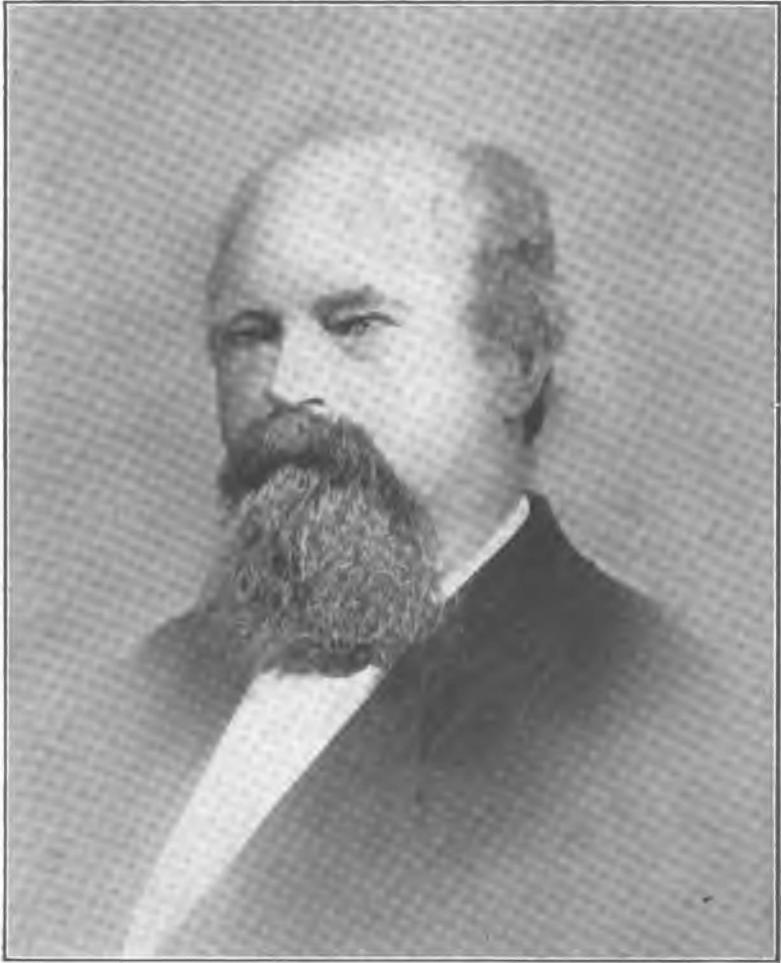
man believed that he was securing the best for the organization of his invincible army. In the matter of appointment Thomas appears to have been consulted by Sherman, and the two agreed to recommend Howard. The president acted upon this recommendation and Howard received the permanent appointment as Commander of the Army of the Tennessee. This assignment caused Hooker to ask to be relieved. As Howard had served under Hooker with the 11th Corps, at the battle of Chancellorsville, where the former had been surprised and overrun by Stonewall Jackson, in his flank movements, causing the disaster, and Hooker declined to serve any longer with that army, where he sometimes might be thrown under the command of his former subordinate. Major General Slocum, who had come west with this 12th Corps, was, upon consolidation of the 11th and 12th into the 20th Corps, sent to Vicksburg, to command at that place. When Hooker resigned he was called to command the 20th Corps, and assumed command about the latter part of August

By the appointment of Howard, the agreeable association of the army commanders continued as it had been, when McPherson was at the head of the Army of the Tennessee. All three were true to their commander-in-chief, and at all times carried out Sherman's views, without hesitation, and entirely free from jealousy, each giving the closest attention to the administration and handling of his own troops. Next to Sherman, Thomas enjoyed the highest respect and confidence of his junior companions. Schofield and Howard both highly respected the hero of Chickamauga. As Howard's promotion had left a vacancy in the command of the 4th Corps, Major General David S. Stanley, a former division commander, and of the regular army, was placed in command. On the 24th we received about fifteen recruits, led by a young man that had served in Colonel Streight's 51st Indiana, but had been discharged for disability. The men were of the best that the state of Indiana had sent to the field. They had received considerable bounty and no doubt had enlisted for the money that there was in it. They were assigned as drivers, and made first-class teamsters in our battery. We continued the fire into the city during the whole of that day, but received little reply and did not see any more citizens on the roofs of the houses, as on the 22nd. We fired during the night and the next day without saving any ammunition of which we had a plentiful supply, since the railroad was in running order. As the

houses in the city were no longer tenatable the residents built themselves "bomb proofs," a hole dug in the ground, then covered with beams and earth about six feet thick for a covering and in this the family would move and be safe from the artillery fire.

Sherman was considerably annoyed by the proposed promotions of General Osterhaus and Hovey. Their cases have already been told, in detail, in this narrative, but Sherman's protest did not avail. It was a year of politics and policies had to be followed to get most votes. The greatest wrong done by these political promotions at that time was suffered by Colonel Poe, Sherman's chief engineer, a man of the greatest ability, who would have worn Major General shoulder straps, if promotion had been the reward of merit, but the President's list of appointments was full to overflowing, and the Congressional limit of General officers filled, and if a vacancy occurred, the politicians were quickly scrambling to fill it, long before Generals Grant or Sherman would hear of it. Col. Poe had no such aid, hence his deserved promotion did not come to him, and at one time he had been so far crowded out that he held but the rank of a company officer in the engineer corps, this after having demonstrated his ability in the field as a general officer. But Sherman recognized his ability and talent and made him his Chief Engineer, with the rank of a Colonel.

In his correspondence with Washington about the Osterhaus and Hovey promotions, Sherman did not mince matters, but frankly said if the rear be the post of honor, then we had all better change front on Washington. These facts no doubt were remembered when Morton of Indiana, in 1876, tried to get the presidential nomination at Cincinnati. Morton was the promoter of Hovey's commission. Osterhaus's promotion would no doubt have come to him, after Atlanta had fallen, for he was a fighter and deserving. When Hood made his far reaching charge against General Hardee having been timid at the battle of Peach Tree Creek, by cautioning his men to look out for breastworks and again in the battle of Atlanta on the 22nd, when he charges Hardee with not having carried out his orders, to go farther to the rear of Sherman's army. Hardee handed in his resignation to the Confederate authorities, but at the request of Mr. Davis he withdrew the same, and for the time being retained the command of his old corps. General Stephen D. Lee, who had been in command in his native state, Mississippi, was called and placed in command of Hood's old corps. This



GEN. HUGO WANGLIN.

brought Cheatham back to his division, in Hardee's corps. The division of General Walker, who was killed in the battle of the 22nd, had been so reduced by heavy losses on that day, that it was broken up and assigned to other divisions. On the 25th the Ross-well line of supply for Sherman's army was abandoned, and the left wing was ordered to send its trains and hospitals near the railroad, on Peach Tree Creek, to which the troops of the Army of the Tennessee were to follow on the 27th, thus becoming the extreme right of our army, while the Army of the Ohio, under Schofield, became the extreme left. As the left flank of the 23rd Corps was now refused, looking almost due east, we were able to occupy the enemy's breastworks that they had held on the 20th, against the Army of the Cumberland. At the same time Stoneman had organized a force of about six thousand five hundred mounted troops at Decatur, with which he intended to break the Macon railroad, and with part of these he intended to go to Macon and Andersonville which would have been plausible under a very energetic and able leader but at the very start Stoneman weakened himself by leaving Garrard at Jonesboro. Early on the morning of the 27th the several expeditions were in motion, Dodge's 16th corps was the first to leave its position, marching in the rear of the rest of the army, until it reached Davis' Division of the 14th corps, which formed the right of the Army of the Cumberland, which brought the 16th Corps under Dodge across the Lick Skillet road that runs from Elliott's Mill to the Mount Ezra Church, on a ridge which faced Proctor's Creek. The 15th Corps followed and marched all night, and the 17th Corps passed in rear of Dodge and formed on the latter's right flank, early in the morning of the 28th. The line now extended to the church, where the north and south road, better known as the River Road, crosses the Atlanta and Lick Skillet Road. The Macon and West Point railroad, then the only one open to Hood for supplies from the south side, left the city at the race course and then both ran on the same track for five miles, to East Point. On ridges of several creeks, among them Proctor, Utoy and Camp, that rise in ravines and run north and west to the Chattahoochie River. There were other creeks and hilly ridges that ran parallel to the line of the railroad close to where the Lick Skillet road leaves the city. The Confederates had strongly fortified themselves with a salient and a bastion and then extended their line a little to the east, of south, for a mile, then crossing the railroad, and for a half

mile further their fortification ran close to the track. This brought Blair's 17th Corps right within about one and a half miles of the railroad, which gave Sherman the hope that if Hood could confine himself to the line of defense around the city, he would be able, by his larger force, to reach the railroad within a day or two, but Hood's engineers were already at work to construct a new line that would leave the city at the bastion already described, and then run southwest for more than four miles, crossing the Utoy Creek, and then curving on some prominent hills, protected by broken ground in front. Close to where the road runs from Atlanta to Sandtown, on the Chattahoochie, the defense line had left the railroad at the Bastion, and when it reached the Sandtown road was nearly two miles to the west of it. This caused Sherman to repeat his flanking movements which he had practised so well against Johnston on the north side of the river.

The terrible losses that Hood had met with in the battle of Peach Tree Creek, on the 20th, and again in the battle of Atlanta on the 22nd, had satisfied his men for any more bloody battles, but as he had been placed in command of the army, to change the tactics of his predecessor, he could only continue the assault on whatever was in his front, which induced him now to make another effort to crush Sherman's flank, while in motion, and before defences had been erected. Stephen D. Lee, the newly arrived commander of Hood's old corps, was to try and prevent Sherman from extending his lines past the Lick Skillet road where it crosses the river road. Loring and Walthal's division of Stewart's corps were to support Lee, and Stewart, with the other divisions of his corps, was to remain in position, if needed, and next morning the 29th to move beyond Lee's left; and with the aid of French's division to attack Howard's right and rear, and thus crush the Army of the Tennessee. Hardee's troops and the Georgia state troops were to remain in the trenches, opposing Schofield and Thomas. The whole was a repetition of Hardee's movement of the 22nd, but did not have the brilliant chances of success, as the assault by Lee now on the 28th, would put the Army of the Tennessee in particular, and Sherman's invincibles on guard against the unexpected and impulsive movements of Hood, and so the chances of success for them were exceedingly small.

Logan's army corps of the Army of the Tennessee had left its position on the left of our line just north of the Augusta railroad

and after marching all night with many halts formed line of battle near Ezra Church with the 4th division on his flank, partly refused, and the other divisions extending the line to the east. Davis's division of the 14th had passed the line to the rear of Logan and by a considerable circuit was expected to be in position to strike Lee's corps, in flank and rear, during the latter's assault on Logan. The 15th Corps had reached their place early in the morning, but valuable time was taken up bringing the troops into position. The right of the corps extended to Ezra church and was then refused to connect with Blair's 17th Corps. This gave the 2nd division some open ground in front of which Wangelin's brigade had the most prominent position. As no other material for the breastworks were at hand they took the church benches and filled them with their knapsacks and then coming down on their knees they awaited the gallant advance of the Confederates and with their usual bravery repulsed them. They were quickly reformed with officers in advance leading the brave southern boys who, according to some reports, charged seven times, but with no success. The brunt of the assaults had been on the salient angle of Logan's 4th division and Wangelin's brigade of the 2nd division. The latter had many valuable officers killed and wounded. To help Lee General Stewart moved forward two of his divisions, and to encourage their men the general officers exposed themselves. Stewart, Loring, Brown and Johnson left the field wounded and disabled. During the lull caused by the reformation of the enemy's line, the Federals strengthened their defenses, while each Confederate assault became less vigorous, with less chance for success than the previous one. The reserves of Blair and Dodge's corps were sent to support Logan. The artillery of the Army of the Tennessee were placed in position from which they could sweep the open field on the enemy's flanks. The fierce combat lasted until the sun refused its further light to the slaughter, causing the Confederates to withdraw out of range of the Federal guns with a loss of about 5,000 killed, wounded and missing, while the Army of the Tennessee had only to record 600 casualties in defeating Lee's efforts. In their last attack the men could be plainly seen from our breastworks, refusing to follow their officers. Davis's 14th Corps division had been expected to make a rear attack upon the flank of the enemy, but by a misleading map had gotten upon a wrong road and was unable to reach the field in time. The division of Harrow and Morgan L. Smith had received

the assaults of Lee, but the Federal line was never shaken. Hood claims the battle to have been a drawn affair, where neither side gained the objective point, but as he intended to crush Sherman's right flank, in which he did not succeed, he should have recorded it as a defeat; and the third of the kind since he resumed command of the army. It is also claimed that he had ordered Hardee to go to the front, and assume command of both corps, which did not include Hardee's own, but as the day was nearly passed and the troops no longer in a fighting condition, further efforts ceased. This showed that Hood still had considerable confidence in Hardee's energy and ability to fight a battle. Hood called on Lee to give his opinion about the moral and fighting qualities of his corps. Lee claims that some of the troops actually refused to do their duty. This if true is not to be wondered at, for the American soldier will never be a machine that soldiers of Europe are made to be, but like the American business men who will invest if it pays, so will the American soldier offer his life for success, but if he sees with open eyes the cause for which he is to give his life is going to pieces, he is not to be blamed if he becomes reluctant. Hood further claims that Johnston's policy had made the troops timid. This is not true as the prisoners captured by us freely expressed themselves that the slaughter of the 20th, 22nd and 28th was looked upon as useless, and during the lulls the skirmishers would cheer each other. The Federals would inquire, "how many are left of you after this battle?" When the answer would come, "Enough for another killing." This was about the opinion of the Confederate army, under Hood, composed of the bravest of men on the American continent. If these battles, as Hood reasoned, restored the morals and courage of the men of his command, he should have continued the practice, but for four weeks he quietly awaited our coming, until Sherman reached Jonesboro on his rear. Mr. Davis, the Confederate President, had become appalled at the fearful losses, and wrote Hood on the 5th of August that in order to avoid such losses it would be necessary not to meet us behind our intrenchments. Johnston in two weeks after being relieved was completely vindicated in his generalship. As the 15th Corps withdrew from our left, between the Howard House and the railroad, on the 27th, we withdrew a little north of the distillery road into an earthworks that had been changed but offered us little protection from the city, and as they noticed the withdrawal, the Confederate home guards or State

troops kept up a heavy fire from their big guns and sent us shells of 8 inches in diameter. Some of the engineers had left their tools on the outside of the bastion that we occupied, and so close was the fire that they accurately planted many shells into this little earthwork, and none of the working parties could be induced to go for their tools. Finally Sommerfield, a cannonier of our battery, with many wounds, stepped to the front and voluntarily gathered the tools and brought them in. During the night these heavy and large shells as they came flying in their curves from the city looked like comets. On the morning of the 28th the bombardment as well as their reply continued, and a ball fired by the enemy struck the middle teams on one of the Caison's. The driver that held the team by the bridles was one of the new men recently arrived. Of course the horses were both killed and a new team brought forward and such of the harness as still serviceable was taken from the dead animals. While inspecting the new team the young recruit of only three days' service in the field asked me, "Lieutenant, will I have to pay for those horses and harness, too?" I looked surprised, but the sergeant had instructed him that on inspection he must show every part of the property intrusted to him, or it would be charged against his pay. Seeing the horses killed and the harness ripped to pieces, he thought that the Government and state had played him a trick by paying him as an inducement to enlist including the local bounties, fifteen hundred dollars, and that since they had him they wanted to get their money back by charging the losses up to him. This started me to thinking that the man had enlisted for the money there was in it. He served, however, to the end, and I have since learned that at his death he was a very wealthy man. After Logan's corps had all passed, the firing on that part of the line was continued at a slower interval but the roar of artillery and the rattling of musketry in the direction of Ezra church indicated that another battle was on, as already related. At the same time that Stoneman and Garrard made their movement from Decatur, McCook with his mounted force marched down the west bank of the Chattahoochie to Campbelltown, and crossing the river proceeded by quick movements to Love Joy Station, on the Macon railroad, a distance about thirty miles below Atlanta expecting to make a junction with Stoneman, but heard nothing of him. To the delight of the Confederate quartermaster, he burned a large number

of wagons, among them the vouchers and receipts of the commissary and quartermaster stores. He also destroyed the railroad, and some trains, and marched off with four hundred prisoners, but on his return he was met by a brigade of Confederate infantry and some cavalry, and had a spirited fight to save himself from capture, but lost his prisoners and about six hundred of his own men.

Stoneman had left Garrard at Flat Rock, east of Decatur, crossed the Ocmulgee river near Covington, and marched for the Macon and Augusta railroad, reached Griswold and destroyed a large amount of railroad property at that place, and thence struck for the east to burn the bridge over the Oconee, and then met with the rest of his detachment before Macon. His entry to that city was prevented by the river, and after shelling the town moved toward Clinton, where he believed himself surrounded by a large force. He authorized his subordinates to cut their way out, while he, with a small force, held the enemy so that the others could escape. This was very selfsacrificing, but he had been badly deceived by the enemy, and there had been no necessity for his surrender. Garrard's failure and Stoneman's defeat caused Sherman to rate the usefulness of his cavalry very low. During the last of July we pounded away at regular intervals, during night and day, at the city of Atlanta, which probably resulted only in non-combatants hunting their quarters in the dugouts and bomb proof, underground; for every house, shed and stable above the ground was riddled with cannon balls and offered no protection or shelter.

CHAPTER XXIX.—AUGUST, 1864.

THE SIEGE OF ATLANTA.—GENERAL PALMER LEAVES THE ARMY.—
THE AFFAIRS ALONG UTOY CREEK.—THE GRAND SWING TO THE
REAR OF HOOD'S COMMUNICATION, THE BATTLE OF JONESBORO
AND MOVEMENT ON ROUGH AND READY STATION.

On the first of August the scenes were again shifted and this time the 23rd Corps moved from the left, near the distillery road, to the right of the two divisions of the Army of the Cumberland, then beyond the flank of the Army of the Tennessee. This brought Ward's and Davis's division on the Lick Skillet road, and the Army of the Tennessee wheeled forward to bring itself in line with them. On the morning of the 2nd the twenty-third Corps reached the banks of the north fork of Utoy Creek, with the Tennessee Army coming forward to connect with Schofield's corps. By this movement Sherman gained nearly a mile of ground on that flank. The 14th Corps, under Palmer, was relieved by Ward's division of the twentieth Corps and Palmer with his other troops joined Davis's division of his corps, which was already on the right. As Sherman believed to be now near the railroad he intended for Schofield to reach that point, but as the twenty-third Corps was the smallest in the invincible army he had not troops enough to fight a battle. For this reason Palmer was ordered, with his 14th Corps, to report to Schofield and be subject temporarily to the latter's orders. Palmer's commission outdated that of Schofield, so the fourteenth Corps commander at once raised the question of rank, although both commissions, or rather the muster of them, bore the same date. Schofield had however been senior to Palmer, in previous grades, and now was department commander, which caused Sherman to decide in favor of Schofield. Palmer of course hunted up Sherman

and found him in and around our guns, near Utoy Creek, then in battery, and the two walked up and down between the horses' heads and the trail spikes of the guns, all the time in earnest conversation. Palmer's orderly was with the general's horse, in the rear, near our caissons. Finally the conversation grew a little louder and when they reached the right gun of our battery they stopped and Sherman remarked in an audible tone, "Let us fight this out and compare notes afterwards." Palmer in a very distinct tone, answered, "No, sir, I will quit now," and with this remark passing his lips, he walked to the road, only 20 paces distant, called for his horse and rode away. Up to that time we had not been firing, but directions were given us where the enemy was supposed to be, and just as we were about to open fire, General Sherman with several of his staff officers walked in front of our embrasures and a moment later would have been in the line of our fire. Two days of valuable time had been lost over the quarrel of rank, an immense amount of ammunition had been expended by the 14th and 23rd Corps artillery that had been continually in action from the time the movement started.

General Palmer of course was relieved as he requested to be and General Jefferson C. Davis was assigned by the President to the corps command, with the rank of Brevet Major General, as recommended by both Sherman and Thomas. The orders for Palmer's 14th Corps to co-operate with the 23rd Corps, under Schofield were issued on the morning of the 3rd. The object was to force a crossing of the north fork of Utoy Creek. Hascall's division of the 23rd Corps and Baird's of the 14th were to perform this duty. Hascall promptly executed the order and occupied the high ridge on the south and east of Heron's Mill, gaining ground to the left until that flank touched the creek in its curve to the south. Baird was to follow Hascall and file in on his right, but did not move on account of the disputes between Palmer and Schofield until five o'clock in the evening, when Sherman in person ordered the division over, and when in position its right rested on the south curve of the creek. On the following morning our division (Cox's) crossed the creek and formed in rear of Baird to support the advance of the latter. Palmer was to move Baird's division of his corps on the ground gained, swinging the same to the south and east; but as the 14th Corps commander's heart was not in this movement, unpardonable delays occurred until evening when Glea-

son's brigade of Baird's division captured 25 prisoners with a loss of 26 killed and wounded, but the rest of the division took no part in the movement. Two divisions of the Fourteenth Corps were further to the right, but kept close together so they could support each other.

Schofield's instructions to Palmer for the Fifth were for Baird's division to carry the position in its front and drive the enemy back to his principal works. Morgan's division was to be placed on Baird's left and continue the line to the right, while Johnson's division was to form on the right of Morgan, advancing in echelon to the front. Hascall's division of the Twenty-third Corps was in a position where he could not advance, but was to support the left flank of Baird. Cox's (our) division was to go forward and support Johnston's division.

The time for these several divisions to be on the move was set for six o'clock in the morning. As Schofield was to make sure that his orders would reach Palmer's division, duplicates were sent to each of them, but hardly had Baird been notified of his part of the game when he sent word to Schofield that he, too, could not recognize his authority, and had not been informed by his corps commander that the Fourteenth Corps was under Schofield's orders. Baird in his report states that at the time the orders reached him from his corps commander, he did not know the position of Morgan's division, on his right, but it was now eight o'clock, and he courageously advanced on the enemy's skirmish line, which he carried with considerable loss, but he captured 140 prisoners from the enemy. Morgan connected on the right of Baird, and Johnston formed on the right of Morgan, taking position on a ridge overlooking the head waters of Utoy Creek. Cox's (our) division was close in support of Johnston and we could plainly see the whole of the latter's division resting on their guns in line of battle, with no effort to advance over the creek.

That evening Schofield made a very discouraging report to General Sherman, and stated that he had completely failed to get any fight out of the Fourteenth Corps. Cox's (our) division relieved Johnson, who in turn occupied Hascall's position. The latter was placed in reserve, off the right of Cox's division.

During the night the enemy had been very busy strengthening their defences, by cutting trees along the east side of the creek. Behind these the Confederate infantry held a strong position, which

was easily defended, as the Confederates had received considerable encouragement by General Palmer's dispute of rank, which had caused a delay in the assault. They determined to entrench the line along the Sandtown road and Hardee's Corps was placed there to hold it, making a line across the forks of Utoy Creek about two miles long and then down on the east side of the principal tributary stream. General Cox received orders to make a reconnoissance, and about eleven o'clock Reilly's brigade, having been on their feet from about 3:30 a. m., now moved forward in battle line, with the One Hundredth Ohio on the left and the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois, under Col. Henderson, who had recently rejoined his brigade after wounds received at Resaca, in the center; and the One Hundred and Fourth Ohio, General Reilly's own regiment, on the right, with the Sixteenth Kentucky to protect the right flank with the Eighth Tennessee in reserve. Col. Casement, now in command of Cameron's brigade, supported the movement and a strong skirmish line was advanced on a charge across the creek, supported by the rest of the brigade.

Amidst a shower of bullets the line advanced until they reached the entangled trees. Some few reached the enemy's breastworks, which was solid construction, from the right to the left, and strongly held by Confederate infantry. Reilly's reserve, the Eighth Tennessee, went forward, but the works could not be carried. Casement's brigade then went across the valleys and covered the withdrawal of Reilly's brigade, leaving a well-supported skirmish line, close up to the abatis, where they remained during the rest of the day. Reilly had to report a loss of 333 killed, wounded and missing. The 87 killed and many of the wounded were left on the field. The defence on the part of the enemy was made by Bate's Tennessee division. During this time Hascall marched two of the brigades of his division past the rear of Cox, to the main stream of Utoy Creek, and there met the enemy's cavalry in a sharp combat, and drove them off a position by which he could enfilade Bate's Confederate line, causing the latter to retire during the night into the prepared strong fortification along the hills, on the north fork of Utoy Creek, and south across the Sandtown road, and then followed the hilly ridges, behind the trenches of Utoy Creek, until a mile south of it, reaching the railroad beyond East Point.

During these movements on the right, the other corps of the army had not been idle. The Fourth Corps, now under Stan-

ley, had advanced its skirmishers to the entrenched picket post of the enemy. The Twentieth Corps, now under Williams, had also been very active and Howard's, with the Army of the Tennessee, had pushed forward close to the enemy, with good results. The Fourteenth and Twenty-third Corps were giving the enemy no rest, and when our lines, under Cox, advanced and occupied the hills around Willis' Mill-Pond, with Hascall on our right and rear, and the Fourteenth Corps on our left, we had only about three hundred and fifty yards air line to the enemy's fortifications. These movements were made on all parts of the line, by a considerable noise of artillery, but as strong breastworks protected both sides the casualties were but few, as a reward for the ammunition expended. The rattling noise of the musketry and the roar of artillery far and near had become monotonous, so one morning, while watching the foe from behind our head logs, the music band of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois began to play, and for the time being all firing on both sides, as if by common consent, ceased. After several pieces had been given to the air, the band stopped, and a little while later our Confederate friends brought forward a band of a larger number of pieces, and returned the compliment by playing some lively southern airs, among them "Dixie," "Bonnie Blue Flag" and "Maryland" (or the proper name, "O Hannaman, O Hannaman Zieh due die Wasser Stiefel on.") Matters began to become very agreeable between us, and it seemed as if war was miles away. As the southerners had probably given us a little better music they were joyful, but just then a band of the Eighteenth United States regulars, with a full number of pieces and in fine practice, belonging to Johnson's division of the Fourteenth Corps, began to play the national airs, "The Star Spangled Banner," "The Red, White and Blue," and others, and discounted our southern friends to a considerable extent.

Just about the time they stopped playing, Corporal Schultz, of the first gun, was looking over his piece at the enemy, when a Confederate sharpshooter took deadly aim at him. Instead of striking Schultz in the breast, as it had been intended, the ball struck the gun just about the trunnion and bounded over Schultz's head, so close that he ducked. Having seen from whence the ball was fired, and as all had been silent on account of the music, Schultz had the gun loaded and let fly at the enemy's picket post, which was demolished and the sharpshooter who fired the shot.

Now that the artillery had reopened the whole outfit on both sides became the more active, as though they had to make up for lost time on account of the music. Close by to where our battery was in position one of the nearby citizens had made a bomb proof, and during our occupation of the line he and his family (old man, wife and daughter) lived therein. A few days before this a captain's commission reached Lieut. Harvey and he promptly sought the mustering officer.

The battery had made a poor exchange for an able artillery officer of the highest attainment. We had exchanged for a brave man with a captain's commission, but unable to know the army regulations or artillery tactics, for to my knowledge during our association he never looked at either of them, but no one was to blame but ourselves. We had plenty of resources in selecting the old captain again, after his muster out, or to have our new captain brought before a board, that would have found the deficiencies as I have narrated them, but there was not a man mean enough in our battery to seek relief by that source, and as the men were well instructed by the former captain, their patriotism and devotion to duty gave it the highest standing in the corps.

As the lines of the invincible army had now been stretched as far as could be done, Sherman intended to try the bombardment with heavy artillery and reach the enemy's fortification by parallels. The enemy had a number of heavy guns in position in works opposite Thomas' line. These were in charge of the state militia of Georgia and well handled by them. So much so that Hood could use his regular troops to move to any threatened point along his line, that confronted the Federals on any other part of the field. Sherman had ordered some four and a half Parrott guns from Chattanooga and placed Capt. Suttermeister, of the Eleventh Indiana battery, in charge, who put them in battery on Thomas' line and a general cannonade with these guns, as also with the rest of the artillery of the invincible army, was engaged upon the enemy's forts for several days. Schofield, then on the extreme right of the grand army, kept on extending his line to that flank, and on the 8th, General Hascall pushed a brigade over Utoy Creek and intrenched on a hill, and two days later the other brigades of Hascall's division followed.

Cox's division was ordered to reconnoiter in force to the junction of the Campbletown and East Point road, but it was soon

learned that the enemy was further to the front than Sherman or Schofield were aware of. Our division continued its advance position on the right and rear of Hascall's and the position vacated by us was occupied by some troops of the Fourteenth Corps, with a front that now reached Utoy Creek. On the 15th, Cox's division was pushed forward to the crossing of the Campbletown and East Point roads, and on the 18th was again advanced, this time nearly a mile, in a southeasterly direction, in the form of a semi-circle, the left resting on the upper valley of Utoy Creek and the right on Camp Creek, protected by heavy earth works that could not be shaken by the enemy's assault, as it was expected he would do, crushing us in our isolated position. On the extreme right of Sherman's invincible army, just as we had done at Olley's Creek on the right of Kenesaw, these advances had been made under a continued heavy skirmish and heavy artillery fire of the division batteries.

Each succeeding day we dared Hood to come out and assault us, as on former flank movements, but which he declined to repeat, and on the 19th a most furious bombardment, from every gun in position, was made and lasting during the whole day.

Sherman now made one more effort to break the Macon railroad, by sending Kilpatrick, with his large division of mounted troops, by the way of West Point and Fairburn to Jonesboro, on the Macon railroad. Just at this time Lieut. Bartlett, of Schofield's staff (the latter's brother-in-law) came to me and asked if I desired to make about a week's trip with my section on a cavalry raid. I promptly replied that if it was an order I would do my duty, but as a volunteer I could not ask the men to take the risk. As my former service with a cavalry corps had left a very unfavorable impression, he replied it would have to be voluntarily, and of course, I declined. When Kilpatrick reached Jonesboro he met a division of the Confederates that had been sent there to anticipate him, and by brilliant fighting succeeded in destroying a considerable part of the railroads, but was unable to make the interruption permanent, as the Confederates were running cars into the city two days after Kilpatrick retired from the raid. During this raid Sherman's invincible army continued to demonstrate all along the line, and our outpost on the right flank, on the 21st, was pushed as far as Camp Creek church, and close to the forts in front of East Point station, where the Macon and Montgomery railroad sepa-

rates. The continuous firing of our battery and the rest of the artillery at the enemy's line had become the same every day. The infantry enjoyed themselves while resting behind the works, and at ease by playing chuck-luck or poker. In one of the Kentucky regiments the colonel and some of his men had been interrupted at the game, when an order came for the division to march forward a mile, as already stated. The regiment filed in line next to our battery. No sooner had the brave Kentuckians stacked arms when the colonel and his four privates resumed their interrupted game, played it to a finish, and to the great delight of the colonel, his men had beat him, which he tried hard to avoid.

While in position on our pivot I decided one day to get out to the front, in the edge of the woods, where our advance vidette post was. As soon as I came in sight of the outpost one of the men called on me to dismount, as I was drawing the enemy's fire. I left my horse in the thicket and then advanced to a pile of rails that served as a protection for the few men doing duty there. A detail of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois Infantry held the post. No sooner had I reached the rail pile when several bullets from the enemy's rifle pit made the splinters fly around us. The distance between us was not great. Seeing from where the enemy fired, I asked the One Hundred and Twelfth trooper to lend me his gun. Not having been in practice with that kind of an arm, I watched the next shot and then took deadly aim at our enemy and pulled my gun. Immediately thereafter two men walked away from the enemy's rifle pit, one leaning on the other, badly wounded.

The total failure of Kilpatrick to destroy the enemy's communication convinced Sherman that to insure permanent results, he would be required to move his whole force, by a grand left wheel, on Hood's line of supply. The first of such a movement had been successfully carried out by Grant at Vicksburg. Sherman then had opposed such a risk, but now was willing to try it himself. His subordinates, Thomas, Schofield and Howard, were advised of his plans and orders were issued to intrench the Twentieth Corps north of the Chattahoochie railroad bridge, and swing the rest of his invincible army to the south of Atlanta. With reduced baggage and ten days' full rations, to last twenty, the movement was prepared to be executed. On the 14th, Hood had sent Wheeler to operate in Sherman's rear on the railroad, north of the Chattahoochie. He reached Dalton, where he attacked the garrison, un-

der Col. Laiboldt and Arnold Beck, of the Second Missouri Infantry, but Wheeler was held until Gen. Steadman, from Chattanooga, came to the assistance of the garrison, and Wheeler was driven off. Of course he had cut the railroad and telegraph, but the damage was small and soon repaired. Wheeler then switched off into East Tennessee, without doing anything to affect the resources of Sherman's supply or retarding the campaign. This gave Sherman the assurance that no mischief could be done by the enemy's mounted troops in his rear and he therefore began the execution of his grand tactics, and on August 25th, Stanley's Fourth Corps, now the Federal left flank on the north of Atlanta, marched to the rear of William's Twelfth, and the dismounted cavalry of Garrard's filed in and held the Fourth Corps line. Next day Stanley reached Utoy Creek, in rear of Davis' Fourteenth Corps, which in turn left its line to its skirmishers and formed in column of mass, near Stanley. During the night William's Twentieth Corps crossed the Chattahoochie, took position in its work prepared for them, where Slocum took charge of the corps. The Army of the Tennessee, under Howard, marched in rear of Thomas to the village of Utoy, facing south, and forming the right of the army. The Sixteenth Corps (Dodge's), provisionally under command of Gen. Ransom, was on the extreme right, Garrard's cavalry protected the rear and Schofield's Twenty-third Corps was now the extreme left, near the Confederate line, at East Point, where we kept up a continuous demonstration in our front and flanks. Sherman's invincibles, except the Twentieth Corps, were now on the road between Atlanta and Sandtown. Hood had not interfered with Sherman's movements, but his cavalry, with its depleted ranks, were skirmishing with Garrard's cavalry, on the north of the grand army, and with Kilpatrick to the south of them. This gave Hood accurate information of the position of Sherman's invincibles, which caused the Confederate leader to believe that Wheeler had crippled our communication, and that we were in full retreat across the Chattahoochie, via the Sandtown road and short of supplies. In this illusion he was sustained by an old woman, who had called on Hardee's troops for something to eat, and to sustain her application stated that she had been at Cox's headquarters, of Schofield's Corps, and had been cursed and refused food by the general, as we had not enough for ourselves. Those who knew Gen. Cox best never heard an oath pass his lips, and also that no hungry man

or woman ever left his presence as long as he had a loaf to divide with them. This is at least the way I knew Gen. Cox, and others will bear me out in this statement.

But such information came as glorious news to the enemy, just such as they had been looking for and the woman was sent to Hardee's headquarters, who also wanted to furnish Hood with the latest news from the front, and so she was sent to the Confederate general-in-chief, where she repeated her story.

Hood, of course, believed anything that would favor him, and exclaimed: "Sherman is out of rations and recrossing the Chattahoochie at Sandtown," and so for 48 hours the old woman's story proved the basis of his actions, but when the truth was revealed to him it was too late to formulate a plan that would keep Sherman off the railroad in his rear. To keep the movement of nearly a hundred thousand men secret from his adversary proved that Sherman handled his troops well and that the Confederate commander was not being well served by his mounted troops, scouts and spies. Had these suspected and reported the truth to Hood he could have barred Sherman's way by placing two of his corps, Stewart's and Lee's, in front of Red Oak and Fairburn, the places at which Sherman reached the West Point railroad, and with the Confederate right resting at East Point, another flanking movement would have become necessary and had it been made by the east, Atlanta would have been captured, just the same as Altoona Pass, but that would not have given Sherman the opportunity to destroy the railroad, for these with the junction at East Point would still have been held by Hood.

Sherman's wagon trains were wedged in between the Fourth and Fourteenth Corps of the Army of the Cumberland, and the Twenty-third Corps still held on to its line, in front of Hardee, until Thomas had neared the Mount Gilead Church, which is about four miles southwest of East Point, on the road to Red Oak, a station on the West Point railroad.

The Army of the Cumberland, with the wagon trains, stopped near the above named church and camped. On the night of the 28th the Army of the Tennessee, under Howard, reached Fairburn five miles further southwest, on the same road. As soon as Thomas' and Howard's troops reached the railroad they devoted their time the whole day of the 29th to the destruction of the railroad, by burning the ties and twisting the rails into all sorts of shapes, so

they never could be used again until rerolled. About noon on the 28th, Schofield's corps our (Cox's) division withdrew a little from our line in front of Hardee. Immediately thereafter a Confederate came over their breastworks to see where we had gone. They did not have far to come, when they still found us in line of battle waiting their approach, but, during the afternoon and evening we retired in column ready for defence, until we reached within a short distance of Mt. Gilead church, close to the left flank of Stanley's Fourth Corps. On the 29th, while the army was busy breaking up the West Point railroad, our quartermaster sergeant went out with several teams to gather corn. They did not have far to go until they reached a large field and were busy engaged in filling the wagons, when one of the men spied the Confederates in the other corner of the field on the same mission. They did not disturb each other, but some of the men were highly excited over their escape from going to Andersonville for the rest of the war, but they had presence of mind enough to bring in a good supply of pumpkins, then just getting ripe, this in addition to the heavy loads of corn in each wagon. On the next day the army made its left wheel, between the two railroads (Macon and West Point), Schofield's Corps being the pivot, moved from Red Oak station towards East Point, which covered the movement of the army train. This separated Schofield fully three miles from the rest of the army, and gave Hood a favorable opportunity to strike the former a blow, but nothing approached us in our isolated position other than a cavalry reconnoitering, which caused the Twenty-third Corps to throw up light entrenchments in defence of more serious expectations of heavier work.

Hood's dream that Sherman's invincibles were flying north for want of supplies on account of the raids of Wheeler and Forrest, soon passed away, and when he realized that Sherman was marching with only two corps on his communication, to oppose these, he ordered Hardee and Lee to Jonesboro to attack the national forces next morning at early daylight.

The ridge on which the Macon railroad runs south separates Flint River on the west, and Ocmulgee to the east, and Hardee was instructed to drive the enemy back over Flint River, if they had crossed. As Hardee was in supreme command of the two corps, Gen. Pat Cleburne was placed in command of Hardee's old corps. Finding Howard already upon the road by which Cleburne ex-

pected to reach his right, the former had to cut a new road and was not able to be in a position until after 10 a. m., on the morning of the 31st, and the other Confederate corps, under Lee, did not get up until two hours later. This had given Howard's troops time to intrench. As the Confederate situation was now somewhat complicated Hardee sent for Hood to come and take command in person but the latter believed that his presence was needed in Atlanta. On the advance from Fairburn to Jonesboro the Army of the Tennessee was continually opposed by the enemy's cavalry, and made a strong resistance which gave Hardee time to reach Jonesboro. On the close of the day of the 30th, the army under Howard had intended to stop at Renfro, but as there was no water at that place Howard decided to march to Flint River, where water enough for the troops could be had. The troops advanced in two columns, Logan's on the left and Ransom on the right and moved forward so rapidly, and Kilpatrick's cavalry was so active that the Confederate horsemen were unable to make a stand so as to injure the bridge over Flint River, and Hazen's division crossed it with a dash. With the head of Logan's columns over the stream, they gave the enemy no time to rally and Howard's forces promptly advanced to the ridge between the river and the railroad and entrenched, Hazen's division on the left, Harrow's on the right and Osterhaus's in reserve. Ransom's Sixteenth Corps remained on the west side of the river, facing south, opposite Logan's right, Blair's corps reached the river early in the morning, and placed on Logan's left, facing northeast, but also remained on the west of the river.

At the early morning, on the 31st, some few changes were made in Logan's line and bridges built to connect with Ransom and Blair, and the three corps were now in supporting distance and ready for a further advance. The noise of the trains on the railroad had been sufficient notice to the Army of the Tennessee that the enemy was concentrating during the night in their front.

This made Howard, in his exposed position, somewhat uneasy, as he did not know that the rest of Sherman's invincible army was in supporting distance. He kept his men very busy, strengthening their position and communicated with Sherman. The latter was with Thomas, and unaware of the new move of the Confederate commander. This important news only reached him late in the day, about the same time when he heard the roar of artillery, in-

dicating a heavy battle at Jonesboro. About three o'clock in the afternoon Hardee made a furious attack on Logan's whole front, while one division of Ransom's corps and C. R. Wood's division from Blair's corps, was sent across the river to support Logan and with their usual gallantry the Southern boys under Cleburne and Lee, made a fierce attack, but their efforts were not as determined as former assaults during July had been. They were most persistent, however, in front of Hazen's division, but all along the line they were repulsed, leaving four hundred dead, and about eleven hundred badly wounded on the field, mostly belonging to Lee's corps, who apparently had ordered the advance before Cleburne was ready. Cleburne had been kept very busy to prevent Kilpatrick from crossing the river on Howard's right, in which he was successful, by crossing to the west side of the river after Kilpatrick, but Blair was ordered to send a division of his corps to assist our horsemen on the right of Ransom.

On the 31st Schofield marched early past Morrow's Mill in the direction of the Macon Railroad, about a mile south of Rough and Ready Station. The Fourth Corps moved about a half mile further south on the parallel road, both driving the strong opposition of the enemy's cavalry before them. As our (Cox's) division was leading, we were sometimes halted and just about noon, in a broiling sun, the battery pulled into a shady grove on the road, having been in the saddle from early morning, and the cannoneers and drivers were soon asleep. Lieut. Kuntz had been detached, and marched with the advance without being notified.

After a good hour's rest, Bugler Jake Traub grabbed me by the arm, and called my attention to the fact that the division had marched and left us. I at once mounted drivers and cannoneers and, with refreshed horses and men, we started after the division. In an hour we came into our proper place in the advance. Just then three prisoners had been captured, close by in the brush, preparing their roasting ears. They were Germans of Hebrew descent. As Col. Casement's brigade had made the capture, they were brought to him while halting near our battery. Casement had a good deal of fun at their expense, and asked them if they desired to take the oath of allegiance. They replied in the negative and asked to be sent north as soon as possible.

In asking their status at home (they were from Mobile), they said they were cotton merchants, and as soon as this trouble was

over, they would go back to Mobile and follow their business, which they could not do if they took the oath of allegiance, as their interests and their hearts were in Mobile. They appeared to be delighted with their capture, but as that place, they said, was entirely too hot with so many Yankees around them, they again requested to be sent north at once.

It was now nearly 3 o'clock when we reached the railroad, and our battery was at once placed to the east of the road and Cockrell's Battery D to the west of the track. The noise of a coming railroad train was heard. We had loaded, and, as the train headed around the curve, a short distance from Rough and Ready Station, we fired. The engineer at once reversed his engine and steamed back to Atlanta. As the telegraph wires had been cut, and Hardee's couriers were not able to get through, Hood received the first notice that we were on his line of communication, by the returning railroad train, and Atlanta was doomed. We marched towards Rough and Ready Station and encamped for the night. Hascall's division was in line next to us on the road, and the whole corps at once began the complete destruction of the ties and the rails.

The Fourth Corps joined Hascall on the right, and performed its part of the destruction of Hood's last line of communication, with great neatness and dispatch. Next to Stanley's corps came the Fourteenth Corps, later in the evening, and the track was destroyed that day to within four miles of Jonesboro. The news that Sherman's army was marching north towards Atlanta had created the greatest consternation in that city, and seemed to have carried Hood away in the excitement, to the belief that Sherman had moved by his right flank and was now advancing towards the enemy. He was unaware of Hardee's battle against Howard, and therefore sent orders at once for Lee's corps to return to the city, and Hardee was left to do the best he could, to cover the railroad and trains at Jonesboro.

In his dispatches to Hardee, Hood expressed himself that there were indications of an attack on Atlanta from Rough and Ready Station, and expected a battle at East Point next day. Lee's corps marched north, but it never reached Atlanta, for the condition of things had changer, and other orders reached Lee on the road. Hardee's situation was desperate, as he had to stretch his one corps in trenches intended for the two, but resorted to the old style of deception, by advancing a heavy skirmish line to the front, and, as

he was a good tactician, he kept his reserves in position to move to threatened points. He promptly advised Hood of his situation at Jonesboro, and kept Howard in the belief that he still had two corps in line before him, for it could not be supposed that Hood would recall one of the corps to Atlanta.

CHAPTER XXX.—SEPTEMBER, 1864.

THE BATTLE OF JONESBORO AND LOVEJOY STATION.—THE CAPTURE OF ATLANTA AND ITS RESULTS.—OUR REST AT DECATUR AND THE EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.—A TWENTY DAY FURLOUGH AND THE OCTOBER ELECTION IN INDIANA.

On the evening of that day the railroad from Rough and Ready Station to near Jonesboro was in possession of Sherman's invincible army, and as Hardee and Lee were at Jonesboro, the commander-in-chief of the Union army had reason to believe that Hood's whole army would be in his front at Jonesboro next day. Slocum, in command of the Twentieth Corps, north of the Chattahoochie, was ordered to be active to find the true condition of things in Atlanta, and, if possible, enter the place. Davis's Fourteenth Corps was ordered to march to Howard's left and destroy the railroad, as he advanced. The Fourth Corps was also instructed to follow Davis to Jonesboro and Schofield was to bring up the rear from Rough and Ready Station. Both of the last-named corps were to employ their talent and manual labor by destroying the railroad as they advanced, which indicated to the thinking observer that the invincible army was not to follow Hood to the south, otherwise the railroad track would have to be preserved for future use.

The great object of the campaign had been to first capture the city of Atlanta, and the destruction of Hood's army later on. Atlanta would give us the possession of the railroad connections, and as he believed that Howard had the principal part of Hood's army in his front, he urged the troops forward to Howard's assistance, but on the way the road was thoroughly destroyed. As soon as Sherman reached Howard, with the head of Davis's corps, he



GEN. PETER OSTERHAUS.

learned that Lee's corps had disappeared, and only Hardee's troops were opposing him. He at once dispatched orders for the concentration of the Army of the Cumberland, with a view to surround Hardee, in his isolated position, and capture him with his corps. Stanley was at once ordered to Jonesboro, Davis's Fourteenth Corps was formed on the left of Howard's to overlap Hardee's right and rear. Blair was to send two divisions to the right, and upon the railroad, in the rear of Hardee and south of Jonesboro. Schofield at this time, by order of Gen. Sherman, was under command of Gen. Stanley, and followed the Fourth Corps.

During the night of the 31st, while the Fourth and Twenty-third Corps were encamped along the railroad, facing north towards Atlanta, at Rough and Ready Station, Gen. Sherman sent notice to Schofield and Stanley that, as the two corps would probably be called on to operate together, and as they were too far away to receive orders from him or Gen. Thomas, the highest commander present would issue the orders, and Stanley, having the older commission, was to be considered in command, and for Schofield to report to Stanley for orders. Schofield replied that he differed with him in opinion about the rank, but would obey, for the present, his decision and execute his orders. Early next morning, before Schofield was able to report to Stanley, the latter appeared at Schofield's headquarters much disturbed by Sherman's order, claimed Sherman was wrong, that he was not entitled to the command and did not want it, and urged Schofield to let him act under the former's orders. Schofield replied that Sherman's orders were imperative, and Stanley must execute them, and that there was no remedy, and he must do the best he could. As Stanley's corps was in the lead, Schofield, with the Twenty-third Corps, could only support him, which he did with all his energy. The two corps advanced and destroyed the railroad on the way to reach Thomas' left, near Jonesboro. Sherman sent orders to Thomas and Schofield to march at once with their whole force to Jonesboro, but the orders did not reach Schofield in time to be of much service. As soon as Schofield heard the sound of battle, he rode forward to the head of Stanley's Fourth Corps, which had halted and was not advancing.

Schofield inquired the cause of the halt, which elicited the response that Stanley had gone forward to find Gen. Thomas to get orders. Schofield at once returned to his corps, led it out of the road through woods and fields, to reach the enemy's flank and rear,

and just a little before dark we were put into action near a cotton gin and opened fire on the enemy from his rear and right. About the time we reached the enemy's right and rear, the Fourth Corps reached the field on our right, and moved forward in its usual gallant style.

For about a half hour before sundown the rattling of musketry and roar of artillery made that part of the line one of the ugliest in that battle. Some years later I had the honor to meet Hardee's chief of artillery on the Indianapolis Board of Trade. The conversation naturally turned to the Atlanta campaign, and the battle of Jonesboro in particular. He related that just about the time (a half hour before sundown) they had felt at ease; that they had kept Howard's troops off, and expected an undisturbed retreat to Lovejoy Station; all at once to their right and rear a large line of guns opened a furious artillery fire. One of the shots cut the cross beams of Gen. Hardee's headquarter tent, and left the canvas in a heap. They, of course, tried at once to oppose us by a division in reserve, but as we were too many for them, they could only hold out until dark, and then retreat, as intended. So the night put an end to the fighting for that day, and but for Sherman's blunder in putting Stanley in command, would have commenced the fight two hours earlier.

We made ourselves comfortable for a night's rest, having straw, fodder and water for our teams in easy reach. We slept on the ground, the cannoneers at their post and the drivers with halter strap in hand. That we did not receive the full fruits of the victory at Jonesboro was due to the early blunders in the campaign about rank, which, in this case, had been forced upon untried and unwilling shoulders, and Stanley was not to be blamed that, as soon as he reached the vicinity of General Thomas, he reported to him for orders, but which lost us the two hours for good and successful fighting.

Hardee, with tactical accuracy, had formed his lines to meet Howard, as the latter moved forward. The extreme right of the enemy made a sharp turn towards the railroad to the southeast direction, protected by a small stream and a valley. Cleburne's division was formed on this part of the enemy's line. On the Union side Morgan's division of Davis's corps approached this part of the Confederate line and connected on its right with the left of the Army of the Tennessee. Stanley's corps, of the Army of the Cum-

berland, was now badly wanted, and Sherman had started Thomas in person, on a gallop, to bring it up, while at the same time Stanley had halted the corps, as already stated, and gone hunting after Thomas for orders. During the meantime Davis was not idle, and Edie's brigade of Carlin's division had gained the ridge. Beyond the salient angle in the enemy's line the rest of Carlin's division moved to the left of Edie's and Morgan's division of the same corps, formed on the right. Baird's division was in reserve behind Carlin, Carlin's artillery was pushed forward to Edie's ridge, and, able to enfilade the enemy's angle, destroying a number of Confederate guns, and making the position untenable. Davis moved forward in two lines to the enemy's angle, with a two-division front, but was much impeded by the tangled woods and broken character of the ground. Edie, who was already on the flank of the salient, moved forward in the most gallant style as the Western boys so well knew how, and carried the line, but with terrible loss.

The enemy were of the same mettle and rallied and drove off Edie, whose support had failed to reach him in time; to hold the works he had gained Edie reformed his line at the foot of a hill, that was crowned by the enemy's breastworks, and Este's brigade of Baird's division was ordered to support Carlin's right, subject to the latter's order. The whole line was now ordered forward and Este's brigade stormed the salient and carried it with a dash, but the enemy was so well prepared to receive him that Este lost fully one-third in a few minutes by the enemy's fire. Carlin now swept forward on the left and Morgan on the right. They surrounded Govan with his brigade and two batteries of artillery, and captured them. This caused the enemy to form a new line on his extreme right and rear, by the brigades of Lewis and Granberry, showing a bold front. Just then Stanley and Schofield advanced against them, but as the day had passed, darkness ended the active operation at Jonesboro. The loss in Davis' Fourteenth Corps was about one thousand killed and wounded in the three divisions. The Confederates left over three hundred dead on the field and nearly one thousand surrendered, with Gen. Govan. Next day over one thousand badly wounded were left by the Confederates in the hospitals at Jonesboro, added to the list of prisoners. Hood soon discovered his blunder in having Lee's corps returned to Atlanta, and sent orders directing the latter to cover the movement of Stew-

ard's regular corps and Smith's Georgia militia, from Atlanta, and, as nothing more could be saved, eighty cars, loaded with ammunition and six locomotives were destroyed by the enemy's rear guard.

During the night Hardee left our front, and on September 2d formed, with such of Hood's troops as had reached him, a new line of battle for defense at Lovejoy Station. About 2 a. m. a continuous explosion of shells was heard in the direction of Atlanta, which recurred for fully two hours at short and long intervals, plainly telling all that had faith in our invincible army that the Confederates were destroying what they could not carry off and were evacuating the city. Sherman claims to have sought an old farmer near his headquarters to inquire of him if the explosions were like that of the battles around Atlanta, but if he had come to the dullest private in our battery he could have received better information, for every one in the battery knew that the Confederate ammunition had been destroyed. Next morning we followed the retreating Confederates through Jonesboro, and it was our misfortune to pass close by a Confederate field hospital, with the surgeons still busy in the work of amputating limbs that lay carelessly over the ground. Some of the surgeons wore the finest kind of Confederate uniforms. As they were short of help and medicine, our medical department rendered them all the assistance possible, and many an unfortunate was saved by falling into our hands and care. That day as we advanced towards Love Joy Station, we reached a farm house on our left, and the column came to a halt. On account of deploying, the advance and the sharp skirmishes were an everyday occurrence, to develop the enemy's line. Our battery halted in the road, and in the road ahead of us was the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth Indiana, a regiment of beardless boys with considerable nerve, but empty stomachs, whose ten days' rations, that were to last twenty, had been consumed by these lusty fellows in about six days, leaving their haversacks as well as stomachs, empty on the seventh day. As they reached this house, which had, up to that time, not seen a Yankee inside of it, the Hoosiers, with growing hunger, stacked their arms, and then each one skirmished for something to eat. Three women, one old and the other two young and good looking, stood in the doorway, screaming for mercy. Capt. Harvey, as quick as lightning, with pistol in hand, dismounted and jumped among the mob of wild Hoosiers to drive them out. He beckoned me to his help, but two of us were nothing against so

many that were as hungry as wolves, and so every particle of eatables was carried off, including a number of bee hives full of bees and honey.

One fellow, more lucky than the rest, had captured in the cellar a lot of tobacco. He held on to this and took several comrades in partnership with him to carry what they could, and then sell it to those that used the weed. To the credit of our men in the battery it must be said that not one left the ranks to join in this scramble with the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth Indiana.

The most that surprised us was that the officers winked at the robbery, which can only be accounted for by their own empty stomachs, although the women were very profuse with thanks to us for our efforts it was of no avail, so the column moved forward and we left the Georgians with an empty smokehouse and larder probably bare of anything to eat. We reached Love Joy Station, and pulled into position on the brow of the hill, ready to open fire on the newly formed line of the enemy. Gens. Sherman, Thomas and Schofield, with Gen. Cox, were just a little southeast of the battery in the road, viewing the enemy's line, when a foam and dust bedecked courier rode up to the general and handed him a message, which proved to be from Gen. Slocum, advising Sherman that Atlanta had been evacuated early in the morning, and that he was in possession of the town. General Thomas thought the news too good to be true. Sherman at once sent the news to Washington, and the loyal people of the north, like many of the officers and men of Sherman's invincible army, went wild with joy. Sherman's success was greater than he had expected; Hood's army was divided and scattered over a road thirty miles distant. One of his corps had been badly defeated at Jonesboro, and only by superior maneuver of Hardee had he escaped capture. As Sherman had his whole army well in hand, he should have destroyed Hood's army while separated from each other, which, under a resolute leader, could have been done with two corps marching to the McDonough road, and interspersed between Hardee and Hood, but as Sherman remained in doubt about the capture of Atlanta until the courier handed him Slocum's message, he permitted Hood to march around him with all of his baggage, and the Georgia militia, and meet Sherman again at Love Joy Station.

A sad incident occurred immediately after Slocum's courier reached Sherman. Capt. Miller, a brilliant staff officer of the

Fourth Corps, and my personal friend, mounted his horse, and, with hat in hand, cried the news to the troops that Atlanta was ours. Just as he passed our battery, an enemy's sharpshooter aimed at him with deadly effect. He rose in his saddle and fell from his horse with the joyful news of our victory on his lips.

Had Schofield been in command, he, no doubt, would have met the eccentric movement of Hood by filing across the McDonough road, and cutting off Hardee, and probably Lee with him, and would have been done if the day had lasted two hours longer. But as our cavalry had been scattered to the four winds before this last movement was made, Sherman had but little information about the movements of Lee's corps, or the rest of Hood's army.

Hood afterward claimed to have intended to attack Sherman's flank with Lee's and Stewart's corps. This had been expected by both Sherman and Schofield, but his dispatches to Hardee only intimate of defense. If Hood, however, wanted a chance for a flank movement better than Stonewall Jackson ever had, the opportunity presented itself on September 1st, when Hardee's corps was fighting to hold his position, and Schofield trying to reach Jonesboro. During the whole time of Sherman's flanking movement, from August 25th, Hood appears to have been uncertain of the situation, and at no time did he indicate that he would make such bold movements as he had done. Soon after he took command of the army, his recall of Lee's corps from Jonesboro shows him groping in the dark. The movements of the national army were well planned and executed, and at all times in position to resist any flank attack, and when he made the front attack with Hardee and Lee, they were repulsed, and when Davis's Fourteenth Corps came up, the advance of the invincible army was continued. For those who care to study, they will find this campaign very instructive, as modern weapons and transportation by railroad communication through a sparsely settled country were brought into use. That closed the long struggle and was accepted as an assurance that the war would end soon.

Congress and the President thanked Sherman and his army for the first great victory gained in the campaign of 1864.

During the time that we were in position at Love Joy Station, and enjoying the good news of the capture of Atlanta, a number of prisoners were brought in from the enemy's skirmish line. Seeing an officer among them, I asked him if he did not think it about time

for the Southern people to give in to the National authority, as any sane man could now see their cause appeared to be hopeless.

"Oh, no," he remarked; "we will win"; but I replied: "You have neither the men nor the money to do it."

He promptly replied that help was close at hand, and we would soon be surprised by the French army, then in Mexico, coming to their assistance, and that other aid from the British Empire would soon confront us. I asked him if their case was really so desperate that they would invite the tyrants of Europe to help murder free government in America. He promptly answered: "Oh, we would only be doing what you have been doing during the last two years. If we killed an army corps, you had another ready to march to the field, recruited in Europe and at Castle Garden and other seaports open in the North. If emigrants would stop coming, we could soon get through with the rest. Our prisons are full of men that cannot speak a word of English."

The argument was pretty correct, as I learned since the war that a Massachusetts Yankee went to Hamburg and Antwerp, opened recruiting stations there for men honorably discharged in Europe, promised and paid the \$100 bounty on landing in America, but took care to have his ship anchored at a fort out in Boston harbor. He then went to Boston, sold these men to the money-making merchants and manufacturers as their substitutes at \$1,000 each, netting for himself the handsome profit of nearly \$900 a man.

President Harrison, in his official report of the battle of Nashville, where he commanded a demi-brigade, claims that scarcely one of them could understand our language. The conversation with my intelligent Confederate friend was cut short by his being taken to General Cox's headquarters probably for a sweating.

Atlanta, like Richmond, had become the object of the military operations. Hood's army in the field was still one of the main supports of the Confederacy, but was lost sight of in the capture of the city that won the rejoicing and congratulations for Sherman and his invincibles of the loyal people of the Union; and, as this victory assured the re-election of Mr. Lincoln, it was thought best to give the troops some rest. The destruction of Hood's army, which could have been accomplished with the overpowering number of Sherman's invincibles at Love Joy Station, was left to two of the weakest corps in that military division, while Sherman, with the

other four corps, each stronger than any of the two named, started on his march to the sea.

At Columbus, Springhill and Franklin the Fourth and Twenty-third Corps, under Schofield, crippled the Confederates, proving that with an army not half in numbers to that in Georgia, under Sherman, he could have routed him, as was done later by Thomas at Nashville, when not one company to form the rear guard was left together. This should have been done at Love Joy Station, but no one then believed, or could comprehend, the erratic movements of Gen. Hood, and before Sherman fully realized what the enemy had been doing, it was too late to take advantage of the Hood mistakes. The theory that offensive tactics would keep up the spirits and improve the morals of the army had left the Confederate troops in a deplorable condition of discouragement and despondency, with no inducement to continue assaults as rapidly executed in the last days of July, when Hood first assumed command of the army. He blamed his subordinates for his failures, and declared the efforts of Hardee, Lee and Cleburne at Jonesboro disgraceful, because they could only report a loss of 1,485 killed and wounded in their attempt to drive Howard's troops into Flint River, demanding Hardee's removal and that he be sent elsewhere. He had urged on Hardee the importance of driving Howard across the Flint River with fixed bayonet. His own old corps, now under Lee, tried that sort of an attack against Logan's Western boys, but they soon showed that they had no stomach for such fighting, and were as easily repulsed as had been the rest of the Southern youth, under Hardee and Cleburne. As Lee had been especially selected to take charge of Hood's old corps, when the latter was placed in command of the army, it was believed that he would bring out all the fight that was left in Hood's old corps. But the evidence presented to us during the month of August is convincing that the rank and file of the Confederate army were conscious that they were asked to lay down their lives without any corresponding benefit resulting to their cause. This discouraged feeling pervaded the whole Southern army.

Hood's total lack of understanding of Sherman's grand movement was the cause of his collapse at Atlanta, but he blames the results upon others, when he says: "I am officially informed that there is an expressed determination among the men of this

army, that extends to the officers as high as a Colonel, that they will not charge on breastworks."

Johnston, in his excuses to the Confederate Government for not defeating Sherman, claims inferiority in numbers to the Federal commander, asserting that his army was less than half the size of Sherman's, but the Richmond government had gathered facts and figures that showed Johnston had present for duty on June 10th 6,558 officers and 63,408 enlisted men, a total of 70,000, and in addition to this there were in Atlanta a supporting force of 10,000 effectives. These latter were with Johnston at Mareitta, and thus we have evidence, by Confederate authority, that the Southern army was nearly 80,000 strong after the affairs and battles at Dalton, Resaca, New Hope, Church, Dallas and Pickets Mills. Sherman's monthly returns on May 31st, including Blair's corps, show present for duty 112,819 men, but on July 1st was reduced to 106,070. Johnston's reports show present for duty on the same day 59,196 men. This does not include the 12,000 then in Atlanta. When he was placed in command he acknowledged an increase of 5,000 from extra duty and convalescents, with more coming daily, and on the 10th of August his forces, after the battles of Peach Tree Creek, Atlanta and Ezra Church, had only been reduced 7,403. The Confederate army now included about the whole able-bodied population of the South, and even physicians, clergymen and civil officers were detailed from its ranks, so rigidly was this list scrutinized that there was no chance to escape conscription.

On August 1st Hood had on his rolls an army, present and absent, of 135,000 men, but the number present was only 65,000, the grand total including prisoners of war, deserters and others among the missing. Every effort was made to bring back the deserters and increase the army, in which the Confederates appeared now to meet with success, as on September 20th they report an increase of about 12,000 men, gained by exchange of prisoners, convalescents and by transfer of noncombatants to the column of "present for duty."

Although Hood had met with serious losses since he took command, yet he makes the claim that his casualties in the forty-six days that he tried to hold Atlanta were only 5,247. He brought this way of figuring about by ignoring the additions to the fighting force that had reached him during that time, but Hardee puts a

stamp of untruth on Hood's claim when he officially reports his losses in his own corps considerably over 7,000 during the same forty-six days, and his corps was only about one-third of the army. The other two corps had shown an equal fighting capacity with Hardee's, and their losses had been, supposedly, as large.

As the term of service of a large number of troops enlisted under the first "three-year call" was now expiring, Sherman's army steadily decreased, in considerable numbers during July and August, aided by the casualties of the battlefield and sickness in camp. His "present for duty" on July 31st were 91,675 officers and men and on August 31st, just at the battle of Jonesboro, 81,758. If we compare the two statements of Sherman and Hood as to their losses in battle, we find the former open and free, while Hood tries to cover his losses by not reporting his additions, and Sherman's estimate of Johnston's losses were at no time too high. Hood tries to cover part of his losses by claiming a large number of slightly wounded, returning for duty, but a large number of dead in the Confederate ranks that have never been heard of must appear on their rolls, like on our own, as deserters.

There is many a brave soldier filling an honored grave who has been accounted for in that way. As the reports of losses could not at all times be closely compared, they necessarily became faulty, and a minute examination of the company returns were, in those days of battle, out of the question, and we can only draw a careful inference. The exact strength of the Confederate army is prevented by the imperfect state of Confederate archives, and of the loose methods carried on by the Richmond government, as it is shown that the Confederate cavalry never reported casualties or losses. Wheeler's corps reported 8,000 men on August 1st present for duty, and when it reached Tuscumbia, after the raid in the rear of Sherman's army, it was found that not more than a thousand men could be got together for muster. The cavalry raids on both sides served as a costly "side show" to the game of war. The leaders, both Federal and Confederate, sought a kind of notoriety by riding deep into the enemy's country, and the restricted duty of spying out the opponent's movements and positions were not after their liking, and as their outpost and patrol duty was too restricted and monotonous for their restless spirits, they delighted going it wild.

As long as the mounted troops under Stoneman and McCook

confined their work to watching the front and flanks of Sherman's invincibles, they performed good work, but when they started out with a solid column to fight a battle of their own, they were not successful, and were only using up a lot of men and horses without doing any permanent injury to the enemy. The necessary training, discipline and attention to duty that would have insured good results was never reached by our mounted troops. On the Confederate side there were two notable exceptions—Stewart, with Lee's army in Virginia and Forrest in the western army. The latter was the only trooper that Sherman had any high estimate for, and he made an offer, promising promotion of any officer who should defeat and kill Forrest, which was considered equivalent to Sherman being willing to exchange all the cavalry officers he had for Forrest. During one of his raids Forrest was defeated by Gen. Mower, a young and very daring officer of considerable prominence, and Col. Forrest was killed. Mower received promotion to Major-General, but the Forrest killed proved later to be the General's brother. Mower, as a brave and gallant officer, was, however, deserving the higher grade.

The capture of Atlanta and the importance of Sherman's successful campaign received its full estimate by the National Government and Union-loving people, and the Southern people rated the result equally as high as did we. In the many interviews Senator Hill had with the Davis government, all were agreed as to the disastrous result that would follow the loss of Atlanta. It was claimed "that the fate of the Confederacy hung on its retention, and that the failure of Johnston's campaign would carry that of Lee with it. Richmond must soon fall, and not only Georgia, but all the others of the Southern States would be overrun by Federal troops, and the hopes of foreign help would be destroyed." In short, by Sherman's success all was lost, and everything to be gained by Sherman's defeat.

Gen. Brown, in calling for help, declared that Atlanta was to the Confederacy as important as the heart is to the human body. These were the expressions that caused Mr. Davis's action in relieving Gen. Johnston, which he then considered a military necessity.

After a five days' rest at Love Joy Station, we marched, by easy stages, back to Jonesboro and then over to the mud road to Decatur. Cox's (our) division was quartered on the southeast of

the town, and the cavalry under Garrard was east of Cox's division, patrolling the roads in the direction of Stone Mountains. The Army of the Cumberland was camped in and around Atlanta, and the Army of the Tennessee at East Point as far south as Rough and Ready Station. The object was to rest, reorganize, receive pay, draw clothing and prepare for further campaigns. That the enemy would employ his time to similarly prepare himself was to be expected, but not with the same resources. Hood's soldiers had over ten months' pay due them, and no one knew better than their commander. The benefit of his army paid would at least have raised the depression in his camps at Love Joy's Station, as his prestige with the army had been lost and the failures too costly to be easily forgotten. Reflection and rest might relieve the discouragement some, and no means were neglected to bring back absentees and conscripts to help increase the ranks. As he blamed Hardee for his failure, the latter was transferred to Savannah.

General Johnston's former Adjutant-General and friend, "Mackall," was now removed, with a view to have Hood select his own subordinates to positions on his staff.

[END OF VOL. ONE.]

APPENDIX.

Owing to the large amount of reading matter, it was impossible to get this all in one volume. The second volume, soon to follow, will continue Gen. Hood's brilliant movement in the rear of Sherman's Army and Atlanta, the battle of Altoona (hold the Fort), the Confederate Army movements through northern Georgia into Alabama.

Schofield's campaign in middle Tennessee. Columbia and Springhill. The battle of Franklin and Nashville. The transfer of the 23rd Army Corps to North Carolina. Wilson's raid in Alabama and Georgia. General John W. Nobles' brilliant cavalry charge into Columbus, Georgia. General Stoneman's raid into North Carolina. The bombardment of Fort Fisher and the capture of Wilmington, etc.

Sherman's March to the Sea. Sherman's march through South and North Carolina. The surrender of General Joseph E. Johnston's Army. The march home and discharge of the Army.

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